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EUROPA:

OR,

SCENES AND SOCIETY

IN

ENGLAND, FRANCE, ITALY,

AND

SWITZERLAND.

BY DANIEL C. EDDY.

"'Tis a great fault in a chronologer
To turn parasite; an absolute historian
Should be in fear of none; neither should he
Write any thing more than truth, for friendship,
Or else for hate."

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TO

HENRY A. MILES, D. D.,

AND

TWO OTHER FELLOW-TRAVELERS,

This Volume is dedicated,

AS A REMINISCENCE OF OUR PLEASANT TOUR,

AND

AS A TESTIMONIAL OF RESPECT.

PREFACE.

When I returned from Europe, a few months ago, I had no idea of making a book, or adding to that very questionable department of American literature known as "works of travel." The residence of a few months in any country does not give one such a full and perfect idea of the people as will enable him to advance opinions which will be of any considerable value to his readers. And yet he must be a dull scholar if he does not learn something which he can present in a way which will make it interesting and profitable. If he sees and hears independently, and without prejudice, his criticisms will not be entirely worthless. He will at least give an idea of the way in which his own mind was impressed by what he saw and heard; and though he might not be able to give a perfect view of the real condition of society, he will be able to sketch its outlines, and perhaps enter slightly into its details.

As a man who gazes upon a beautiful cathedral for a short time only will not be able to describe

every particular defect and excellency of the architectural design and finish, but will carry away with him a general outline of the whole, and perhaps a distinct impression of some peculiar feature, either of beauty or deformity, so the traveler who passes hastily through a country may give the impression which he received from his stand-point of observation which will enable the reader, in comparing his views with those of other visitors, to form a more correct estimate of the great temple of the world than if he had not written.

While in Europe, I endeavored to see and hear for myself, and judge independently of any previous prejudice. In giving names, dates, times, and distances, I have doubtless fallen into some errors, which the reader may correct at his leisure. I have also, in some few instances, been presumptuous enough to predict events, which the uncertain future, in its waywardness, may never bring to pass; and I leave time, the rectifier of all errors and the reformer of all abuses, to read the proof of them.

As I have written for my own personal friends, and the members of my own congregation, and as the first edition of the work will be almost entirely private, I have allowed my own peculiar theological sentiments to creep in now and then, more or less, for which I do not feel disposed to offer apology or crave pardon.

If it be said that I have used the names of men freely, and commented upon their modes of living, or style of public speaking, too fully, I have only to say, that I have illustrious examples in those English and French clergymen, statesmen, novelists, and poets who have journeyed in America as long as I remained in Europe, and who, on returning to the old world, commented as freely, and judged as hastily, as any writer on this side of the ocean could do on his return from the scenes of grief and glory beyond the deep. I have endeavored to be just; and if telling the truth about a nation is offensive, why, let the people do as the pope does — proscribe railroads, and, as far as possible, keep all foreigners away. If England is ashamed of her gin palaces and her starving thousands, let her shut up the former and redress the wrongs of the latter. If France is ashamed of the *coup d'état* of her "prince president" — the *democrat* with a broken and outraged constitution beneath his feet — the Catholic with the shame and guilt of perjury on his soul, let not seven millions of voters indorse his course, and by their noiseless influence sustain his infamous usurpations. If Italy is ashamed of her bones and beads, crosses and cardinals, her sovereign, with his tiara and his dandy guards, let her enslaved thousands rise and be men again, as were the people of Rome, when even

Paul could boast that he was a citizen of that once favored, but now fallen city.

The reader will perceive that a considerable portion of this work was written before the late important changes in Europe, and the whole was completed while those changes were taking place, and when their results could not be known ; and still the traveler asks, " Watchman, what of the night ? " for no morning has dawned, and nought but faith can see a star shining amid the mutations and revolutions of the land to which, to-day, all eyes are turned in deep solicitude.

But patience, man ! to-morrow will come ; and such a morrow ! Heard you not how blood makes fat the soil, and bones enrich the earth ? Know you not that freedom's tree shall grow greener yet, where blood flowed fastest and men died freest ? Hath none ever told you, and have you never read, that " God is in history " ?

To the kindness and generosity of my friends I am indebted for the tour which I have made : I am grateful. To my traveling companions I owe much of the pleasure and success of my undertaking : they are thanked. To God belongs the praise for a safe return : it is acknowledged.

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EUROPA.

I.

THE VOYAGE.

"VISIT NAPLES, AND THEN DIE," is a saying of which every traveler is reminded, as he pursues his way down through sunny France, and along the shores of the deep blue Mediterranean, to that city of wonders, and to that region of buried wealth, fashion, and beauty, where God has chosen to exhibit himself in awful forms of grandeur and power, and where he speaks to man in the thunder of volcanoes, and in the eloquent silence of deserted cities. I well remember, when a child, to have found an old, musty book, containing a traveler's account of his pleasures and perils in the south of Europe. His description of old, hoary Vesuvius, which had smoked and blazed, bellowed and thundered, there for ages; of Rome, the city of seven hills; of massive piles, and grand old ruins, — stirred up smouldering fires, and awakened an intense desire to see what had been so graphically portrayed.

The studies of later years have increased the desire. I have scarcely been content with reading of battle fields, monumental piles, old ruined towers and cities, palaces of dead and living kings, crowned monarchs, and a

presumptuous pope. Mine eyes have desired to witness scenes so long familiar to imagination, and become acquainted with men whose works I have read, and whose names I have loved to honor. All through youth, fancy drew vivid sketches of the vine-clad hills over which Italia's children gaze; of Rome, that city where proud Cæsar dwelt in his now ruined palace, and where the broken fragments of temple, forum, circus, and sepul chre are piled together in confusion; of Florence, that sparkling gem of the south, with its galleries of painting and sculpture, and the studios of its artists in every street; of Venice, with its wave-washed piles, its "bridge of sighs," its light, fantastic gondolas, propelled over sparkling waters, 'neath golden skies, to the simple melody of the boatman's song. The time when the reality should be substituted for the ideal, and I should cross the Tiber, by old, frowning St. Angelo, and pursue my way along the Via Appia, amid the crumbling monuments of the past, has been ardently desired.

A few months ago, the way was opened by which these desires could be gratified; and, with the threefold purpose of securing health, recreation, and knowledge, I left the familiar scenes of home, and set sail for the land of poetry and song. The sad parting, the tender farewell, the good-by song, and the last cordial grasp of the hand you remember, while the hearty welcome given to the wanderer, on his return, has not yet died out.

I took passage, as you know, from Boston, in the "Daniel Webster," the ominous name of one of the finest packet ships that ever sailed from port. The horror of the sea, which I had always felt, disappeared as I stood upon her deck, and contrasted her fine form and majestic proportions with the miserable craft which

sometimes find their way across the deep. To tread there seemed more like walking on the solid land than on the quivering deck of a vessel, that might be stranded on the first shore, or foundered in the first gale.

On one Saturday morning in April, we embarked. Over the side of the vessel kindly salutations were exchanged with friends, and the good ship swung off. As she passed out of the harbor, a magnificent view of the city was afforded. The tall spires, the smoking chimneys, and the towering monument on Bunker Hill, tokens and pledges of national piety, industry, and patriotism, were the last objects that faded from our view. Passing, in rapid succession, the old fort, which grinned ghastly, as if she wished to pour her iron hail down upon us; the splendid hospital on Deer Island, smiling as if in recognition of our bloodless mission; the old light-house, which has long stood to guide the weary mariner to a safe anchorage, — we were soon out on the open ocean. One can hardly tell the feeling of loneliness and desolation which comes over the voyager, as, for the first time, he loses sight of land. He is cut off from the great world. Above him is the broad expanse of sky; beneath him, a wide waste of waters; around him, the whistling wind makes melancholy music. The vessel, which, while lying at anchor, seemed to him a floating palace, now dwindles to a speck, and himself sinks down into insignificance, in the presence of the awful grandeur of the deep. Soon, however, this loneliness and the sense of the sublime are swallowed up in the irritating, exhausting sickness which usually attends the first voyage. I will not show my folly by any attempt to describe sea-sickness, or bewail what I suffered in crossing the ocean. No one thus afflicted, on land or ocean, secures sympathy. The poor landsman, however sick

he may be, is the object of ridicule, the butt of wit, and the sport of all. While he wishes to be cast into the deep, or disposed of in the shortest way, the more fortunate render themselves merry with his sorrows. My share of sea-sickness "belonged to me and somebody else," as a good-natured Irishman on board told me, as one day he saw me leaning over the side of the ship, wishing I were a fish, or a bird, or something else as insensible to the evils under which at that moment I was groaning. It was, however, some consolation to know I was not the worst on board, but in my turn could sport with those who were in deeper affliction.

When sea-sickness somewhat abated, and I could climb from my state-room to the deck, I began to study my fellow-passengers. The captain of the ship was a good-natured, frolic-loving man, who devoted himself to his passengers, of whom there were about fifty in the cabin, and a large number in the steerage. His experience and skill in the management of his vessel gave us a consciousness of safety, and his urbanity and kindness made the long voyage pass pleasantly away. On our arrival at Liverpool, complimentary resolutions were passed, to which we all gave our assent with hearty good will.

The oldest man on board was Mr. A., a native of Scotland — a very fat man, who had a very lean wife. They were returning from the land of their adoption, to the land of their nativity, to attend the old kirk, and meet once more around the old hearth-stone. He was a fine specimen of an old-fashioned Calvinist, to whose ears there was nothing sweet in the tones of the church organ, nothing true in a written sermon, and whose eyes could see nothing but a retrograde in the movements of our times. Cromwell would have

delighted in such a man for a supporter, as he swept over fields of battle, singing the psalms of David. And yet, wedded to the past, and to the old Scotch Presbyterian past, he was a man of sincere and unaffected goodness, whose life, doubtless, is more correct than many who boast a more liberal faith.

The next oldest man on board was Mr. B., a jovial, hale old gentleman, who would tell, for hours at a time, the most improbable stories with as much gravity as if he believed them himself. He was, during the whole voyage, our mirth-maker general, rattling away at the most unreasonable rate, alike upon politics, religion, morals, and philosophy. If a joke was to be perpetrated, a freak of folly carried out, B. was ready. That he did not "sow all his wild oats" in youth, was very evident.

Next came Mr. C., a venerable man, upwards of sixty years, who was the first to retire to his berth at night, and the first to leave it in the morning; the first to come to the table, and the last to leave it; — a striking instance of the value of good habits, and an illustration of the influence of a cheerful disposition to enable one to "hold his own," in vigor of body and sprightliness of mind. He had sent over to the "World's Fair" a lock, which, in his estimation, all creation could not pick, and a safe which all creation could not burn.

Next was Mr. D., a tall man in gray — gray hair, gray eyebrows, (gray whiskers, if he had any,) gray coat, gray pants, gray vest, and, for aught I know, gray boots. He mingled little with us, but moved about with a yellow-covered document protruding from the pocket of his great gray coat. He was an amiable man, and was crossing the ocean with his wife, to see the land and the graves of his fathers.

Next was Mr. E., a Hungarian, who boasted of his connection with the distinguished refugees. He told us of the shrewd way in which he managed to butcher his foes, and seemed to think cold-blooded murder a very harmless amusement. According to his own statement, he was a truer patriot than Kossuth, and a braver man than Ujhazy. He evidently was a fool, or thought we were fools. I set him down as a traveling pedler.

Besides these, we had men of all professions and employments — three clergymen, each of whom believed himself right and the others wrong; a physician, whom I should not be afraid to trust, provided I had no other disease than sea-sickness; a tallow chandler, who, having all his life made candles to light the way of others, was now going abroad to light his own candle; two young graduates of old Harvard, who, having *finished* their education, were going abroad in search of *genius;* a fine couple of English people, who were on their way to the scenes of their youth; a butcher and a baker; a watchmaker and a shoemaker; a dry goods dealer and a liquor seller; a file-cutter and a bricklayer; an old man nearly seventy years, and a child of three weeks; one fat as an alderman, and one dying in consumption; card players and Bible readers, — in fact, all sorts, white spirits and gray, forming one of the most agreeable and cosy companies that ever sailed from Boston.

We endeavored to amuse ourselves as best we could during the twenty-eight days we were on the deep; sometimes holding mock courts, and trying some of our fellow-passengers on fictitious charges; discussing grave matters of law, life, and logic; singing songs and psalm tunes; and, for the want of work, turned boys again, and went to play.

Our Sabbaths were spent according to our various ideas of propriety. The first holy day we were on the water was dismal in the extreme. But few of us were able to leave our beds, while from the poor, sea-sick objects of commiseration came many a doleful sound, and many a significant exclamation. The second Sabbath, too, passed very much in the same way. Storms swept over the deep, the billows ran high, and we were tumbled about in the most amusing manner. The most incorrigible were obliged to leave the cabin and seek their berths, and over all seemed to hang a deep, impenetrable gloom.

The third Sabbath there was an improvement. Early in the morning, we were aroused by the cry, "A ship! a ship!" and a few minutes afterwards a Bremen vessel, her deck covered with human beings, her flags flying proudly, her sails all set, came sweeping by, to land her living cargo on American shores. At eleven, my traveling companion, Dr. M., preached a sermon to the few who were able to crawl in to hear him. He used for his text that declaration of Jonah, "It is better for me to die than to live." Most who heard it were very much of Jonah's opinion, and perhaps no more appropriate theme could have been selected. The preacher flatly contradicted Jonah, declared that he knew nothing about the matter, and proved most conclusively that the poor sea-sick creatures on board, who almost desired to be cast out into Jonah's uncomfortable sepulchre, had better be quiet and contented where they were.

The fourth Sabbath was a most lovely day. The sun arose in the morning in all his beauty, and poured a flood of splendor over the waters. Two religious services were that day held on board, in which orthodox

and heterodox, Arminian and Calvinist, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, bond and free, united.

You would have been amused at the spectacle we presented, as, pale and cadaverous after our long sea-sickness, we two, friend M. and myself, stood up against the boat which was on deck, and, with our sermons in our hands, preached to the congregation which came from cabin, forecastle, and steerage. There was to me something sublime in the song which swept over the waters, and the prayer which went up from our floating Bethel to the God of ocean and storm. I never preached in such a chapel before, with the heavens for a bending arch, and the deep ocean for a carpet. But God preaches louder than man on the ocean. His voice is heard in the wild roar of the sea, and in the moaning wind, and the wide, wide expanse spread out north, south, east, and west.

Though we had a long and severe passage, we had but few dangerous storms; and those few were not considered by the sailors as at all uncomfortable. On the Saturday evening of that week when the severe and terrible storm swept along your coast, destroying property, demolishing light-houses, and sacrificing life, we experienced a gale, which, to those who had never seen the ocean in its fury, was truly appalling. Just at nightfall, a mast, to which was attached a tattered sail and the oil jacket of a sailor, drifted by. As it mounted on the waves, it seemed to nod mournfully, as if inculcating lessons of prudence. It appeared to foretell the storm, which soon was careering over the wide, watery waste. I had never before seen the ocean lashed into rage, and the impression made on my mind will never be erased. The night was dark; not a star sent down its twinkling rays; the rain fell in torrents;

the ropes rattled against each other; the hoarse cry of the officer on deck, and the almost chilling reply of the sailor, — "Ay, ay, sir," — mingled with the blast; deep thunders rolled, and vivid lightnings gleamed; phosphoric light seemed to crown every wave with fire, and our ship plunged about, as if mad with the storm which was crossing her track. To one who loves the grand and the sublime, I know of nothing finer than a storm at sea. All sickness, fear, and anxiety depart; every other feeling is swallowed up in the one awful idea; and the beholder almost wishes to be wrecked, stranded, or foundered, — any thing, that he may see the whole of such a grand catastrophe.

These storms give rise, sometimes, to most amusing incidents. One morning, while the company were at breakfast, the ship was thrown upon a wave which caused her to plunge and reel to such an extent, that those who sat upon one side of the table canted over upon their backs upon the floor, in the twinkling of an eye, while over them flowed streams of milk and honey, and upon them were piled meat and bread, table dishes and their contents. The ship's surgeon one day was administering a bowl of gruel to a patient, when, by a roll of the vessel, the contents of his bowl were discharged into his own bosom, and the doctor was forced unwillingly to take his own medicine.

Our passage was so long, that all measures were resorted to for amusement. One fine morning, while the ship lay becalmed in mid ocean, the intelligence was communicated to us that a bottle, containing some document, was floating near us. It was at once conjectured to contain an account of some shipwreck. Our interest was increased by the apparent zeal of the officers, who lowered the boat, and brought on board the

bottle. All gathered around to see it broken, and when the paper within was read, it was found to be a harmless joke, which had been perpetrated upon us for the purpose of keeping up our spirits another day. Out of it grew a mock trial, in which all the parts were well sustained day after day, even to the use of handcuffs and fetters.

On the 1st day of May, we saw land, for the first time, in the dim and misty distance. A long, narrow stripe, like a bank of mist, was pointed out as "Crow's Head." It was a joyful sight, and shout after shout burst from rejoicing lips. On the evening of next day, Cape Clear light was recognized, and, soon after, full in view was the coast of Ireland, with old, ruined castles on its frowning hills. We entered the Mersey on Sabbath morning, and soon, passing by the town of Birkenhead, the great commercial city of Liverpool was before us. Before leaving the vessel, we met in the cabin, and sung a song which had been prepared to the tune of "Poor old Ned," an air which had often been employed during our passage.

There is a good ship, the Daniel Webster is its name,
And it sailed long ago — long ago;
In spite of head winds, it has crossed the stormy main,
In the tracks where the good ships go.
Now, if we must part, be it so;
But we'll say farewell ere we go;
For we've no more a home on the ocean foam,
Since away we must go — we must go.

Adieu to the ship, and the captain true,
Who has kept us safe by his skill;
While each of his mates, and his jolly, jolly crew,
Has toiled with a right good will.
Now, if we must part, be it so;
But we'll say farewell ere we go;

For we've no more a home on the ocean foam,
Since away we must go — we must go.

As strangers we met, but with sympathetic hearts,
Ere we sailed, long ago — long ago;
Now, tears fill our eyes, as each one departs,
Ne'er to meet, perchance, here below.
Now, if we must part, be it so;
But we'll say farewell ere we go;
For we've no more a home on the ocean foam,
Since away we must go — we must go.

The echo died away, and another song — sweeter, purer, and more befitting the sacred day — went up to God from that company, about to be separated, never to meet again on earth.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

Here our voyage was finished, and, with bandbox and bundle, we prepared to go ashore, very willing to exchange "life on the ocean wave" for life on the solid land, where knives and forks would not dance together on the table, and where our bed at night would not now and then take a notion to stand on the head-board or foot-board, thus reversing the position of the sleeper to a most uncomfortable degree, — but where his head and feet would always be in their proper places, no longer at the mercy of the storm, the winds, and the waves.

II.

LIVERPOOL.

We soon passed the custom-house, had our baggage examined, and were on our way to a hotel. Every thing was new and strange. I expected to have seen a crowd of jostling hackmen, a multitude of beggars, and a swarm of pickpockets, but was agreeably disappointed in finding the streets as quiet as our own, the police officers, with a neat distinguishing livery, ready to bestow any attention, and the people free from that idle gaze with which a person is received in an American city, if he chances to arrive at an unusual hour, or in an uncomely plight. As we moved on, the corners of the streets were seen covered with notices of religious meetings. This objectionable practice prevails all over England, and clergymen, on Saturday, have large placards pasted on the corners of the streets, and on public buildings, informing the people of the hour and the subject on which they will discourse. Some of these notices are several feet in length, and are worded so as to draw attention. One was headed, "Popery misrepresented and represented; or, *Which is which;*" and below followed a notice that Rev. Mr. Somebody would preach on Popery at a given hour.

After dinner, I went out to find a religious service. I went to several chapels of our own denomination, but found them closed, the prevailing custom being to hold service in the morning and evening. St. David's Church

I found open. It would seat more than a thousand persons, and but twenty-four adults and thirty-one children were present. An elderly man was preaching from the words, "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind," &c. The discourse was sound in doctrine, ably written, but drawled and jerked out in the most unpardonable manner. The children were at play, and the adults were asleep. On the evening of the same day, I wandered out to the church of the famous Hugh M'Neile, one of the best pulpit orators I heard in England. His church is far away from the noise and confusion of the city, in a beautiful park, and is a costly and elegant Gothic structure. Though so far removed from the mass of habitations and the crowded streets, it is always well filled with an aristocratic audience. On the evening in question, it was crowded. We entered after the service had commenced; a song of praise was sweetly sounding through the aisles, and echoing amid the arches overhead. As we passed up the aisle, we were at once recognized as strangers, and several pew doors were immediately thrown open to us — an instance of genuine politeness seldom shown so promptly, and with such apparent cheerfulness, in England or America. Dr. M'Neile is apparently about sixty years of age, tall and dignified in his demeanor, erect and manly in his bearing, having a countenance full of life, and an eye flashing with the fires of genius and intellect. His tone is earnest, and his enunciation clear and distinct. His hair is gray, bordering on snowy whiteness, and is carefully arranged. His countenance is one of the most expressive I have ever seen, and marks nim as a man of vigorous thought and energy. He has recently entered into the arena of theological discussion, as an opponent of the church of Rome; and

few men in England are feared more by the pope and his cardinals than Hugh M'Neile.

And yet, with all his abilities, he has committed follies which ordinary men could not survive. I was told by a member of his church, that, on one occasion, when Prince Albert was on a visit to Liverpool, he attended the service performed by this distinguished man. The preacher, carried away by his enthusiastic love of royalty, preached a discourse from that awful passage in the Book of Revelation, "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him," and an application of this language was made to the distinguished visitor. The sermon which I was fortunate enough to hear was from the words of Paul — "That thou mayest know how to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." The introduction was very simple, and was devoted to an explanation of the word "church," and the different ways in which it is applied in the New Testament. The "names given to the church" formed his subject. 1. The house of God. The earthly temple, with its smoking incense, its swelling anthems, its robed priests, its flaming altars, its shekinah, and all its glory, is God's emblem of his church. As a house is builded, so the church is built. As the rough stones are taken from the quarry, smoothed and polished, so the sinner is taken from the depths of sin, changed, purified, and put as a lively stone into God's house. Every disciple has some place there — the place of a nail, or a brick, or a stone. 2. The church of the *living* God. Paganism is a dead religion; its forms, services, and ceremonies are dead. Papists worship a dead virgin, dead saints, dead relics — all are dead. Christianity lives; is full of activity; God has

breathed into it his own living spirit. 3. The pillar and ground of truth. The proclamations of the ancient kings were written out, and hung upon pillars, that the people might read. The church, the minister, the Christian, are to be God's pillars, to hold up his truth, that dying men may read it.

During the delivery of this discourse, the preacher stood with a small Bible in his hand, and was unembarrassed with notes. The sermon was ingenious rather than profound, impressive rather than eloquent. It was followed by an extemporaneous prayer, offered in a subdued and melting tone, and seemed full of the true and unmistakable spirit of devotion.

On the following morning, I went out to see the city. Liverpool, you know, is the greatest commercial city in the world. The docks, its principal attraction, are of peculiar construction, and admirably adapted to their purpose. They are built between the river and the town, guarded from storms, and filled at high tide from the river. Many of them can be entirely drained at low tide, or kept full, as circumstances may require. These docks, built at an immense expense, are capable of protecting a vast number of vessels, and distinguish Liverpool from all other cities.

One would hardly select Liverpool as a place of residence, independent of business considerations. The streets are irregular, and filled with seamen and dock laborers of the lowest class; houses, stores, and workshops are strangely mixed together; and ignorance and poverty are more distinctly seen than in London. There are some fine public buildings, among which the stranger admires the Exchange, the new Sailors' Home, St. George's Hall, and several others. There are parks and cemeteries of great beauty. I wandered into St.

James's Cemetery, situated in a deep dell, surrounded by high hills, in which excavations are made for tombs. Almost the first object which meets the eye, on entering, is a Grecian oratory, in which are several monuments to the crumbling memory of the dead. On every side are statues and effigies, the poor memorials of once living, moving men. This burial-place is one of much rural beauty, and, from its picturesque situation in what was once a stone quarry, in the sides of which are several sculptured galleries of catacombs, draws the attention, and claims a visit from every stranger. The great object of interest, however, is the marble statue of the Rt. Hon. William Huskisson, formerly one of the most distinguished citizens of Liverpool. The statue stands in a circular oratory, and was made in Rome by an English artist. There are several other burial-places in Liverpool, but to the sacred groves of none of them did I find time to resort.

Perhaps the stranger's attention is arrested, in an English town, by nothing more than the heavy, massive, frowning appearance of the public and private buildings. The eye of an American, which has long gazed upon neat white dwellings and churches, enclosed in gardens of luxuriant freshness, soon tires with the dull monotony of a city all built of brick and stone, blackened by age and storms, and begrimed with the smoke of the chimney and the dust of the furnace. The buildings in Liverpool all look as if built to last through time. They seem to defy the heat of summer and the blasts of winter — the assaults of time, and the ravages of fire and sword. Among the churches is one of cast iron; and another for the blind, in which the singing is done by, and the congregation composed chiefly of, the poor, unfortunate inmates of the blind

asylum, a charity which adorns the city of Liverpool even more than its docks, or its commercial advantages.

While at Liverpool, I went out to the new town of Birkenhead, which has grown up within a few years with great rapidity, and much resembles some of our cities on the lakes, in its active enterprise and cheerful industry. The principal object of interest here is an old, ruined abbey, built several centuries ago by Baron Haman Massie. It was once the home of religious men, the seat of divine and holy influences; but, like the religion which once flourished within its walls, it is now broken down, and its beauty is entirely destroyed.

A visit to the fine old town of Chester formed another excursion which I took with much pleasure. Unlike Birkenhead, Chester bears the marks of age; old Roman remains appear on every side; and the antiquarian will find a hundred objects of study and contemplation. All around Liverpool are quiet, pleasant villages, lying in great rural beauty, inviting the traveler to turn aside from the busy hum of labor, and the confusion of the crowded city,—

> "To nature, woods, winds, music, valleys, hills,
> And gushing brooks."

After surveying Liverpool and its environs, we repaired, just at nightfall, to the railway station, to take the cars for Manchester. The depot formed a remarkable contrast with those in our own country. It was erected in 1837, at an immense expense, and is lighted from the roof. The stone front has thirty-six Corinthian columns and four large arched gateways, and stands out in its nobility, fit exterior of this great palace of transportation. On leaving the station, the train enters a long tunnel, dark as Egypt, and dreary as night.

This tunnel is six thousand six hundred and ninety feet long, seventy-five feet wide, and fifty-one feet high, and passes directly under the city, while over it rise churches, houses, halls, and places of trade and industry. He who had never rode in a rail-car would hardly be willing to begin by riding through this subterranean passage. The oppressive darkness, which can be *felt;* the cold, damp chill, which pierces to the bones; the glaring lamp on the engine, and the screaming of the iron horse, — all render the five minutes spent under the streets and temples of the great mart of commerce most unpleasant and disagreeable.

On emerging from this dark passage, the traveler has opportunity to examine the car in which he rides, and the countenances of his fellow-passengers. The railway arrangements are very different in England from ours in America. There are three classes of cars, and for either of them the traveler purchases his ticket as he may choose. Having secured his ticket, he is sent into a room where he finds others who are to ride in the same class cars. If he be a third-class passenger, he does not see those who are to ride in the first and second-class cars. They too are shut up, to await the hour of starting. When this arrives, the first-class passengers are taken from the room where they have been held in durance, and seated in the cars, and the doors are closed, and, in some instances, locked. Then the second-class passengers are seated, and at length the third. The cars are short, being only about eight feet long and six wide, and are frequently divided by a partition as high as the head of a person sitting. The first class are well arranged, well fitted, and comfortable; but the fare in them is so high, that few besides the nobility and the wealthy ride in them. The

second class are destitute of cushions, and almost every other comfort. On the hard seat, with the straight back, the passenger is compelled to sit, with his feet covered up with boxes and baggage, gazing upon the placards which are pasted up on the sides and ends of the car. Generally these cars have two seats, each holding five persons — one half looking into the faces and trampling upon the feet of the other half. The window, or ventilator, as it should be called, is a small, square aperture in the door, like the window of a coach, and sometimes has a slide of glass, but more generally of wood, to keep out the rain. Smoking, snuff-taking, tobacco-chewing are all allowed; and these privileges are improved by the English generally. The last time I rode in the cars in England, I found myself in company with one Frenchman and his lady, two young men who were smoking the most abominable cigars, three apparently well-bred English ladies, and an Irish woman. The young men kept on smoking, the rain dashed against the window of the car, and compelled us to close it; and twice or thrice during the day, the Irish woman drew an onion of very respectable dimensions from her basket, and slicing it up with bread, devoured it eagerly, with as much apparent relish as if it were a finely-flavored peach.

The third-class cars are somewhat longer, and have rough seats, like some of our baggage cars, and are no more comfortable or convenient. The fare is higher for this class than in our country for the best. Connected with all the roads is what is termed "the Parliament train" — a train which government compels every corporation to run for the accommodation of the poor, at one penny, or two cents, a mile. But the accommodations are so wretched, the speed so slow, the stopping-

places so numerous, that few who can pay higher fare are willing to ride in it.

The country between Liverpool and Manchester, though not the best in England, is very fine — a very garden; and when we passed through it, it was just budding into the life of spring. The banks on each side of the road, and the borders, were all cultivated; and, as we rode on, flowers were seen blooming all around. Increasing our speed every minute, we whirled rapidly by the proud, old residences of aristocratic landholders, and the rude, thatched cottage of the peasant; now entering into cultivated farms, and then through fields of waving grain; now leaving in the distance the village church, imbosomed in rich foliage, like a gem conscious of its worth and beauty, and then rushing by acid works, tin works, tar works, glass works, which send their noxious gases out to deaden the opening verdure of spring; now entering the more dismal regions of coal burning, and then through towns and villages, towards the greatest manufacturing city of the old world.

III.

MANCHESTER.

We entered Manchester just at evening, when the streets were filled with stern, hard-fisted men, returning from their daily toil, and squalid-looking women, flitting along to some rude tenement, weary, faint, and sad. On every hand we met deformed and shapeless beings, — some vending coffee, and some peanuts; some women, some men, and some children, — living products of a system which places mere children at the loom, and over the wheel, at an age when they are unable to endure fatigue, or resist the influence of confinement and weariness.

We were amused at the readiness with which the people in the streets recognized us as Americans. A gentleman stepped up as we passed along one day, and inquired if we were acquainted with Mr. B., a gentleman of Philadelphia, who was then in the city. A little lad followed us along some distance, and at length, to extract from us a few coppers, said, "I'll whistle you Yankee Doodle for a penny, sir," and forthwith commenced whistling our national air, to our great amusement.

Manchester is a large and beautiful city. I had pictured out a town of wretched appearance; long, low, narrow streets, filled with beggars and thieves, and lined on each side by the miserable habitations of half-paid laborers. But I was agreeably disappointed.

The streets are wide, paved with a small, brick-form stone, and contain many very elegant buildings of a public and private character. The churches are fine structures — some of them erected at a very great expense. I have heard Lowell designated as the "Manchester of America;" but it no more compares with the Manchester of England, than does a little, rural village with the great and populous city — the crowded mart of commerce.

The first object of interest and study to the stranger in Manchester is the manufacturing system, with the condition of the operatives, male and female. To see the mills to the best advantage, we inquired for one which should be a specimen of all the others, and were directed to an establishment owned and carried on by an enterprising manufacturer, who employs about five hundred persons. The outside of the mill was dingy and dirty, the bricks were of a very poor quality, and covered and begrimed with smoke and coal dust. The inside was of unfinished brick or stone; the walls, floors, stairs, all of one or the other of these materials; no wood-work seen except in the window frames, the doors, and in the machinery. The floors were slippery with oil, the walls covered with dust and hung with cobwebs, and the windows cracked, broken, and shattered. The operatives were generally younger than those employed in the mills in our own country, and would bear no comparison with that industrious, cheerful, and intelligent class of our own population. They were very poorly dressed, and very dirty. Many of them were deformed, and seemed to groan as they moved about, as if in bodily anguish. On the countenances of some there were the marks of crime and woe, the contemptuous scowl, and the lewd, wanton

smirk. On other countenances were the deep traces of suffering and wretchedness; care and sorrow had made youth look haggard and withered like age. The comparison between our own cotton manufactories and those in Manchester is altogether favorable to this country. The condition and character of the operatives, the construction and convenience of the mills, the compensation paid for labor, and the pleasure derived by the laborer from his toils, — all far exceed, in our system, the same particulars in the English system. I noticed that the several rooms into which I entered were very poorly ventilated. One large mill, with one hundred and sixty windows, on one side, was ventilated by having several of those windows thrown up a few inches each. The comfort and convenience of the operatives seem not to have entered the minds of the employer, in many of these establishments; and as you see many of the operatives, with bare feet and shivering limbs, gliding over the cold stone or brick floor, you feel justly proud of the more enviable condition of operatives in this land.

Connected with the mill in which we spent the most time is a school for children over nine and under thirteen years of age, who are taught gratuitously. These children are employed in the mill a number of hours each day, the time being limited by law. Connected with this establishment were about ninety of these children, one half of whom work, and the other half attend school, certain hours each day, so that forty-five are at school, and forty-five are at work, all the time. While we were present, the children sung several little hymns, and showed us specimens of their needlework, which would have done no discredit to persons of a more mature age, and in more elevated

life. The pleasure derived in visiting this school, which appeared very much as do primary schools in New England cities, was marred by a thought of the sad necessity which prompted its existence. The generous employer we could praise; but the very pleasure produced by the contemplation of his benevolence was mingled with the sad evidences that this school was but the result of the want of a proper system of general education, and deep, grinding poverty, which compelled the parent to send his little child into a cotton mill at a very early and tender age, ere the constitution was able to bear the fatigue, exposure, and pain.

In looking through Manchester, I missed a most important appendage to a manufacturing city — the boarding-houses for the operatives. Among us, long brick edifices are erected, which have all the outward, and many of the internal, evidences of luxury and ease. Operatives at night are not driven away to rude and wretched tenements, where poverty and filth rule and ruin, or to the den of infamy, or to the street, but have a comfortable *home* provided. In Manchester, each girl boards herself where best she can; and consequently many of them scarcely live at all. When they are sick, no care is taken of them; and they die uncared for and unmourned. Vice must be the product of such an arrangement; and we have no reason to be astonished when we are told that many leave the path of rectitude and virtue, and sink into the depth of ruin. One of the wisest and most humane provisions for the comfort and safety of operatives in our American towns is found in the neat, spacious, and even elegant boarding-houses, in the kind and maternal care exercised by the women who have the charge of them, and the wise

rules which are adopted by the corporations to secure the necessary ends of order and good behavior.

But Manchester is not famed for its cotton manufactures alone. A vast amount of machinery is turned out every year, which is carried to every part of the kingdom. I visited the Atlas Machine Shop, where seven hundred and fifty men are now employed, which number is sometimes increased to twelve or fifteen hundred. In the first room, several large locomotives were being put together; and in some twenty rooms or more, into which we were introduced, all kinds of work were in progress, from the forgery and the foundery which gleamed, sparkled, and blazed, to the neatly-fitted apartment where the artist was executing his designs and preparing his models.

As I passed out, I noticed a box in the counting-room, in a conspicuous place, on which was a respectful notice requesting the visitor to drop in his tribute money for the relief of such of the workmen as should have the misfortune to be deprived of health. The attendant informed us that, out of the large number employed, some were sick all the time, and that large sums of money were collected in this way for their benefit. I dropped in my piece of money with the greatest pleasure, and regarded the plan as a most valuable one, which, perhaps, might be carried out to advantage even in this country of plenty and charity.

We closed our examinations of the manufacturing establishments by standing at the gate of one of the mills, to see the operatives as they came out. At the appointed hour, the gates were thrown open, and the living stream came pouring forth, upon which we gazed until we almost imagined we were in Lowell or Lawrence; nor were we wholly undeceived until the last

one had passed from our view into some dirty abode, to swallow in haste an ill-prepared meal, and we aroused to see no familiar countenances and scenes, but to gaze upon the strange streets and buildings of one of the cities of the old world.

This much done, we bargained with a hackey to drive us about the city, and show us the lions of the place. We drove rapidly out to Manchester College, a fine edifice, ornamented with turrets, and surmounted by a tower, and located in a charming spot; by St. Margaret's Church, which our driver (wishing to tell us it did not belong to the establishment) said was independent of all religions; to the barracks of the horse and foot soldiers, quartered here to the number of several hundreds, supported in their lazy dignity by government; to Salford Borough Museum, a most valuable institution, designed to bring the means of reading and recreation within the reach of the poorer classes — its halls filled with people of the lower order, its walls hung with fine paintings, its museums of the choicest selections, its windows commanding an extensive and beautiful view, and all brought by the hand of charity within the reach of the poorest laborer, who has not a shilling which he can call his own; to the Exchange, one of the largest rooms in England, where several hundreds of men were all talking at once; to banks, halls, and parks, — until we began to feel acquainted with the city and its inhabitants.

There is a cathedral in Manchester; and never having seen one, I was anxious to do so. The old church dignified by this appellation was built in the time of Henry VIII. Exteriorly it is rough, ragged, and uncomely. The architecture is of no definite order irregular, confused, and inelegant. On the tower

several hideous-looking images are carved, their heads protruding, as if so many demons were glaring out upon the churchyard beneath. In entering the edifice, we pass through the yard, over the flat slabs laid down to mark the graves of the dead. We reach the building, and pass through the vestibule into the interior, where the floor is composed of marble slabs, bearing inscriptions nearly effaced by time. The walls are marred and disfigured by these mementoes of death. The interior compares with the exterior, as to the confusion and irregularity of the architecture. In the centre aisle is an eagle, with spread wings, standing on a ball. This serves as a reading-desk. Behind is the chancel, of very ample proportions, finely decorated, and very Popish in its appearance. On one side is a *box*, called the pulpit, into which the minister mounts when he performs that very unimportant appendage to the English church service — the sermon. The pews all bear the marks of "a century ago." They are numbered and labeled, according to the rank and grade of those who occupy them. One was for the treasurer, one for the recorder, and down through all the grades of office in the city government. The families of these functionaries sit apart, in pews numbered and marked with their distinctive offices. One pew or bench we saw marked "the stranger's pew." A long bench for the church-wardens bore the date of 1687. On one side, under the gallery, was the baptismal font, of white marble, with inscriptions deemed appropriate by those who placed them there, such as, "Not by works of righteousness that we have done," &c. The cover of this vessel was a finely-carved piece of wood, suspended by a chain from the ceiling above. It was spiral in its form, of Gothic order, and was about six

feet high, from the top of the basin. We raised this cover, and dipped our sacrilegious hands into the font, which was filled with water, but were conscious of no healing efficacy being derived therefrom. My idea of a cathedral was not realized in this first specimen; and I went away thinking I could remember an old church in America more beautiful in my estimation, and associated in my mind with more hallowed memories, than this proud and venerable pile, which has stood on this spot so many years, and to which kings and princes came to worship in days of yore.

Having been in England a few days, I began to notice the peculiarities of the people. We are accused of our "Yankeeisms"—our "I reckon" and "I guess," and similar phrases, which are peculiar to the States. But we soon became convinced that our English friends have nothing to reproach us with on that score. On inquiring the way to our hotel, we were told that it was "a long bit of a way down;" or "a nice large piece up;" or "a big, long way over." If at the museum we asked the name of a certain bird, we were told that it was a "howl." Frequently we were told "the hair hout was ot," and "Prince Halbert" was described as a nice young gentleman. These provincialisms, which sound so strangely to our ears, are familiar to them; and our by-words and catch-phrases are as singular and uncomely in their estimation as are theirs to us: so, in these respects, the two countries have no reason to reproach each other.

Were I to sum up my idea of Manchester in a few words, I should say it was a larger city, a more quiet and orderly city, a neater and more beautiful city,—more desirable as a place of residence, and less odious on account of its crowds of paupers,—than I had before

imagined. I think the general impressions which exist in many minds in America in relation to this city are not well founded, and a visit to it would dissipate many of the erroneous impressions which now prevail so extensively.

We left Manchester for Birmingham one evening about dusk. Like lightning, or very certainly faster than I ever rode before, we passed towns which were so far below us that we could look down upon the roofs and chimneys; brooks and little ponds, where, in the fading light, swans could be seen flapping in the water; green bowers, where children, whose forms could scarcely be seen, were at play, and rich fields of grain, which waved in the night breeze, or nestled in the pale light of the new moon; brick yards, where men and women were employed; iron founderies, which sent out their lurid fires to render night more dismal; until all alike were concealed from us in the darkness of the night, save only some flashing fire from chimney, kiln, or foundery, which lent a dismal aspect to the surrounding blackness.

IV.

BIRMINGHAM.

We arrived at Birmingham late at night, and found the streets full of disorderly and half-drunken people. Some kind of a festival during the day had given "lewd fellows of the baser sort" an unusual license to indulgence, and we found our way to a hotel through clusters of profane, irreligious, and abandoned men and women. My first impressions of Birmingham were unfavorable; and I have noticed, in all my journeyings, that first impressions are the strongest, and cling to me sometimes after facts have proved that they were ill founded. These impressions were confirmed by a conversation I had with a policeman, whom I found in front of my hotel, who gave me a vivid description of some of the scenes of crime in this place. Pointing to a long, dark, narrow street, he said, "There are more crimes carried on and concealed in that street than in any one of its length in the world." Hence, I retired to rest with no very favorable idea of the good habits of the people of Birmingham. But the sun of the next morning, which arose bright and beautiful, and shed a flood of gladness over the great city, gave a more favorable representation than did the dark streets the evening before; and as I pursued my way from one public edifice to another, from one great industrial exhibition to another, all the impressions of the last night were effaced by the display of beauty, skill, and wealth which meets the eye in every direction.

My first visit was to the Papier Maché Manufactory, where the whole process was laid open to us. The manufacture of papier maché articles is much more simple than I had believed. The basis of the work is a coarse gray paper, four sheets of which are pasted together and dried, then four more, until the substance is of the required thickness. The thick hard board thus made is then cut and cast into the proper form and size, and then painted and coated. The pearl is then glued on, and a varnish applied to the whole, which is rubbed down with pumice stone, until the surface is even. Figures are then drawn or painted according to the taste of the artist, after which the whole is washed and polished. In the saloon connected with this establishment, we saw a great variety of articles thus made, such as chairs, tables, chessboards, lounges, and ornaments of all descriptions.

We next came to the Electro Plate Works of Elkington, Mason, & Co., where the process of plating with silver and gold was shown us. Six hundred persons, mostly women, are here employed, and articles of immense value are continually being turned out. The saloon, into which we were shown by the very gentlemanly proprietors, was full of the finished articles, forming a rich display, such as can be seen nowhere else in England. A day we spent in visiting the different manufactories of the place. From the Electro Plate Manufactory, we passed to the Glass Works, next to the Bronze and Brass Works; then, to Gillott's Steel Pen Manufactory, and thus through whatever of interest we could discover.

The stranger in Birmingham is urged to visit the Town Hall, said to be the most spacious room in England. It is built from the model of an ancient

Grecian temple. It stands upon a rough, coarse basement, on which rise beautiful marble columns, each weighing twenty-six tuns, and being thirty-six feet high, forming one of the most beautiful exteriors seen in England. The hall is one hundred and forty-five feet long, sixty-five broad, and sixty-five high, making six hundred thousand cubic feet, and is capable of seating nearly five thousand persons, and standing an indefinite number of others.

In this hall is an immense organ, which is thus described by an inhabitant of Birmingham: "The organ case is forty feet wide, forty-five feet high, and seven teen feet deep. The largest wood pipe measures, in the interior, two hundred and twenty-four cubic feet. The bellows of the organ contains three hundred square feet of surface, and upwards of three tuns weight upon the bellows are required to give the necessary pressure. It is calculated that the trackers in the organ, if laid out in a straight line, would reach above five miles. There are seventy-eight draw stops, four sets of keys, and above four thousand pipes. The weight of the instrument is about forty tuns; it cost about four thousand pounds, and in the depth, power, variety, and sweetness of its tone, far surpasses any in Europe." This latter assertion is a matter of doubt, inasmuch as there are one or two others equal, if not superior, to this.

From the hall I found my way to the grammar school founded by Edward VI., in 1552. The building used by this school is a fine Gothic edifice, of very elaborate design, quadrangular in form, with a front one hundred and seventy-four feet long, and was erected at a cost of about forty thousand pounds. The school is divided into two departments, one for the study of the English branches, and the other for the classics.

This school was founded, and originally supported, by the income of a piece of land amounting to but thirty-one pounds. In consequence of improvements being made on and around it, the income has now increased to seven thousand pounds. About five hundred boys are here educated, without expense to their parents, by one principal and twelve or fifteen assistants. The principal received us with much courtesy, and conducted us through the various apartments. His salary is four hundred pounds. This school forms a most noble charity, and is one of the ornaments of that great city. There are four other schools, which, in a city of about two hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, give instruction to about one thousand children, on the same foundation.

As I left the school, and passed along to St. Martin's Church, which was said to be a curiosity in its way, I saw the celebrated statue of Nelson, in bronze, which was executed nearly a half century ago, at an expense of about twenty-five hundred pounds. Statues of Nelson may be found all over England, as thick as gods in India. He is the naval hero of the nation, and "Nile" and "Trafalgar" are names known to the most ignorant children in the highways. His notable words, "England expects every man to do his duty," form the motto of thousands, and are inscribed on marble and engraved in brass and iron.

We arrived at the old church, which was built about nine hundred years ago, by William de Birmingham. It was cased with brick about two hundred years ago, to keep it from falling down. The most notable things about this church are the effigies in marble, as large as life, which are supposed to have been made about ten centuries ago, and are here preserved. Very curious

would they be in some museum of antiquities, but in a Christian church are only deformities, which turn the mind of the worshiper away from the true God. As I stood in this venerable structure, and looked up to its crumbling walls, the brevity of man impressed itself most powerfully upon my mind. Here, I thought, is an edifice which has outlived its designer, and all who saw it rise; and even the page of history does not tell when its foundations were laid, while brief man continues only threescore years and ten, and then decays. There are some singularly constructed and singularly named churches in all the old English towns. I frequently saw churches called by the following names: "All Saints," "St. Catharine's," "St. George's," "St. Bride's," "St. Sepulcher's," and one or two blasphemously bore the name of "St. Savior."

As my object in traveling was more to see men than things, I inquired one evening for some place of literary entertainment, or religious worship, and was informed that Rev. John Angell James was to preach in his lecture-room in Carr's Street. I found the place, and went into a small room, dingy in appearance, irregular in form, poorly lighted. The people were singing as I entered, all over the house, in one of the most harmonious discords I ever heard. Mr. James was in the pulpit; he is about sixty years of age, inclining slightly to corpulency. His hair is gray, his countenance full, and beaming with English good nature. He is not like our lean, pale, cadaverous looking clergymen, who glide like specters into their pulpits, and squeak out a dolorous sound which they call a sermon, and retire, as their congregation sometimes imagine, to their tombs, but a robust Englishman, who looked as well able to hold the plough, or eat a dinner, as to write a sermon.

His text, on this occasion, was from Isaiah. His theme, as near as I could discover, was, *the presence of God the joy of the church.* This was treated under two general divisions: 1. God in the church. (*a.*) By the mediation of Christ. (*b.*) By His providences. (*c.*) By His Holy Spirit. 2. The duty of the Christian to rejoice in this fact. (*a.*) Because the condition of the church is secure. (*b.*) Because her progress is onward. (*c.*) Her ultimate triumph is certain. This discourse was evidently delivered without much previous preparation. The style was heavy and lumberous, and I left the chapel disappointed. Had this been my only opportunity of hearing this distinguished man, I should have regretted that I heard him at all. But when I listened to him afterwards, in Exeter Hall and other places, all I had ever anticipated in his eloquence was more than realized.

At the close of the service, I had a few minutes' conversation with him. His conversational powers are great; he inquired about our country with much interest, and said, "All the world is looking to America." He evidently has few of those feelings common to the people of England, which lead them to look down with contempt upon any thing and any person from America. His comprehensive mind looks upon the vast extent and rising energy of the new world with a pleasure and solicitude which indicate his acquaintance with our institutions and prospects. And here I may remark, that I found throughout England a great degree of ignorance, among people generally well informed, in relation to our country. The people are acquainted with the plans and politics of France, Austria, Russia, and other European nations, but seem to be almost entirely destitute of information as to

our geography, institutions, and progress. The general tone of remark in many circles would indicate that the people of America are but a step removed from barbarism, descendants of Indians — Indians themselves, slightly improved. A few instances of this will show my meaning. In conversation, one day, with a well-educated physician of London, our remarks turned upon the modes of living in America; and one thing leading to another, I was soon aware that my kind and intelligent host believed that Americans, instead of rising and quietly retiring from the table after dinner, would throw their feet upon the board, and, if they wished, spit across, on, or under the table, as was most convenient. The habit of spitting is considered peculiarly odious, and peculiarly American; and many persons imagine that we are in the vulgar habit of spitting in the pulpit, at the table, on ladies' dresses, and in the hats of friends. But as vulgar as the habit is, and as prevalent among us as it may be, it cannot be more objectionable to them than the vulgar habit of snuff-taking, which prevails in Europe, is to us. I have seen snuff taken in the stage, in the family, in the store, at the table, and in the pulpit, by men who make the highest claim to gentility and fashionable education. A distinguished clergyman in Paris, on the day when I went to hear him, paused at the close of every division of an able discourse, and deliberately drawing his snuff-box from his pocket, used its contents, and then went to preaching again as furiously as a farmer would go to mowing after a potent dram.

Of our geography they seem to know as little as of our habits. A clergyman asked me one day if New England was in Massachusetts. Had I asked him if Europe was in Italy, he would have ridiculed my

ignorance, and justly too; and yet my question would have been as reasonable as his. A gentleman who was presiding at a temperance meeting in Exeter Hall — the editor of a London paper — introduced a speaker as from Portland, Massachusetts. He was corrected; but, making another blunder, he said, "The gentleman is from *Maine*, Massachusetts." Should the presiding officer of a meeting in America introduce a speaker as from *Scotland*, England, the children present would smile at his ignorance; and yet the moderator of a meeting in England feels no blush if he makes such a mistake with reference to our country. You may remember that, on one occasion, Mr. Webster was spoken of by a distinguished Englishman as a "member of the Upper Senate of New York" — a blunder very pardonable in a child or an ignoramus, but not in a statesman or a man of letters.

One day, on the platform of Exeter Hall, I met with a distinguished member of the society of Friends. He asked where I was from, and who I was, and added, "Why, thee talk our language as well as we do" — the poor man evidently thinking we used here the dialect of the Indians, or the brogue of the Irish, when the fact is, the English language is used nowhere in the world with as much purity as in New England; and of this fact all Englishmen who have ever visited our country are aware. I repeatedly heard the remark, when I informed friends with whom I became acquainted where I was from, "Why, you are no darker than our people!" or "You are as light as an Englishman!" — as if they expected I was of a copper color, when all the blood which flows in my veins I have derived from an English ancestry. In the great exhibition, in the department of America, are two model Indians, adorned in

all the quills, feathers, and laces of an Indian chief and his wife, or squaw. An intelligent-looking lady one day was overheard to ask a member of the House of Commons, with all apparent seriousness, if "all Americans were like these."

If I should say that this ignorance of and prejudice against America was found in all circles, it would not be true. Where America is known, she is appreciated; and among all the people of different nations, I have found none more agreeable and kind than our English friends. When once you get under the cold, icy, outside crust of English life, you find the finest and most delightful society in the world.

But we return to Birmingham. To its credit be it said, it has, with its two hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, about sixty churches, some fifty of which are evangelical, and but few theaters; many pious ministers, and few preachers of error; many scenes of pure and reasonable recreation, and very few which are degrading and vicious. It is one vast workshop — one industrial exhibition, in which all trades are represented. Here may be found all kinds of iron work, glass works, tin and brass works, button manufactories, pin and pen factories, electro plating, papier maché working, India rubber works, manufactories where fire-arms, metallic furniture, cloth, and almost every other namable article is produced in the most finished manner, and in the largest quantities.

Nor does the stranger find the country surrounding Birmingham to be destitute of interest. Out at a little distance is Coventry, and the old ruins of Kenilworth Castle, and Warwick Castle and town, in which still remain the evidences of former greatness — the halls where kings and queens reveled in luxury. Still beyond

is Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of William Shakspeare, with the old house in which he was born still standing. Still farther off is Dudley Castle, memorable in the history of the past, and living with the associations which link the past to the present and the future Indeed, every inch of ground in this vicinity is historic; every cliff, and hill, and vale bring to mind some scene of glory or shame of which poets have sung, or over which orators have grown eloquent.

We left Birmingham early one morning for London, the Babylon of modern times; and into that great city our readers, in the next chapter, will be taken.

V.

GENERAL VIEW OF LONDON.

One day, about ten o'clock in the morning, I found myself in a London omnibus, rolling away from the railroad station, towards I knew not where, near the center of the great city. Where we were "put down" mattered little to myself and associates. We had no home; and one part of the city was as likely to afford us a stopping-place as another. The streets were blocked up with carriages and cabs, and crowds of busy men were moving to and fro. Now we were obliged to wait until the street-way could be cleared; and anon we were dashing on by proud churches, well-filled stores, and grand residences. Near the Bank we left the "bus," and commenced our search for a temporary home. We soon found that we could live any where, and at any price; for, notwithstanding the crowded state of the city, we found "apartments to let" in great abundance. We soon engaged lodgings, including breakfast, service, &c., for three shillings and eightpence per day. Under this arrangement, we were to find our dinner and tea where we could, which usually cost about three shillings more, making our daily expense six shillings and eightpence. To this was to be added the expense of washing, sight-seeing, riding, and other extras, which we found, notwithstanding the cheapness of our board, to amount to a considerable sum by the close of the week.

My companions, being somewhat particular as to what they ate and where they slept, determined to make an effort to improve our condition, and forthwith commenced a most amusing search for a new abode. One of the visits which we made, one morning, I may as well describe. Seeing a notice on the window of a house on G— Street, informing the public that "rooms were to be let," we inquired. An elderly lady, stiff and starched, opened the door, and in a shrill tone inquired what we wanted. Our first business was to examine the lady. We eyed her from head to foot — from her cap, which was none of the cleanest, and that covered a head which certainly had not been too neighborly with the comb, down to the shoe, which, as she walked, went up and down, down and up, in heelless propriety. Having satisfied ourselves on this point, we were shown up over a narrow and crazy staircase, into a bed-room, which we were informed would do for *two*. The bed was a small one; but our persevering hostess surveyed us leisurely, and decided that one of my companions and myself could occupy it comfortably — on the principle, I suppose, that he, being a man of aldermanic proportions, could occupy two thirds, while I, being of much smaller dimensions, could content myself with the other third. The room was also small; but here our Yankee ingenuity suggested a plan by which all difficulty arising from this might be obviated, which simply was, that each could use it half of the time. So far so good. We now began to inquire what could be done for our companion; for we were three. We were escorted into another room, which was to be our parlor, and in the middle of which was a rickety sofa, on which were some bed-clothes. This was the bed for the third. Now, it happened that, while the bed was

very short, the man was very long. But we measured (with the eye) the bed, and then the man, and finally concluded that, with a few crooks and turns of the lower limbs, he could be made to stay thereon; and we pronounced it "very good." But it is not to be supposed that we should be received without some inquiry into our plans and characters; and the good lady began to ask who we were, and what we wanted in the great city. The rules of her house, she said, were strict: she had some boarders already, who were very correct in their habits, among whom were two persons connected with the "gentry," which she thought a great inducement for us to stop with her. We had been in London so short a time, that we had seen none of the gentry; and you may judge how much this fact must have weighed with us. In reply to all her questions, we told her that we were three very modest, amiable men from America, who had come over to see the Fair; that we were clergymen, and, of course, would keep very good hours, and behave properly; that we were very well-bred men, and would endeavor not to offend the delicate ears of the "gentry" whom we might meet at her house. We left the door with the remark, that, if we decided to make her house our home, we would call again in a few hours.

I will not tell you how many visits like this we made, before, a few days afterwards, we found ourselves located in the family of a fine, intelligent English woman, in Arundel Street, within a walk of five minutes of Exeter Hall on one side, and St. Paul's on the other — midway between the Strand, flowing with life, and full of beauty, and "old Father Thames," covered with gay steamers, and alive with its busy industry. Here our expenses were slightly more than at the place where we stopped on our arrival.

Being now comfortably settled, we began to look around, and attend to the objects of interest which every where presented themselves. London is a wonderful city, forming, with its environs, a vast mass of buildings, packed in and piled up, and crowded with people. "You can travel," says one, "eighteen miles, from Brentford to Strafford, through an uninterrupted succession of thickly-planted houses." The city of London itself is a very small spot, with St. Paul's for its center, extending in one direction to Temple Bar, and in the other to Aldgate. The lord mayor presides over this little territory, while the city of Westminster, the Tower Hamlets, and the different boroughs, are under other administrations. But while the city is small, London, in the aggregate, is a vast and densely-populated territory, stretching east and west eleven miles, and north and south six miles, lying on both sides of the River Thames, linked together by bridges of wood, stone, and iron; having within its limits, according to the nicest calculations, two hundred and fifty thousand houses, two million and one hundred thousand inhabitants, with one hundred and twenty-five thousand visitors, constantly coming and going, swelling the mighty tide of life which is ever surging in and out of the open gates. I have walked along the streets for hours, bewildered with the din and confusion of the scene. The impressions which I received as a man were very much like the impressions which I received as a child, when I first visited a great manufacturing establishment. The noise, the hurry, the confusion of the whole scene, arrested the current of life, and I felt awed as I gazed upon the revolving wheels, and hard-working engines, products of the genius of man. And when I roamed day after day

along the streets, through the crowded thoroughfares, up the little alleys, and down the obscure lanes of the great metropolis, all alive with industry, and moving with human beings, I felt awed by the imposing magnitude of the spectacle.

Some of the streets of London are wide and spacious; others are narrow, overhung with warehouses, and abound in filth and wretchedness. Along some, armies might move by companies and regiments; while in others, two wheelbarrows might find it hard to pass. Some of these streets are straight, and some crooked in all directions; some running on for miles, and some short and dark; some containing the abodes of nobles, and some the hovels of thieves and beggars.

The parks of London, which are very numerous and finely laid out, and which have been called the "lungs of the city," are open during the day, and furnish places of exercise and recreation for thousands of the people. These parks are decorated with flowers, trees, and ponds, and appear like gardens in the midst of palaces. The wisdom of the government in saving these open grounds from the encroachments of commerce and industry, and keeping them devoted to health and recreation, is apparent. Hyde Park is the largest, and contains four hundred acres. Through it flows the Serpentine, on which little pleasure boats are seen gliding about, and aquatic birds amuse themselves, and furnish sport for the beholder.

The public gardens at Kensington, and in Regent's Park, and in other places, are open summer and winter, and draw great crowds; in summer to enjoy the shady walks, and in winter to find amusement and instruction in the zoölogical exhibitions which are held there.

In the parks, and indeed all over London, noble

statues and monumental piles, to commemorate illustrious deeds, and perpetuate illustrious names, are found, which add remarkably to the beauty of the city. In Trafalgar Square rises a most beautiful column, —

> "Designed for Nelson of the Nile,
> Of Trafalgar, and Vincent's heights —
> For Nelson of the hundred fights."

In Carlton Gardens rises the noble column of the Duke of York, on which a bronze statue of the old man stands looking down from the elevation of one hundred and twenty-four feet, upon the moving crowds below.

In Fish Street is a Doric shaft, two hundred and two feet high, erected in commemoration of the great fire which, in 1666, swept with desolating fury through the city, reducing it to a heap of smouldering ruins. Around its base, life swarms, heaves, and surges, while above is seen an urn of blazing fire, which glistens in the sun, and is the expressive memento of a conflagration such as Europe never saw in a time of peace before. Besides, there are many columns and statues, in stone and bronze, of Nelson, Wellington, the kings and queens of the past and the present, orators and statesmen, warriors and priests, which rise all over the city, like so many expressions of living gratitude to departed worth.

The people of London have sufficient amusement. Exeter Hall is open almost every evening for some kind of entertainment. Oratarios and concerts are held every week, and sometimes every evening of the week. Public lectures of a literary and scientific character are advertised in every paper. Churches are open at almost all hours; twenty-one theaters, as the guide-books

inform us, are in full operation. Exhibitions of paintings, panoramas, and dioramas are placarded on every corner. Wax figures, bronze work, marble statuary, are presented for the examination and patronage of the people. Public gardens, in which are many pleasures during the day, and music and fireworks in the evening, are continually open; while performances of a lower character, immoral, beastly, and degrading, are held covertly and in concealment. Whatever may be a man's taste, he can find something which will accord with it; whatever may be his inclination, he can find something to gratify it. He can select the purest society and pleasures, the most refined and delicate enjoyment, or plunge down into the depths of shame and infamy. He can feast his soul on the refinement and delight of literature and religion, or he can bury himself in the shades of crime, and conceal himself in dens of vice, into which the sun does not penetrate at noonday.

Of the public buildings of London I have but little time to speak: some will come up hereafter, others will be passed over altogether. Let us walk around the city, directing our steps to objects of the greatest interest. We are in front of the Bank of England, an imposing structure, built in imitation of the Temple of Venus at Tivoli. Men in gold and scarlet question us as we pass up, and servants in buff coats, red vests, dark pants, and a bank medal attached to one of the buttons, politely conduct us through the premises. We find this pile of buildings to cover a somewhat irregular area of eight acres, built in the most secure and durable manner, and filled with officers and clerks, who are actively engaged. About one thousand men are employed as clerks, porters, and watchmen. At night, forty soldiers are on the ground,

and every measure taken to prevent robbery. We see here men counting out bills to a vast amount, shoveling gold like pebbles, and handling money as if it were a useless thing. We pass through some sixty departments, where all the various branches of banking are performed, from the stamping of the paper to the distribution of it to the people. In the vaults below the ground, bars of gold, and checks which have been drawn, one by government to the amount (I think) of one million of pounds, are shown us, and we pass from place to place with no little wonder at the magnitude of the operation. Vast as the whole is, the most perfect order prevails. Each one knows his own business, and attends to it; and like the clock which indicates the time on sixteen different dials in as many rooms, so is all this vast human machinery moved by one man, who is at the head, and presides over all. We are told that the expense of carrying on this great banking operation is about two hundred and twenty thousand pounds annually. The whole is on a scale of grandeur and magnificence unequaled by any banking institution in the world.

We next wend our way to the British Museum, one of the finest buildings in London, as yet scarcely completed, situated in Bloomsbury. Here the visitor must spend many an hour, if he would see to any valuable purpose this wonderful collection. We pass from gallery to gallery, from hall to hall, from saloon to saloon, in our pleasing task. In one gallery we find the relics discovered by Layard at Nimroud, brought here at an immense expense; colossal heads; monuments on which unread inscriptions yet appear; idols of huge proportions and fanciful construction; chariots and horsemen. In other departments, we see splendid

collections of birds, from the tiny hummingbird to the bald eagle, from the goldfinch to the peacock; animals, from the mouse to the elephant, the walrus, and the mastadon; human skeletons embedded in limestone; Egyptian remains in vast variety; mummies, some as they were brought from the land of mythology; others partly unrolled, and others entirely exposed. Every age and clime have sent contributions to this great collection, and here, daily, antiquarians, artists, and scholars come to study out the mysterious lines which are written on every feature of the past. The library connected with the Museum is the largest in the world. It contains more than one million volumes, ten thousand maps, thirty thousand manuscripts, and a great variety of seals, parchments, and papers. A large part of it was given to the British nation by George IV., and is well selected, possessing great value, independent of the number of volumes. Here are the original manuscripts of Tasso, Pope's Iliad, the works of rare Ben Jonson; also letters written by Napoleon, Catharine de' Medici, Peter the Great, Nelson, Mary of the Scots, the various kings of France, Washington, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Dryden, Addison, Franklin, Voltaire, Erasmus, Luther, Knox, Calvin, Cranmer, Latimer, Melancthon, Wolsey, Leibnitz, and others. One feels, as he gazes upon the autographs of great men, who have moved the world, some by the sword, and some by the tongue, and some by the pen, that he is communing with the buried past. His mind is borne back to other days, and he sweeps with Napoleon over the field of blood; shouts with Cromwell, "God and religion," as he rushes to the charge; stands with Luther before the diet, and pleads nobly for the great rights of conscience; or sits down and gazes over the shoulder of

Calvin, as he composes the Institutes in his cheerless study in Geneva. It would require more than one day to describe what was seen in the British Musuem, and many days to utter the sentiments to which that exhibition gave rise. It is a noble institution, and nobly conducted. With the usual generosity of the English, the doors are open to the public; no fee or pass is demanded; and the richest and the poorest, the citizen and the stranger, can enjoy the liberality of a powerful nation.

There are various other museums and collections of curiosities in London, in examining which a stranger may occupy weeks and months, and at the end find his task incomplete. Public property and private fortunes have been expended in this way, and no one can fail to express his admiration of the scope and grandeur of this form of public instruction and recreation.

Turning back from the Museum, we enter St. Paul's Church, the largest and most magnificent in the kingdom. This noble structure was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and was commenced by him in 1673, and completed in 1715. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, and is, exteriorly and interiorly, worthy of the great city of which it marks the center. Marble statues adorn the interior, and over the whole rises a spacious dome, surmounted by a ball and cross, to which the visitor ascends by a winding staircase. From the Golden Gallery, which is just below the ball, a fine view of London is obtained. I well remember the morning on which I gazed from that high elevation upon the sea of dwellings spread out below. The grandest conception of the city is obtained from this point. As far as the eye can reach, — north, south, east, and west, — the country is covered with churches, houses, and manufactories — one wide wilderness, losing

itself in the misty distance. As you stand on the dome of St. Peter's, you see Rome gathered close around you — a comfortable city, indeed, but not like this. Around you are the towers and tombs, the castles and palaces, while beyond, for miles, in the clear atmosphere, stretches the Roman Campagna, across which no rail car hurries, and on which hardly an object of interest or a sign of life can be seen. But from the dome of St. Paul's scarcely a green spot or an open space can be discovered. Even the streets look like little avenues, and nought but the red house tops, the gilded spires, and the smoking chimneys arise to the sight.

In the crypt under the church repose some of England's most illustrious men. Beneath the center of the dome is the tomb of Nelson, his last battle fought, and his body crumbling back to dust. Near by is all that remains of the mortal Lord Collingwood. At a distance are the resting-places of Christopher Wren, Benjamin West, and other men of genius. Here they sleep, awaiting the sound of the last trumpet, which shall call them again to life.

I will not attempt to give a description of the Cathedral. Its dimensions will be seen by the bare announcement that it is five hundred and ten feet long within the walls; from the floor to the center of the dome, three hundred and forty feet; the circumference of the dome within is three hundred feet — well proportioned, well built, and forming one of the objects of interest which the stranger is most anxious to behold. Daily devotions are held here, in which the English service is read, sung, chanted, or performed in the most dull and stupid manner imaginable. The monotony of the service; the indolent, careless, irreligious, and often gross and sensual look of those who engage in it; the

inattention of the people; and the evident want of devotion in priest and worshippers, — resemble any thing but the worship of God.

The churches of London are generally heavy, massive, uncomely structures, but will bear comparison with the churches of Boston and New York. Some few of them are associated in our minds with great events in history, and some few a stranger will visit for their architectural beauty or antique appearance. Beneath them all, or around them, the dead repose; and the walls are often disfigured by inscriptions to the memory of men long since departed and forgotten. In St. Mary Woolnorth lies the body of John Newton, a former rector. A tablet, bearing an inscription written by himself, reads as follows: "John Newton — once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa — was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he once labored to destroy."

St. Mary-le-Bow, noted for its connection with events in past times, has one of the most beautiful steeples in London, and is a fine old edifice of Wren's designing. In All-Hallows Church Milton was christened, and in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, he was buried. In this latter church — which is memorable for the marriage of Cromwell with Elizabeth Bouchier, who was, as Oliver says, "unto me a good helpmeet" — repose the ashes of Fox, the author of the Book of Martyrs, a work which has done much to open the eyes of Protestants to the enormities of the church of Rome. In St. Sepulcher's is an old bell which was formerly tolled at the time of the execution of criminals; and we are referred to a custom which some half century ago prevailed. The bell-ringer was accustomed to go at night to Newgate

prison, and, standing under the walls, cry aloud, so as to be heard by the condemned within, —

> "All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
> Prepare you; for to-morrow you shall die.
> Watch, all, and pray; the hour is drawing near,
> That you before the Almighty must appear.
> Examine well yourselves; in time repent,
> That you may not to eternal flames be sent;
> And when St. Sepulcher's bell to-morrow tolls,
> The Lord have mercy on your souls.
> Past twelve o'clock!"

In Christ's Church sleeps Richard Baxter, Cromwell's chaplain, and the author of Saint's Rest. In Temple Church is Oliver Goldsmith. Beneath St. Clement Danes lies Bishop Berkeley. Walter Raleigh's headless trunk is deposited in St. Margaret's, and in the various temples dedicated to God may be seen words in praise of human frailty. In the buried vaults of St. Martin-in-the-Fields lie a medley of good and evil, white spirits and gray, among whom are the remains of Jack Sheppard, who was hanged in 1723, whose history is familiar to every schoolboy, and whose deeds are now the nursery tales of England; also Nell Gwynne, the story of whose misfortunes and crimes has been rehearsed in many a circle, and whose sad fate has drawn out for her many a tear of pity. The dissenting meeting-houses of London are generally poorly constructed, and destitute of all the attractions of architecture and art. I found dissenters more numerous than I supposed. There are nearly one hundred and fifty chapels for Independents, who embrace several denominations, and about seventy for Baptists — the latter including all the different shades and complexions of those who practice immersion. The churches

of our own faith are peculiarly plain. I visited many of them, and of all I saw, only one would compare with our own sanctuary, for neatness and convenience. Badly formed and rudely constructed, many of them have a repulsive appearance. The people, who live in ceiled houses, and many of whom are wealthy, instead of feeling mortified and ashamed of their places of worship, glory in their plainness, as an evidence of their humility, when they have more reason to believe that it arises from pride and avarice.

Leaving the churches, to some of which we shall return in a future chapter, we enter a steamer, and sail a while up and down the Thames. I have noticed a statement, recently, that a steamer passes under Waterloo Bridge every minute; and this fact will enable us to see the immense business which is done upon that little river. I had heard of the Thames as a broad, beautiful stream, and was somewhat disappointed when I first beheld it. It is narrow, being not more than nine hundred feet wide, and is continually discolored and dirty, the paddles of the steamers ever stirring up its depths. But narrow and turbid as it is, it is of great importance to London, and a source of national wealth and prosperity which could hardly be dispensed with. It is spanned by several noble bridges, such as I have seen nowhere else, and which are justly admired by all travelers. Over these bridges throngs are continually passing backward and forward — foot passengers and carriage passengers, drays and coaches, omnibuses and donkey carts, crowding the passages, and pouring into, and out of, the city in one continual flood, while beneath, —

"Through many an arch, the wealthy river rolls."

A great attraction of the Thames is the tunnel, which, landing from the steamer, we enter. A man of whom we purchased our tickets of admission, and to whom we only said the simple words, "Three tickets, sir," recognized us as Americans at once, and asked, "Will you not have a view of the tunnel, to take home to your friends in America?" Before a word could be said in reply, I asked, in reference to my companions, who were a few steps in advance, "Which of them is an American, sir?" "You are one," was his immediate answer.

The tunnel is gained by descending a long, broad staircase, having some sixty or seventy steps. It is in the form of a double arch; is thirteen hundred feet long; each arch is about thirteen feet wide and fifteen high, lighted with gas, and the whole cost six hundred and fourteen thousand pounds. It is a noble work, but I can see no use to which it can be put. It is much easier to cross the bridges, in the clear air, than to descend a long flight of steps, and cross under the river, amid gas and vapor, with the continual fear that the waters will break in from the river which rolls above. I experienced the Yankee feeling of disappointment, from the conviction that this stupendous work of art cannot be turned to a profitable account, but that, while it may draw attention and elicit admiration, it will not be of any great public utility, but remain a mere artistic curiosity.

Leaving the tunnel, we enter again the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis. Clear or cloudy, wet or dry, the streets are full; one long, continuous, and unending tide of life rolling on — now streaming in one direction, now broken and chopped as the waves, now circled and turned about by the whirlpool which

arises from the conjunction of several streets, lanes, and alleys, and anon gathering again, to hurry by like torrents to the briny sea. The questions arise to the lips of a stranger, "How is this immense multitude — these millions of human beings — fed and clothed? Where do they live? What do they do?". The former of these introduces us to the markets of London. One morning, ere the sun was seen, I found my way to Smithfield. I had pictured to myself a gloomy old place, all surrounded with mementoes of the bloody past. I almost fancied I should see some of the smouldering fire in which John Rogers was consumed, or find a brand half extinguished, yet remaining to tell its tale of martyrdom. But when I arrived at the place, where I half expected to sit down in silent loneliness, and muse upon the story of wrongs and woes, more to my pleasure than surprise, I found, as I before had been informed, that the old place of execution had been converted into a cattle market. Such a spectacle I never witnessed before — one sea of living creatures, huddled together to the number of six thousand beeves and thirty thousand sheep — lowing, bleating, and pawing the ground! In a few hours, this whole stock is disposed of, and the next morning the same is repeated, and thousands more are sold out to the butchers, who soon slaughter them, and scatter their meat through the city to the hungry inhabitants. As I returned from Smithfield, I took my way through Cock Lane, and was pointed to the room where the famous Cock Lane ghost appeared several years ago, and which threw London into an uproar, and laid the foundation for a story which has cheated the wise and amazed the ignorant, and, for aught I know, may yet be believed by some who suppose witches and ghosts to be veritable things.

The next morning, I strolled through Billingsgate Fish Market. Here I came in contact with all kinds of creatures, saw all sorts of sights, and heard all forms of speech. This market is notorious for the multitude of vile men and abandoned women who attend it. Fish of all kinds were being handed from vessels in great quantities, carried into the market, and again carried out by the costermongers, who, with baskets on their heads, on horses or donkeys, were going out to sell them through the city. It was amusing and saddening to see the depravity of the wretched creatures who thronged around. The vile expressions, the horrid blasphemy, and the lewd, licentious jeers give an idea of the awful wretchedness of some of these people; and I never was so struck before with the perfect propriety of the word "Billingsgate," as applied by us to low, angry, and menacing conversation and speeches. Whenever I hear this word applied, it will need no other adjective to express to my mind all that is low and degrading in human speech.

An hour before breakfast, on the next morning, was devoted to a stroll through Covent Garden Market, devoted to the sale of culinary vegetables, fruits, and flowers. It stands where once was a convent, which was demolished to give place to a more useful establishment. Scarcely any thing could be finer than the appearance of this market on the morning in question. In the market, and in the stalls adjoining, and in the streets, were hundreds of cords of vegetables of all kinds; heavy ox loads piled up with care, while constantly was going out a stream of men and women, to peddle all this through the streets of the city. We tried to make some estimate of the number of cords of vegetables; but the number to which we arrived was

so high that I will not name it, lest it be supposed that we had not been up long enough to see distinctly and judge correctly. The fruits and flowers also made a very fine display; the former, rich, luscious, and tempting; the latter, fresh, blooming, odorous, and beautiful. One gentleman stepped up to a rich stand of fruit, and asked if a fine "lot of peaches were natural or artificial," his mind being in doubt on the point. The seller, supposing him to be bantering, replied, "Go away, go away, sir; *you are natural.*"

The same evening, it being Saturday, I found my way into Newgate Meat Market, which is two hundred feet long, and one hundred and fifty feet wide; and here another display met my eyes. I have always known that Englishmen are fond of good dinners, and many of them give evidence that they know how to live; and when I went into this market, I ceased to wonder. The finest beef and mutton I ever saw were here, and in quantities enough to supply a nation. I was told that six or eight hundred sheep, and seventy-five or one hundred oxen, are slaughtered here every day.

Leaving this market, I went to another, of a much poorer class. It was about eleven o'clock when I arrived. A hundred lights were flashing out upon the night, and the lower classes of people were purchasing the poorer kinds of food for the next day. There, women with a few pennies were endeavoring to secure a good trade; mothers, with a babe on one arm, and a basket on the other; little children, sent to purchase the cheapest bone; old men, hardly able to stagger home with what they had money to buy. Here came Poverty, creeping along by Covent Garden and Newgate, to expend her few pence in decaying vegetables and tainted meat. I noticed one little girl, who plain-

tively went from stall to stall, with a single penny in her hand, to expend to the best advantage. I followed her along, asked her a few questions, and when she made her meager purchase for her invalid mother, a little brother and herself, I could not resist the inducement to add a mite to her little treasure, that, on the Lord's day, the mouth of the widow might be filled with food; for which I was more than repaid by the graceful courtesy and meek "thank you" of the child, on whose cheek I saw a smile struggling with a tear.

An old woman, with a wrinkled face and a trembling step, also arrested my attention. She passed up and down the market, to see how best her money could be laid out. There was such a care-worn look, such a sad and melancholy countenance, that pity at once led me, unobserved, to follow her. She filled her basket, and was moving away, when, wishing for an adventure, I said to her, in as kind a tone as possible, "Good woman, shall I carry your basket as far as I go in your direction?" Seeing that my offer was a well-meant one, she gave it me with many thanks. We walked along together, and in a few minutes I had all her history. She was a widow. Her husband died when her little twin children, a boy and a girl, were two years old. Her little boy grew up, and, by his thoughtless course, wrung her heart with anguish, and finally left the parental roof, and entered the navy, and she had not seen him for years. "And O," said she, "if he would return, I would forgive him all, and love him as I did when once he carried the basket for me, as you do to-night. When you spoke to me, sir, I thought I heard *his* voice, and had found my son." The daughter she told me was dead, having worked herself to death to

support her mother. Now the widow lived on with but one hope — to see her long-lost child. At the termination of the street we parted, and as I placed the basket on her arm and received her blessing, she said, with all the childishness of age, "If you ever see Edgar, you will tell him to come home; won't you?"

England has much to answer for — her people, beggared to support a royal line and a retinue of nobles, are calling for reform. They read the wrong in the signs of wretchedness and want of thousands who conceal themselves in the lanes and dark avenues of that great city, but who come out to beg, steal, or buy, and then shrink back again, as if afraid of light.

One night, as I wandered through Holborn, I was delighted with the appearance of a store, which set forth in a prominent position, very finely illuminated. On one side, in flaming gas letters, appeared, "God save the Queen," and on the other, "God bless the People;" while in the middle blazed forth a crown and other bawbles of royalty. It was a gay sight, and I stood, and, with a crowd of others, gazed on a while; and as I looked, a pale and haggard-looking woman, tall and gaunt, mingled with the throng. A while she gazed with the rest, but at length, rising to her full height, and looking around upon the people, exclaimed, or rather shrieked out, "Admire it, admire it; but know that it was wrung out of poor, old, worn-out frames, like mine!" And then she commenced a rude speech upon the wrongs of the working class, which appealed to all hearts. She was soon hustled away by a police officer, crying, as she went, "Burn on, burn on; the wasted lamp is almost out."

A residence of a few weeks in Europe makes one painfully familiar with scenes of wretchedness and sor-

row. Starving families are represented in the street by squalid-looking children, haggard men, and pale, cadaverous women. If you leave the Strand, Holborn, or Oxford Street, and step into the by-ways and side-lanes, you change at once from the rolling carriages of the nobles, and the rich stores, filled with splendid trappings, to the filth and wretchedness of squalid poverty. If you enter the dwellings of the residents in those streets, you will find children who know but little about a respectable meal, or a comfortable bed, and such degradation as will make you weep for poor fallen human nature.

Often, when tired of display, and satisfied with the richness of the more public streets, have I stopped at the door of some rude tenement, and entered into conversation with the father or mother, about the children who were playing around, or who shrunk away at my presence. They would confess, without a blush, that they were uneducated, and brought up in crime and sin. To the question, "Do you go to church?" the answer would be, "Where should a poor man as me get clothes to wear to church?" or, "How can a poor woman like I go into the company of the gentry?" And thus parents and children alike grow up without the light of education or religion. Christianity, in the old world, stalks abroad in spacious cathedrals, or nestles down at the foot of kingly thrones, and goes not to the widow and the fatherless to bless and encourage them. Her *dignity* would be injured by a contact with the poor, despised, and ignoble, and she turns from them with coldness to take the hand of princes. This may be the religion of the church of England and of Rome, but it is not the religion of THE CHURCH OF GOD.

VI.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

The Crystal Palace, with its crowded apartments, halls, saloons, and thousands of visitors, was the fortunate idea of Prince Albert. Ever seeking out some plan to benefit the nation, to share the throne of which he had been called by divine Providence, he conceived the purpose, the grandeur of which has been equaled only by the unparalleled success which has crowned it. His ready mind at once foresaw the immense advantage which such an exhibition would be to England, and he set himself to the work. His plans were communicated to the nobles of England and France; consultations were held with artists and mechanics, and an early attempt was determined upon.

"Where shall it be held?" was the first question; and to this but one answer was given. The city of London alone could furnish facilities for such a gathering, and it was determined to erect a building in Hyde Park, between Kensington Road and Rotten Row. The residents in the immediate vicinity were naturally opposed to this selection; and as they could not prevent the progress of the enterprise, or prevail upon the commissioners to select a new location, they procured an act of Parliament that the building should be removed as soon as the exhibition closed.

"What shall the building be?" was next asked. This question was not so easily answered. For weeks a

building committee of engineers perplexed themselves with this question. More than two hundred designs were laid before them. One suggested that it should be of wood, another of brick, and a third of stone; but to each plan seemed to rise some insurmountable objection. The public presses were fiercely engaged in the strife, some contending for one plan, and some for another; and others still asserting that the whole enterprise would be a failure. At this point, a plan was submitted to the committee by Mr. Joseph Paxton, an eminent horticulturist of Chatsworth. A year or two before, Robert Schomburgk found, growing on the banks of the River Berbice, a lily, which, like Byron's pillar "with a buried base," had no name in the science of botany. He preserved seeds of this plant, and sent them to Mr. Paxton, who planted them, and gave to the shoot the name of "Victoria Regia." The lily soon grew to a gigantic size, and the wits of the horticulturist were set at work to provide some habitation for it; and he erected at once a glass house of such form and size as would answer the purpose.

While thus engaged, it occurred to him that this same plan, enlarged and improved, might answer for a building suited to the proposed exhibition. He soon marked out his design, and submitted it at once to the committee, who were already nearly discouraged at the array of difficulties which presented themselves. They soon saw its advantages, and adopted it, and issued proposals for its immediate erection. Soon, in Hyde Park, the busy scene began. The beautiful resort of wealthy men and gay ladies became a great workshop, and, in an astonishingly limited period of time, the building was erected.

The ground plan of the edifice is a parallelogram,

one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one feet long, and four hundred and fifty-six feet wide. A transept intersects it at right angles in the middle, which is four hundred and eight feet long, and seventy-two feet wide. The building rises in three series of elevations, of the respective hights of sixty-four, forty-four, and twenty-four feet. These elevations are supported by iron pillars, fixed in a socket formed in a base which rests upon a concrete foundation. Iron braces, girders, and cross-bars render the whole safe and convenient. The columns are trellised together, and braced so as to cause no apprehension of danger from the winds. Of these pillars, there are three thousand three hundred, from fourteen and one half to twenty feet in hight. There are two thousand two hundred and twenty-four cast-iron girders, and one thousand one hundred and twenty-eight cast-iron beams for the galleries. The roof of the transept is semicircular, and rises to a hight of one hundred and eight feet, and presents to one at a distance a most beautiful view. The glass is set much in the manner of our best-constructed greenhouses. The plates are forty-nine inches long. Over the whole, canvas is drawn, to modify the rays of the sun, and prevent injury from hail or storms. The iron-work is gayly painted, so as to give the best impression; and the whole structure has a light, airy, and yet substantial appearance, truly pleasing. It was constructed in one hundred and forty-five working days after the plan was submitted to the building committee, and cost less than would a cheap, ordinary building of wood. And yet this grand plan, and this successful design, were but as the work of a moment. Probably fewer hours were spent by the designer than are usually spent in planning a tolerable barn. We will allow the architect to tell his own story.

"It was not," says Mr. Paxton himself, at a meeting of the Derby Institute, "until one morning, when I was present, with my friend Mr. Ellis, at an early sitting in the House of Commons, that the idea of sending in a design occurred to me. A conversation took place between us with reference to the construction of the new House of Commons, in the course of which I observed that I was afraid they would also commit a blunder in the building for the industrial exhibition. I told him that I had a notion in my head; and that, if he would accompany me to the Board of Trade, I would ascertain whether it was too late to send in a design. I asked the executive committee whether they were so far committed to the plans as to be precluded from receiving another. The reply was, 'Certainly not; the specifications will be out in a fortnight; but there is no reason why a clause should not be introduced, allowing of the reception of another design.' I said, 'Well, if you will introduce such a clause, I will go home, and, in nine days hence, I will bring you my plans all complete.' No doubt the executive thought me a conceited fellow, and that what I had said was nearer akin to romance than to common sense. Well, this was on Friday, the 11th of June. From London I went to the Menai Straits, to see the third tube of the Britannia Bridge placed; and, on my return to Derby, I had to attend to some business at the Board Room — during which time, however, my whole mind was devoted to this project; and, whilst the business proceeded, I sketched the outline of my design on a large sheet of blotting-paper. Well, having sketched this design, I sat up all night, until I had worked it out to my own satisfaction; and, by the aid of my friend Mr. Barlow, on the 15th, I was enabled to complete the whole of

the plans by the Saturday following, on which day I left Rewley for London. On arriving at the Derby station, I met Mr. Robert Stephenson, a member of the building committee, who was also on his way to the metropolis. Mr. Stephenson minutely examined the plans, and became thoroughly engrossed with them, until at length he exclaimed that the design was just the thing, and he only wished it had been submitted to the committee in time. Mr. Stephenson, however, laid the plans before the committee, and at first the idea was rather pooh-poohed; but the plans gradually grew in favor, and, by publishing the design in the Illustrated News, and showing the advantage of such an erection over one composed of fifteen millions of bricks and other materials, which would have to be removed at a great loss, the committee did, in the end, reject the abortion of their own, and unanimously recommended my bantling."

But the building was at length completed. The products of industry were brought from every clime, the vast edifice was filled with articles rich and valuable, and forthwith, from every part of the civilized world, men journeyed towards London, to attend this great industrial council, and strengthen the bonds of human brotherhood. The world had never seen such pilgrims before. It had gazed upon marshaled armies, upon the old Palestine crusades, upon many a scene of religious or military exultation; but for the first time were all the banners of the earth seen waving over the temple of industry, and all the tribes of men represented in one congress of art, beauty, and utility. The Crystal Palace was the admiration of the world; and the world felt proud to own and occupy it. It outshone Buckingham and Holyrood, and is to-day an

object of more interest to Christendom than all the royal courts of throned kings and titled nobles. Peace has received new assistance from this great gathering; Art has rejoiced in this convocation of her sons; and Religion, too, feels that she has gained a triumph over the discordant elements which are abroad among the convulsed nations of the earth. Prose and Poetry have eulogized the undertaking; and England's choicest poet — Martin Farquhar Tupper — has made it the occasion of one of his most enthusiastic lays: —

"Hurrah for honest Industry! hurrah for handy Skill!
Hurrah for all the wondrous works achieved by Wit and Will!
The triumph of the artisan has come about at length,
And kings and princes flock to praise his comeliness and strength.

"The time has come, the blessed time, for brethren to agree,
And rich and poor, of every clime, at unity to be;
When Labor, honored openly, and not alone by stealth,
With horny hand and glowing heart, may greet his brother Wealth.

"Ay, Wealth and Rank are Labor's kin, twin brethren all his own,
For every high estate on earth, of labor it hath grown;
By duty and by prudence, and by study's midnight oil,
The wealth of all the world is won by God-rewarded toil.

"Then hail, thou goodly gathering, thou brotherhood indeed!
Where all the sons of men can meet as honest labor's seed;
The tribes of turbaned Asia, and Afric's ebon skin,
And Europe and America, with all their kith and kin.

"From east and west, and north and south, to England's happy coast,
By tens of thousands, lo, they come! the great industrial host —
By tens of thousands welcomed for their handicraft and worth,
Behold, they greet their brethren of the workshop of the earth!

"Right gladly, brother workmen, will each English artisan
Rejoice to make you welcome all, as honest man to man;
And teach, if aught he has to teach, and learn the much to learn,
And show to men, in every land, how all the world may earn!

"Whatever earth, man's heritage, of every sort can yield,
From mine and mountain, sea and air, from forest and from field·
Whatever reason, God's great gift, can add or take away,
To bring the worth of all the world beneath the human sway;—

"Whatever Science hath found out, and Industry hath earned,
And Taste hath delicately touched, and high-bred Art hath learned;
Whatever God's good handicraft, the man He made, hath made,—
By man, God's earnest artisan, the best shall be displayed.

"O, think it not an idle show, for praise, or pride, or pelf;
No man on earth who gains a good can hide it for himself;
By any thought that any thing can any how improve,
We help along the cause of all, and give the world a move.

"It is a great and glorious end to bless the sons of man,
And meet for peace and doing good, in kindness, while we can;
It is a greater, and more blest, the human heart to raise
Up to the God who giveth all, with gratitude and praise."

The exhibition was opened on the 1st of May with great splendor. The queen, and royal family, and England's noblest ones, convened as they never had convened before; and the learned and the great became the patrons of labor and science. The imposing spectacle I did not see. Adverse winds had detained our ship, and on that bright May day, when the nobles of the realm rode along in aristocratic pride, and the poor and trampled turned out by squadrons to view the pageant, and from between their chattering teeth, forgetful of their misery, shouted, "God save the queen!" we were obtaining our first sight of land, and heaving up and down, Mazeppa-like, upon the great deep.

I visited the Crystal Palace nine days after it was opened. Seldom have I seen so fine a spectacle as this edifice presented as I approached. The immense size; the peculiar materials, form, color, and adornments; the flags of all nations waving over it in peaceful pride;

the long, living stream of humanity rolling towards its open doors, — formed one of the most attractive objects upon which I ever gazed. On entering, a new scene presented itself. In the center of the building, an immense crystal fountain was casting out its jets of water, and pouring them into a basin below, around which fresh flowers were blooming and shedding their fragrance. This fountain could be seen from the farthest extremities of the Palace, and was directly in view from every part of the nave and transept. About fifty yards from the fountain, in the transept, on either side, was a fine elm-tree, of the largest size, fresh and green, and lending a delightful charm to the whole scene. Up and down the nave, in the center, were fine specimens of statuary; on both sides were the contributions of all nations, while thousands of persons, from all climes, were moving to and fro, delighted with the gorgeous spectacle. Different departments were assigned to different nations with great fairness, and each contributor was allowed as much space and prominence as were necessary to display his goods to the best advantage. The admirable order and the exquisite taste displayed in the arrangement and formation of the various departments were most conspicuous, and every article seemed to be in just such a place, and laid in just such manner, as would best draw to it the attention of the visitor. In all the vast arrangement, there was no confusion. Each man seemed to know his place; and though, in that building, I saw fifty thousand persons at one time, yet in no instance did I observe the least breach of propriety and decorum.

It would be useless for me to attempt to give a sketch of any but the most prominent articles, and even the reference to those must be brief and imperfect. Near

the fountain in the center is the Koh-i-Noir, or Mountain of Light, contributed by the queen. The value of this trinket is estimated at two million pounds, and came into the possession of the English by the annexation of Lahore to the Indian territories of that kingdom. It was discovered in the mines of Golconda, about three hundred years ago, and was for a long time the property of the Mogul emperors. It has changed hands several times, and been the cause of war and bloodshed, until it is now sent by a Christian queen to grace the congress of art and industry. It weighed, before being cut, eight hundred carats; but a clumsy operator reduced its weight to two hundred and seventy-nine carats; and yet, with this reduction, it is the largest diamond in the world. It is covered by a strong iron cage, and at night is lowered down into the base of an iron pedestal on which it lies. A writer in a British journal says, "A good general idea may be formed of its shape and size by conceiving it as the pointed half of a small hen's egg." Around this jewel a crowd of persons is constantly collected, eager to obtain a view of a gem of such great value.

The British contributions are, of course, the most numerous, and occupy very prominent positions. Every inducement has been given to the English artists to send the products of their skill into this great exhibition, and they have nobly responded to the call. Among their works were several fine models of towns, churches, and public buildings. A complete model of Liverpool, showing its streets, houses, churches, docks, and shipping, drew much attention. It was on a large scale, and was a most perfect thing in its way. The model of the great sepulchral pyramid, which is proposed to be erected in Surrey, is here. It is to be nine hundred

feet high, and to contain catacombs capable of entombing five millions of bodies. It is designed to be an imitation of the pyramidal tombs of Egypt, and to stand through all time — a vast monument of human mortality and frailty, speaking alike of the goodness and the depravity of man. If this pyramid shall ever be erected, and rise to its contemplated hight, it will, in time, become an object of more interest to the nation than Westminster Abbey. Other beautiful models are brought forward to attest the high state of art, which win admiration from all beholders.

Among articles interesting to the ladies may be mentioned a very fine quilt, wrought by knitting-pins, not a needle stitch being found in it. In the middle is a fine figure, and the corners are filled up with flowers. The whole design is exceedingly beautiful, and worked by the wife of a mechanic without guide or pattern, except such as originated in her own mind. The wife of a clergyman exhibited a scarf, which was manufactured by herself from silk produced by silkworms of her own raising, and which she procured to teach her children the habits of these wonderful little insects. Thus she taught her children habits of industry, and gave them lessons such as they never could forget, and, at the same time, wrought a most beautiful fabric, which, amid the articles in that great assemblage, the stranger found time to stop and admire. A journeyman tailor presents a quilt about ten feet square, made up of forty-five hundred pieces of cloth, the whole of which is wrought with the needle. The center piece represents Britannia ruling the waves, while the borders and corners are filled up with fine designs and exquisite workmanship. It has engaged the leisure time of the tailor ten years. A carpet, valued at eight

hundred pounds, and manufactured for Victoria by several of her lady subjects, drew much attention from those interested in such work. Each lady had the pattern, and a square of two feet, for which she paid one pound. Into this square she crowded her work, and on it displayed her skill; and when the whole were finished, they were framed into one beautiful fabric for the use of royalty. About three hundred persons were employed in its completion.

Machinery was contributed in great abundance, from a little tiny model to the huge locomotive ready to start off on its fiery passage. Among other articles, descriptions of which you have read long ere this, are the electric clocks of Mr. Shepherd; a new pump, by which the water, instead of being raised by rod, cylinder, and piston, is brought up by the "centrifugal force," and flows in one continuous stream — it is designed for draining marshes, and similar purposes, and a machine ten feet in diameter will pump one hundred and forty thousand gallons per minute; a life-boat of gutta percha, most admirably constructed for its purpose, which may be folded up into a compass of twenty feet long, and two or three feet wide. When in the water, it will hold one hundred men, with provision and baggage. There are also marquees for all the different kinds of manufactures, displayed to the best possible advantage.

Of carved work there was a great variety, from a wooden bowl to a splendid pulpit; from a child's toy to a colossal statue. Bronze, glass, and brass work was found in great abundance, and of great value. The immense quantities of rich goods, and the great value of the articles, can hardly be estimated. One firm had over one million dollars' worth of silver

and gold electro plate work, of all forms and patterns; and you may walk along for hours by the most extensive and valuable assortments of goods ever collected on earth, increasing your admiration at every step.

But the chief object of interest in the English department, to me, and I think to every other Christian, was the exhibition of Bibles, made by the British and Foreign Bible Society. They have here displayed the sacred volume in one hundred and thirty different languages, into which they have translated it for the use of the darkened nations of the earth. Day after day, I wandered to this section of the building to admire this evidence of the missionary spirit of English Christians. There was no day on which I visited the Crystal Palace, when I did not leave the crowded nave, the departments of art and skill, Turkish tents of ease and pleasure, the dazzling display of gold and gems, to find in a somewhat obscure location the Bible exhibition, which in its moral grandeur outshone the brilliant Koh-i-Noir, and surpassed the magnificence of the Crystal Palace itself. There, crowded out, and concealed behind the array of fashion, art, and beauty, it stood, that same Bible exhibition, a "Mountain of Light," reflecting its beams over all nations.

The French department was well filled, with more showy but less substantial articles than were contributed by the English. The Parisian manufacturers and salesmen have sent over the gaudy productions of their gay land, and here we found them much admired. The French people claim that the idea of the great exhibition originated with them; and it is true that a fair of an inferior character was held in Paris nearly a half century ago, and which in subsequent years was repeated. But the true idea of a world's exhibition, a

great, general, universal assemblage of all nations in one convention of genius and art, has now for the first time been realized. In this gathering, all the nations of Europe are well represented. Benighted Spain and unfortunate Portugal have come out from under the shadow of the Inquisition, to produce their works of skill. Cold, rocky, mountainous Switzerland, the home of Tell, has claimed her place in the congress of nations. Hated Austria has sent her representatives, to prove that she can produce something of more beauty and utility than prisons, racks, and instruments of torture for the patriots of dismembered Poland and betrayed Hungary. Persia has come to prove that she shines as brightly in "Eastern gold" as in the old Oriental times, when her monarchs, now departed, sat in state, or lived in voluptuous pleasures. Once-feared and barbarous Turkey deputed her artisans to claim a sisterhood with the family which was gathering in the World's Palace, and they were present with their rich and georgeous productions. Classic Greece gave evidence that the taste, and skill, and beauty of the past had, in a measure, descended to the present. China and America shook hands with each other; Germany and Egypt compare friendly notes. Papal Rome is seen nodding along the nave to Mohammedan Jerusalem, and the descendants of Ishmael are walking along with the sons of Benjamin.

Time would not suffice even to enumerate the fine articles which all the different nations have contributed. There were swords, guns, and pistols, to kill men in time of war; surgeon's instruments, to perform the nicest operations upon the human system; musical instruments, from a little Genevan music box to the splendid organs, four or five of which were sounding all the

time; a Tuscan table of mosaic in stone, valued at six hundred thousand francs; beautiful porcelain from Sèvres; a dozen cardinals done up in wax, and rigged in all the gewgaw drapery of the corrupt church; the twelve apostles carved in ivory; church bells, and painted windows; fire engines and steam engines; ploughs and reapers; raw materials in vast quantities, and manufactured articles of all kinds, forming an exhibition such as has never been seen before, and which we can hardly expect to see again for the next quarter of a century.

You inquire, doubtless, for the American department of the exhibition; and to that we now devote some attention. At the onset, our country was treated with the greatest respect. To her was given on the ground floor an area of fifty-one thousand two hundred and sixty-four feet, and more gallery room than any other nation, England alone excepted. The number of articles from America was not so great as was expected. The American minister, and the friends of America in the old world, had hoped much, and had secured for the States more room than they could occupy. Consequently, there was an empty appearance about the American section, which did not contrast favorably with the crowded condition of sections occupied by European nations. The American articles were not as showy and attractive to the mass of the people as some contributed by other countries, and did not draw so many admirers. Hence it was often said to people who were crowding into other nations, "Go to the American department, and you will have room enough!" Besides this, the articles sent from this country were, in many cases, without their contributors; and I thought there was much less taste in the arrangement, and less art in

showing the goods to the best advantage, than was exhibited by others. Nor is it any disparagement to the United States to say that it cannot vie with England and France in mere matters of taste and beauty. Our country is young; the articles and fabrics we manufacture are for utility; and we make no pretensions to those little and comparatively unimportant attainments which, exhibited in a Crystal Palace, of course draw more attention than agricultural implements and pieces of machinery.

A few articles in the American department may be mentioned not only with commendation, but with a feeling of national satisfaction. From Philadelphia was contributed a very finely-finished set of harness, which equaled, if it did not surpass, any thing of the kind in the exhibition. It was said — with how much truth I know not — to have cost about three thousand dollars, and was admired by all who knew any thing about such articles. Several coaches, and light, graceful sleighs drew much attention, and formed a fine contrast with some of the heavy, lumberous vehicles from other nations. A fire engine was also found in our department — a charming little thing, which would throw seven streams of water upon a fire at once, at an average hight of one hundred and fifty feet each. The finish of the "tub" was exquisite, and drew considerable observation. A steam engine, on a new principle, in which the motive power is applied directly to the driving-wheel, without the intervention of cylinders, steam chests, or condensers. Several other machines are on exhibition in the American department, of which we see no reason for our country to be ashamed.

The display of daguerreotypes from America was very far before that of any other nation; and the

triumph of this art in our new world was often mentioned. The countenances of our distinguished men were mirrored out with great correctness and success, and not the least pleasant hour spent in the Crystal Palace was that devoted to a glance at the familiar faces of the orators, statesmen, and clergymen of our republic.

In the foreground of the picture presented by our department was Powers's "Greek Slave," the most finished piece of sculpture in the Fair. With this "triumph of art" you are familiar, as it has been exhibited in this country, and received the favorable notice of the most distinguished artists and men of taste among us. This is a copy of the original statue, was taken by Powers for an Englishman, and by him placed in the American section, as a delicate compliment to the artist and the land of his birth.

Directly in the rear of the Greek Slave is a large number of Indian traps, presided over by a full-grown chief and his squaw, and near by is Colton's model of the Falls of Niagara. The latter is said to be very correct, yet can but fail to give any adequate idea of the stupendous work of God. The foam, the roar, the mist, the thunder, and the tremble of the earth, cannot be represented by a dead model.

There were also some rather amusing articles on exhibition. A pair of oars, mounted in silver, and inclosed in a black walnut case, and labeled, "A present to the Prince of Wales," was the contribution of a Mr. Page, of New York. The heads of some of our distinguished men in soap gave rise to a pleasant little incident, which is said to have occurred on the first visit of the queen, who, hardly believing the images were soap, was about to try them with a bodkin, but was prevented

by the proprietor, who exclaimed, as if in evident horror, "No, your majesty; this is Washington;" to which Prince Albert replied, "O, it is Royalty picking at Liberty." I also saw one day a measure of parched corn, for what sent over to London I do not know.

At the time I was in London, the English people were open in their abuse of America. Scarcely a paper could be taken up, from the Times to Punch, without the eye falling upon some slur at the meager condition of the American section in the Crystal Palace. On the platform in Exeter Hall, I was compelled to listen to the same unjust and prejudiced remarks; and once or twice they came out in sermons, on public occasions. But, before the close of the exhibition, Brother Jonathan compelled John Bull to draw in his horns, and swallow his own words. Somebody says of Brother Jonathan, "The waist of his coat may be ridiculously short; the tails of it ridiculously long; his shirt collar may absorb the produce of a whole field of flax; his pantaloons may not come below the tops of his boots; and his straps may have the air of preventer-braces, to keep the continuations from going over his head; he may be, in short, the most unpresentable man you can conceive of, and 'most mockable at court;' but beneath the uncouthness of his dress, and the frequent *bizarrerie* of his manner, there is such a man, and such a soul, as only Yankeedom and the nineteenth century can produce or educate."

And so the boasters of the British press have found it, and in many a well-contested trial young America has secured an advantage. At a fair trial, M'Cormick's Virginia Reaper, which had been derided and made the butt of wit, secured an advantage over all other similar

instruments; and in one hour M'Cormick's fortune was made. The English have acknowledged the superiority of his machine over theirs; and he has taken the palm under circumstances not most favorable to himself.

We had scarcely recovered from the surprise and pleasure which this victory over the prejudices of our transatlantic friends gave us, ere one of the journals of London which had been most abusive made the following concession, in reference to some carpets woven at Clinton by Mr. Bigelow: "The American department has again received an important accession of strength, in the shape of some specimens of Brussels carpets, woven upon power looms. Although various attempts have been made to adapt the power looms to carpet weaving in England, there is not, we believe, at this moment, any machinery perfected for that object. Our American brethren have therefore gained another step ahead of us, and have won another laurel on this well-contested field of the industrial arts."

We were enjoying this when the American clipper, under the command of Mr. Stevens, arrived on English waters. Taunting challenges were thrown out, which were accepted, and the decided superiority of the American over the English clippers shown at the first trial.

The next news that came informed us that a machine for the manufacture of bobbins, by which much labor and expense were saved, was being exhibited by a Scotchman, and receiving universal commendation. The machine was examined, and found to be a complete plagiarism, it having been the invention of a gentleman of Lowell. This new feather Brother Jonathan put in his cap with much pleasure; and the

admiration which had been bestowed upon the supposed contribution of Scotland ceased quite suddenly.

But a new triumph awaited Yankeeland. A genius with "a coat having a short waist and long tails" appeared in London, with a few simple, odd-looking wires, and inquired of the policeman on the corner if he knew who had any locks to be picked. He was directed to the famous Chubbs lock, which in a short time gave way before his ingenuity. He next tried the never-picked lock of Bramah, and soon that too yielded to his skill; and the Yankee marched off with the two hundred pounds in his pocket, and England was left without a single safe lock to protect her treasures. Hobbs's own Parantoptic Lock was laid before the most skillful locksmiths in England, and after having tried to pick it, in vain, they have abandoned the attempt. And now, while John Bull was wondering what these Yankees would grow to, one of them came forward, and, to the complete astonishment of the nation, wished to hire the Crystal Palace itself, for a musical concert, and offered ten thousand dollars for the use of it one single day; but as some one keenly remarks, "John Bull had seen enough of the Yankees, with their patent locks, reaping machines, and yachts, without desiring to be danced out of his own palace to the tune of Yankee Doodle."

Times have changed, and the papers which, a while ago, were heaping abuse, are now talking most fawningly, and with a very patronizing air. Punch and the Times have as much as they can do to compliment America. A while ago, there appeared a little song in Punch, which common consent ascribed to Thackeray, the author of Pendennis. It is so felicitous that I will introduce it, though you have read it before.

" Yankee Doodle sent to town
His goods for exhibition ;
Every body ran him down,
And laughed at his position ;
They thought him all the world behind,
A goney, muff, or noodle.
'Laugh on good people — never mind,'
Says quiet Yankee Doodle.

" Yankee Doodle had a craft,
A rather tidy clipper ;
And he challenged, while they laughed,
The Britishers to whip her.
The whole yacht squadron she outsped,
And that on their own water ;
Of all the lot she went ahead,
And they came nowhere arter.

" O'er Panama there was a scheme
Long talked of, to pursue a
Short route — which many thought a dream —
By Lake Nicaragua.
John Bull discussed the plan on foot
With slow irresolution,
While Yankee Doodle went and put
It into execution.

" A steamer of the Collins line,
A Yankee Doodle's notion,
Has also quickest cut the brine
Across th' Atlantic Ocean.
And British agents, noways slow
Her merits to discover,
Have been and bought her — just to tow
The Cunard packets over.

" Your goldsmiths of their skill may crack,
But that again don't mention ;
I guess that Colt's revolvers whack
Their very first invention.

By Yankee Doodle, too, you're beat
Downright, in agriculture,
With his machine for reaping wheat,
Chawed up as by a vulture.

"You also fancied, in your pride,
Which truly is tarnation,
Them British locks of yourn defied
The rogues of all creation;
But Chubbs' and Bramah's Hobbs has picked,
And you must now be viewed all
As having been completely licked
By glorious Yankee Doodle."

But the exhibition has closed, and the Crystal Palace is being dismantled, and the rich store of goods scattered among the nations. On the 11th of October, the imposing services were held, and the congregated thousands separated, to meet no more on earth. The last was a tumultuous day. Cheers were heard, bells were tolled, and one of the noblest assemblies ever convened was broken up. The nations returned, and the streets of London soon began to wear their usual aspect.

That the exhibition, viewed in almost any light, has been successful, none can doubt. The number of persons in attendance, the sums of money received, the moral influence upon the nations, all have more than equaled the most sanguine expectations. The numbers who visited the exhibition during the time it was opened were as follows:—

In May,	734,672
" June,	1,130,116
" July,	1,314,176
" August,	1,023,435
" September,	1,155,240
" October,	841,107
Total,	6,198,746

The largest number in the Palace, at any one time, was ninety-two thousand. What seems very singular is, that only twenty-five commitments have been made by the police, and all of them were for minor offences. I think no parallel can be found, in the history of the world, in which so large a number of persons assembled with so little confusion and crime.

I have seen going the rounds a strange little prediction of the poet Chaucer, made years ago, and which seems to have been singularly verified in the Crystal Palace. In his "House of Fame," he is speculating as to the cause of dreams, informing his readers that he cannot tell whether

> "Spirits have the might
> To make folks dread o'night,
> Or if the soul of proper kind
> Be so perfect as men find
> *That it wote what is to come.*"

He goes on to say, —

> "As I slept, ...
> . . . . . I dreamt I was
> Within a *temple made of glass*,
> In which there were more images
> Of *gold* standing in sundry stages,
> In more rich tabernacles,
> And with *jewels* more pinnacles,
> And more curious *portraitures*,
> And quaint manner of figures
> Of gold work, than I saw ever.
>
> . . . . .
>
> "Then saw I stand on either side
> Straight down to the doors wide
> *From the dais many a pillar*
> *Of metal* that shone out full clear.
>
> . . . . .

Then 'gan I look about and see
That there came ent'ring in the hall
A right great company withal,
And that of sundry regions
Of all kinds of conditions
That dwell in earth beneath the moon,
Poor and rich.

. . . . .

Such a great congregation
Of folks as I saw roam about,
Some within and some without,
Was never seen, nor shall be more!"

The old poet is dead, but his vision has been realized in the great exhibition and the Crystal Palace, to which we now bid adieu, with a single remark as to its moral influence upon the nations of the earth. This influence cannot fail to be very beneficial. Thousands from all nations came together and mingled their congratulations, and the friends of peace, liberty, and religion seized the occasion to forward the high purposes of the gospel. It is not probable that another such gathering will be held for many years; but when it is held, our own country will be the place; for the artists of Europe are yet to take lessons in republican enterprise and industry. We are confident that, in the next exhibition, wherever it may be held, the American department will be one which will be most attractive to those who value real utility. That, in the present instance, we have done justice to ourselves, none will admit. Much finer displays have been made at some of our county fairs, during the present autumn, than was made by our department in the exhibition in London; and, if another opportunity should come, our artists will not be slow to vindicate the wounded honor of our nation, or backward in competing for the highest prizes.

To England, as a nation, the exhibition has been a source of great pecuniary benefit. Millions of money have been carried into the country from abroad, and immense purchases of goods have been made in London, which would have been secured elsewhere but for this great and glorious gathering; and when another Crystal Palace is erected in America, may we reap advantages as great in a commercial and moral view.

VII.

THE MINISTERS OF LONDON.

I FEAR I was led to attend church in Europe more by curiosity than devotion. The desire to hear distinguished men, to be impressed by their eloquence, did not always fit me for communion with God. I confess my object was more to *see* and *hear* than to have my heart made better; and if I cannot bring back to you an account of much personal improvement, I will try to give some idea of the impression made upon my mind by the appearance of the clergymen, and the services of their churches. I left home determined not to preach at all, but was obliged to abandon this wise course, and, on several occasions, consented to deliver poor sermons, and thus lost the opportunity of hearing as many good ones.

The service in English churches is much the same as in ours. The dissenting ministers, however, as well as those of the establishment, have an assistant, or clerk, who reads the hymns, and sometimes performs other parts of the service. The clerk is generally selected in consequence of possessing a good voice, and being a pleasant reader. But they all get into a drawling and unpleasant habit, reading poetry and prose, grave and gay, alike with a "holy tone," or a "sacred twang," which sounds more like the recitations of a schoolboy than the voice of one who is appointed to lead the devotions of the people of God. I found this assistant

to be regarded as a sort of privileged fault-finder — not knowing how to preach himself, and yet continually trying to teach his minister.

The singing in the dissenting chapels is congregational, a deacon, or some other person, standing in front of the pulpit, lining out the hymn, and giving the *pitch*. The singing was like Jeremiah's figs — some of it very good, and some very bad. This exercise afternoons, and perhaps at other times, in the churches of the establishment, is often done by children, the boys being attired alike, and the little girls with neat white caps and aprons — presenting to the congregation below a pleasing spectacle, as their infant voices are raised in devotion and praise. The afternoon service is devoted to the improvement of the poor, and those who, by living in the houses of wealthy families, are unable to attend in the morning, and is generally poorly sustained.

The sexton in English churches is often a woman, who seats the people, waits upon the minister into the pulpit, and performs sundry other services, which here devolve on the other sex. I was much amused, on one occasion, by a woman who seized me by the arm, and led me up through the aisle, and gave me a seat beneath the pulpit. The more I held back, the harder she pulled me forward, until I found it was all in vain, and I surrendered at discretion. The first sermon I heard in London was preached by

JOHN CUMMING, D. D.,

the eloquent pastor of the church in Crown Court, who is said to be the most popular minister in the city. He is connected with the established church of Scotland. His chapel — for by this name the meeting-

houses of all dissenters are called, however spacious and elegant they may be — is beneath the shadow of Drury Lane Theater, in an avenue not wide enough for a carriage passage. The chapel itself is an old and uncomely affair, with stained glass windows, dark and gloomy, and capable of seating fifteen hundred persons. I went on one bright and beautiful Sabbath morning, and, having been told that the house was crowded during service time, I managed to be there nearly an hour before the sermon commenced. The vestibule was full; the aisles, into one of which I pressed my way, were crowded; but in the pews not a single person could be seen. It was an unusual sight, and, on inquiring, I was informed that no strangers were seated until after the first prayer was offered. One by one the occupants of the pews arrived and took their seats, and, long ere the hour of service, the house was crowded from the pulpit to the porch, and I had the satisfaction of standing during the whole time. As I looked around, I saw many illustrious and titled men, among whom I recognized the countenance of Hon. Abbott Lawrence, who is a regular attendant and communicant at the altar. Soon a slight movement, and an instant cessation of an indistinct murmur which had been running through the assembly, announced the arrival of the preacher. He entered by a door in the rear of his church, arrayed in robes, and, with a dignified step, ascended the pulpit stairs. He is about fifty years of age, tall and graceful in his bearing, has a broad and ample forehead, dark brows and whiskers, and is altogether what the ladies would call a "very handsome man." He is a chaste and elegant speaker, with a clear, silvery voice, and precise, even to what appears to be a slight affectation or mannerism. The preliminary services were conducted

with great propriety, the singing by the congregation, without the aid of an organ, and the discourse was delivered in a fluent, extemporaneous manner.

The text was the words of God to Cain — "Where is thy brother?" The preacher commenced by remarking that the context suggests several great facts, namely: that death, in a sudden manner, is not in itself an evil, but often a favor; that the first death was of a good man. Had Cain died first, all men would have looked upon the event as a terrible punishment, whereas now we can regard it in another light; that the first was a martyr's death, indicating that the great contest between the seed of the woman and of the serpent had already commenced; that by death the good are removed from wo here, to joy beyond the grave.

"All men," the speaker went on to say, "are of one brotherhood, on whatever shore, in whatever clime. But this bond of brotherhood is not always recognized. Should I ask one the question of the text, he would reply, 'What is that to me?' He would manifest a spirit which, if carried out, would break down all our asylums and public charities, and destroy society itself. Another would reply, 'My brother is no care of mine; for his sufferings are of his own making, or of his parents.' What of that? Did not Christ come to relieve us of sufferings and sorrows which we made for ourselves? Another would reply, 'I have been deceived so many times by my brothers, and helping them has been a task so thankless, that I will not relieve him.' But do you do good for thanks? The Pharisees did, but Christ did not. True charity shuns the public gaze — would rather be cheated itself than allow an object of pity to go unblest, or without our contribution.

"When I ask the text with reference to thy brother's religion, the reply is, 'O, that is his business, not mine. If he is sincere, all is well enough.' Did Paul say this when he looked upon the idolaters of Athens? Did Christ say so when he looked upon the abominations of Jerusalem? Did he say so when he went bending to the cross?"

Having asked the question, the preacher proceeded to answer it. "1. *Geographically*, thy brother is in Africa, in China, in dark lands, in lone and icy mountains, *every where*. 2. *Religiously*, thy brother has left the temple of God, and is bowing in the mosk of Omar, in the cathedral at Rome, in the temple of Juggernaut. He has given himself up to the worship of dumb idols; he lives without God. 3. *Physically*, thy brother is in some vile hovel, or on a sick bed, or in a prison. He is in want, is discouraged. Thy brother mans our ships, builds our houses, tempers our steel, provides our clothing, and fights our battles. Go forth, then, man with a heart, and claim thy brotherhood."

This discourse was applied to the support of a charity school, connected with the doctor's church. Speaking of the poor children composing it, he remarked, "The only difference between the diamond which adorns Victoria's crown and that which lies embedded in the earth consists in polish: so the children of the rich and poor differ only in education." In illustration of the interest which angels on high take in the education of children, he said, "In our city is a Crystal Palace. Thousands will go and admire it, and gaze upon the productions of every clime with wonder. But holy angels, as they sweep over the city to-day, will stop not at the Crystal Palace, but will tarry where children are gathered from the streets, and taught to love the Savior." Again he

remarked, "On one occasion, one hundred thousand men were employed to build a pyramidal tomb for a dead king: we are decorating the living temples of the living God." The address was wound up by a beautiful incident, beautifully enforced: A Grecian artist was once employed to make an elegant statue. He sent for all the virgins of Greece, and took the most perfect feature of each, and blended all into one form of loveliness; and when it was completed, each of the maidens of that classic land could recognize some feature of herself in the work of the artist: so the Christian should be able to recognize his own features in the reformation of society, and the advancement of light and truth.

I have dwelt thus long upon this discourse, because Dr. Cumming is said to be the most eloquent preacher in London. The sermon was not profound, and, in this country, would be called brilliant rather than eloquent. There was nothing startling or great; but it consisted of a series of brilliant remarks — a string of jewels, glistening all the way along like gems in the bracelet of beauty.

We pass next to the Free Scotch church, in Regent Square, where preaches

JAMES HAMILTON, D. D.

I went in first to see the church, on an afternoon, when no service was held. It is one of the finest chapels in London, and was built for Edward Irving, who entered the city a stranger, and soon became one of the most popular men who ever stood in the sacred desk, drawing crowds of admiring, fascinated hearers. Of that remarkable man you have all heard. His short, eventful course, which for a time shone with

such splendor, and ended in such darkness, has been spoken of by all the lovers of eloquence, and bewailed by all the friends of Jesus. For a time he was the central object of interest, and thousands hung upon his lips with admiration. But, intoxicated with fame and popularity, he imagined himself inspired, and declared that angels were communicating to him the will of God. I went into the chapel with my friend Overbury, of Eagle Street, and gazed upon the walls which had once echoed with the eloquence of that wonderful man, whose name was associated in my mind with the highest style of eloquence, and with the most blinded fanaticism. I went up that spacious aisle, to the elegant pulpit, but Irving was not there. He has passed away to his reward. And Chalmers, too, who loved Irving as a brother, and who dedicated for him his chapel, and whose voice had often been heard within those walls — he, too, has gone home to heaven. My companion told me, that on one occasion he went in to hear Irving. An immense number was crowded within the walls of that spacious edifice, rapt, fixed, lost in the eloquence of the preacher. When the discourse was about half finished, a woman near the pulpit began to make a guttural noise, which she supposed was speaking in an unknown tongue, afterwards interpreting by saying, "The Lord is coming, the Lord is coming." Irving paused, and added, "Yes, he is coming;" and, bowing his head upon the cushion of the pulpit, seemed overcome with emotion. "On another occasion," said my friend, "scores were heard making those hideous noises, or speaking in an unknown tongue, as they called it; and the whole house echoed with the sounds." Poor Irving! the most eloquent and the most unfortunate preacher of his times!

But we return to Hamilton, who now fills his place, or rather occupies it, for it is no discredit to his successor to say, that no one can *fill* the place of Edward Irving. All remember that notable year of our Lord, when the Free Scotch church was formed. The old Scotch Covenanter spirit had long been curbed and chafed under the irreligious and oppressive enactments of the establishments, and, in 1843, about four hundred ministers of that order uttered a noble protest, and, headed by Welch and Chalmers, laid down their livings and honors, and declared themselves independent of the state. Old St. Giles never witnessed a nobler sight, than when, on that day, those sainted men abandoned the protection of government, and fled to the throne of God. Of these was James Hamilton, who is now one of the most efficient men of the Free church. The discourse which I heard from his lips was upon "overcoming faith;" and nobly was it preached, with all the spirit of a man who had himself exercised it, and felt its power. Dr. Hamilton has a very happy faculty of illustrating, and pours out his well-chosen and pertinent figures with the greatest abundance. He has a somewhat broad Scotch pronunciation, which would be offensive to sensitive ears; but when aroused, pronunciation and accent are alike forgotten by the hearer, who is borne along irresistibly, absorbed in the dazzling radiance which the eloquence of the speaker draws around him. His church is always full, and not seldom do multitudes go away unable to find places to sit or stand.

We leave Regent Square, and find our way to the Strand, and, as it is Sabbath evening, enter Exeter Hall, where morning and evening a service is held, each Lord's day, during the time of the great exhibition, for

strangers. The clergymen of the city officiate alternately, and the hall is always filled to its utmost capacity. As we crowd our way in, the whole assembly of nearly five thousand persons are singing,—

"So did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die."

The hymn closes, and a large, heavy man, with a full, florid face, and a strong, deep voice, commences his discourse. He is

REV. WILLIAM BROCK,

of Bloomsbury Chapel, said to be the most *effective* Baptist minister in London. His chapel is large, and in its construction and adornment superior to any of the same order in the city; and his congregation is composed chiefly of young, stirring, energetic men. His discourse on this occasion is founded on the narrative of the prodigal son, and he goes into it with a right good will, setting all the rules of rhetoric, and correct speaking and pronunciation, at defiance. His discourse is a good one, cutting down into the consciences of the wicked and abandoned, and reaching a class of hearts which would slumber under all the refined, delicate sentences of Cumming and Noel, and be unaffected by all the nice and chastely-formed essays which could be read in Exeter Hall from the year of grace 1851 to the day of doom. His eloquence is of that rude, uncultivated sort which tramples upon all laws, and carries conviction to the masses by its impulsive and overwhelming energy. Mr. Brock is a fine platform speaker, and is always welcomed in Exeter Hall with

rapturous applause. He has none of the sweet, gentle persuasive of Mr. Noel, nor the brilliant, flashing genius of Dr. Cumming, nor the elegant imagery of the successor of Irving, but a rough, honest enthusiasm, which enables the hearer to *endure* the constant departures from the principles of correct speaking. In the notes which I took of the sermon in Exeter Hall, I find a constant repetition of the words "wern't," and "arn't," "teachor," and "fathor." Speaking of what the prodigal did, he said, "That is the sinner all over;" describing his return to his father's house, he said, "He went afoot and alone," which phrase only needed the addition of "as the girl went to be married," to make it appear entirely ridiculous. But while the hearer cannot but notice these blemishes, he does not feel a disposition to dwell upon them, for in Mr. Brock he sees an ambassador of God who has a great message to deliver, and who is faithful to his holy calling, concealing no truth, and covering up no sin.

On the next evening, we go to Exeter Hall again, to attend a great gathering which is there to be held. Just as we enter, a short, plain, uncomely-looking man rises to speak. He begins slowly, and seems laboring to find utterance for the great thoughts which are struggling in his mind. We are almost disposed to leave the hall, so unpromising does the speaker appear. But soon some thoughts arrest the attention: we will stay a little longer. Now we are interested, for we see a fire flashing in the eye of the speaker. More eloquent he becomes every moment, and more irresistible his enthusiasm. His voice is not pleasant; his only gesture, that of bringing his right hand down with terrible fury upon the rail before him, is awkward and uncomely. But we are all-absorbed in the impetuous

torrent of living thoughts and burning words that come pouring out upon us. At every sentence the speaker becomes more earnest and more eloquent. The perspiration streams down his face, and in his vehemence he has thrown the thin hair down over his broad forehead, until it almost conceals his eyes. And yet, on he goes, until the climax is reached, and he sits down with a sort of defiant look, as if he had said, "Beat this who can." He is

REV. JOSEPH BEAUMONT,

the talented, manly, eloquent leader of the English Wesleyans.

A hymn is sung, which comes swelling out from nearly five thousand voices, and another speaker is announced. Unlike the one whom he succeeds, he is a tall, broad-chested man, whose gestures and words are solemn as the grave. We see no vehemence, no beating of the rail, no jumping from side to side, no contortions of countenance, but a calm, deliberate flow of profound thoughts, expressed with clearness, and attended with power. We are listening to

REV. THOMAS BINNEY,

the eloquent minister of the Independent or Congregational church in Monument Square. A few years since, this distinguished man came to our country, to which visit we heard him refer once or twice in public. But while here he did not seem to possess any extraordinary attraction, and the minister who in England could gather around him an immense and admiring audience, in Boston failed to fill the house of worship in which he preached. Whatever might have been the cause of this, and whether it is to the discredit of

the minister or the people, certain is it, that eloquence is measured by a different gauge in the two countries. Mr. Binney takes his seat amid the cheers of the people, and

REV. GEORGE SMITH,

of Poplar, takes the stand, and enters at once into an impulsive and earnest speech, which wins for him the golden opinions of the audience. He is less commanding in personal appearance than Mr. Binney, less vehement than Mr. Beaumont, less ornate than Dr. Cumming. But few men surpass him in platform oratory. His words are well chosen, and his thoughts pour out, giving us the measure of a great soul. I admired a speech I heard him make so much, that I walked one evening six miles to hear him preach, but, on arriving at his place of worship, found the desk occupied by a young man, who was amusing himself, trifling with his audience, and insulting his Maker, by a profoundly silly speech upon the origin of sin, and the fall of the rebel angels, about which he evidently knew as little as his audience.

Leaving Exeter Hall, we find our way to Surrey Chapel, a place famous in the religious history of London. In the pulpit is an old man, his head white with age, who is preaching a discourse in behalf of the London Missionary Society — a formidable organization, whose annual income is more than sixty-eight thousand pounds. The preacher is not a city minister, but as we chanced to hear him there, and as his name and works are known and read in this country, I cannot forbear to mention the honorable name of

REV. WILLIAM JAY,

whose "Morning and Evening Exercises" have assisted

so many Christians in the devotions of the family circle. I was less disappointed in Mr. Jay than in any other distinguished preacher I heard. His sermon on this occasion was a rich, deep, and full presentation of a glorious gospel. A vein of pious experience was running through it, like a thread of light; and as he stood before me in the solemn vestures of the house of God, and presented the message of my Master, I thought he realized more fully my idea of an English preacher than any other man I had heard in the kingdom. Whoever reads the works of Mr. Jay will have a portrait of the man, the measure of his mind, and the fervency of his piety. Three others I will mention, and then relieve your patience. The first is

HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL.

The past history of this distinguished man is somewhat known in this country. His father, Sir Girard Noel, was a naval officer of some distinction, and his mother a peeress of the realm. His oldest brother is the Earl of Gainsboro', and all his relatives are of noble birth or office. For a long time, Mr. Noel was minister of St. John's Church, Bedford Row, where he drew admiring crowds of hearers. The rich and poor came together to be pleased and benefited by his simple instructions. For many years, he has been regarded as a man of very liberal views and feelings, and on various occasions has incurred the reproofs of his superiors in office (he has no superior in true nobility of nature) for his resistance to their invasions upon the rights of the people. A few years since he became convinced that a union of church and state could not be justified on gospel principles, and, to the astonishment of his former ecclesiastical associates, announced

his intention of leaving the church of England. The tidings spread through the great city, carrying consternation to the supporters of a state church, and joy to the hearts of the dissenters. What denomination he would join became a matter of some solicitude; but all doubt was soon removed by his baptism in the old chapel once owned and occupied by the sainted Evans. Removing from his former more elegant and commodious place of worship, he entered the chapel wherein he was immersed, and at once drew around him an affectionate and wealthy congregation. In this chapel, which is about as large as our own house of worship, I heard him preach. His discourse was on the fidelity of Caleb, recorded in the Book of Numbers. With great clearness and simplicity, the preacher contrasted the conduct of Caleb with that of his friends, and in a very pleasing manner pointed out the rewards of the faithful Christian. He did not allude to himself, yet no one could fail to see in Mr. Noel a living exhibition of the spirit exhibited by Caleb. Amid the reproaches of his friends, and the astonishment of the whole nation, he had left a wealthy and influential body, which lived under the protection of the greatest kingdom on earth, and united with an unhonored and despised body, and meekly bore the reproaches of them who said, "Thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad."

I was disappointed in Mr. Noel's style of pulpit address. I expected to hear something which would electrify the audience, and come up to a high idea which I had received from a friend, who, with enthusiastic admiration, described Mr. Noel as the "greatest preacher in the kingdom." The discourse under mention was preached in a quiet and unostentatious style,

without notes, and in a sweet and gentle tone of voice. There were no sublime flights, no passages of overpowering eloquence, no outbursts of enthusiasm, but a clear, ingenuous flow of holy thoughts, which, like a gentle stream rippling on ever, gilded by the silvery rays of the moon, made the hearer forget the lapse of time, and sit with delight, until the close. I think I never listened to so long a sermon with so little weariness, or went away from the sanctuary with a greater desire to come again.

The personal appearance of Mr. Noel is prepossessing. His forehead is high and broad; his hair is brown, and carefully adjusted, yet without unnecessary precision; and his whole countenance bears the marks of a sweet, gentle serenity. I have seen more beautiful features; but I never saw a countenance in which love and purity, meekness and grace, were more evident.

The impression which I formed of this much-loved man was confirmed by a visit which I afterwards made to his fine residence at Hornsey, about six miles from his chapel in John Street. The meekness and sweetness of disposition which are so noticeable in the pulpit become more evident as he converses in his own dwelling. His visitors are at once at ease by the dignified familiarity with which he receives them, and the readiness with which he enters into their views and projects. I saw but few men in England whose courtesy and kindness made a deeper impression upon my mind than that of the gifted nobleman who stands so deservedly at the head of the Baptist clergymen of London.

There is another name which will be mentioned to every person in London who inquires for the most distinguished preacher. I refer to that of

REV. DR. MELVILLE,

who, every Tuesday morning, delivers what is called the "golden lecture," in St. Margaret's Church, Lothbury. The fame of this distinguished man, who, like Mr. Noel, is a nobleman, has gone abroad. His works are read extensively in this country, and are much admired; and many a poor clergyman has sharpened his own dull sword on the sides of the pyramids of thought which Melville has erected, and lighted his own lamp at fires which were kindled in Camberwell.

So, one morning, I went in with a large number of friends to hear the "golden lecture," as this is known to be one of the choicest efforts of the preacher. Lothbury Church is an uncomely structure, displaying little architectural taste. It will contain about fifteen hundred persons, and is generally well filled at this lecture. On entering, a woman came forward, and, with a bundle of keys, unlocked a pew door, and thrust us in; and for half an hour we amused ourselves with looking at the church and its adornments. Behind the chancel are two paintings of Moses and Aaron, which I at first mistook for Jack the Giant-killer and his wife Hepzebah. On the walls, all around, are marble slabs, bearing inscriptions in praise of the dead, most of them, doubtless, more beautiful than true. One of them, after describing the virtues of the dead, closed by this remark: "who, having the wisdom to know when he had enough, was also endowed with the virtue to enjoy it." While we were looking around the house, — for we sat in a pew where we could see most of the congregation, — an aged man marched pompously up the aisle, entered the reading-desk, and commenced reading the service with *such* a tone, and *such* a look, and *such* a

drawl, that the most patient man could hardly have endured it. He continued, for about half an hour, to *murder* the beautiful prayers and the more sublime scriptures which are set apart for the morning service of the English church. This done, a woman is seen passing along the aisle, putting one aside this way, and another the other way, followed quietly by a man of about fifty-five years of age, whom we recognized at once as Mr. Melville. He is escorted to the pulpit by the woman, who shuts him in; his head bows on the cushion until the hymn is done, when he rises and offers a short extempore prayer, and enters upon his discourse. His hair is slightly gray; his eye keen, and piercing black; his form robust and manly; and his countenance regular, and full of fire. I should not call him a graceful speaker. His gestures are few, and his words are jerked out in a somewhat unpleasant manner. He is confined closely to his notes, which evidently are prepared with great care.

The first time I listened to him, he was endeavoring to show that all the members of the church are of a royal line, and are priests to God. The death of Christ brings all men into a position where they may assume this priestly office. The church is composed not of a bench of bishops, but of all who, by the baptism of infancy, have been brought into it. The minister is a priest unto the church; the Christian is a priest unto the world. The dividing line between the church and the world was made by baptism. If I understand aright, the doctrine of baptismal regeneration was taught, and some of the most objectionable features of high churchism defended. The discourse, as a whole, was of much power. It was impressed by all the evidences of a great mind. Thoughts, in massive

blocks, were laid down, and a superstructure raised which could not be easily demolished. While I could not consider the sentiments advanced as scriptural, I could admire the logic, and be charmed by the finished eloquence. A high churchman would call such a discourse "a mighty effort."

I listened to Mr. Melville again, on another occasion, as he was discoursing upon another theme, when my previous impressions were confirmed, and I saw pervading every sentence of his discourse that rich, evangelical vein of thought which runs through so many of his published discourses, and which has given him so much fame on both sides of the ocean.

We must hurry now to a new scene. It is Sabbath morning, and we find ourselves in front of St. George's Cathedral, where we are to see and hear

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

We pay our tribute at the door, and pass into the gloomy-looking edifice, and find the service already commenced. Robed priests and ignorant people are chanting songs which carry us at once back to the middle ages, and set us down amid the mummeries of olden times. The very music seems to squeak and groan; the walls seem to echo back sad sounds; and every line of the service tells of martyrdom. But as this may be all the effect of imagination, we let it pass.

After chanting and praying, getting up and sitting down, bowing and standing, kneeling and sitting, burning incense and sprinkling water, the cardinal mounts into the pulpit, and commences a discourse upon the "Mission of Immanuel." The personal appearance of the prelate is coarse, and his speech, on this occasion, was weak and inefficient. His hair is changing to

gray; his forehead is low; his cheeks full and red. Cunning is stamped upon every line of his countenance; and I think any one who is accustomed to study the expressions of the human face would mark our subject as a man of duplicity and fraud. I saw no public man in England who possessed such a repulsive exterior, in whose features there was such an exhibition of gross and sensual passion.

One day, while walking along the streets of London, I saw a caricature of the cardinal. He was represented as holding a mask before his face, the mask bearing the features of the adorable Savior. From behind the mask the cardinal was looking out, as if he had just lifted the covering. His own gross and cunning look contrasted painfully with the mild, benevolent, saint-like look of Jesus, whose character has been stolen by the prelate to cover up his own wicked and daring schemes.

Nor does the face of Mr. Wiseman belie his character. He is what he looks to be, and has become an object of contempt to the whole English nation. Dr. Cumming, of Crown Court, related to me an incident which will give an illustration of the general character of this leading ecclesiastical of the Catholic church in England. The doctor had stated publicly that Pius IX. and Cardinal Wiseman, according to the laws of their church, had taken an oath to persecute heretics to the best of their ability. Dr. Doyle, the suffragan Bishop of Westminster, denied the fact as far as it related to the cardinal, and declared, in the name of his superior, that he took no such oath. This denial was sent to several newspapers of the metropolis, and Dr. Cumming stood charged with slander. To relieve himself, he obtained, as far as possible, every edition of the

Pontifical; and in all of them the persecuting clause was found, and he wrote to the papers which had published Doyle's denial to this effect. Soon after, he received a line from the secretary of Cardinal Wiseman, stating that, by the special indulgence of his holiness the pope, this objectionable article had been left out in the case of bishops who were subjects of the English crown, and that Dr. Cumming might examine the Pontifical for himself. Taking with him two friends, Dr. Cumming proceeded on his errand, very glad to be able to satisfy his own doubts, and to atone, if he had done the cardinal an unintentional wrong. The remainder of the story I will tell in his own words.

"On our arrival at the cardinal's house, a page came to the door. I asked, 'Is the cardinal at home?' 'No, sir,' he said; 'his eminence left town on Saturday.' I said, 'I am very sorry for it; for I appointed to meet him to-day to inspect a book.' The lad said he supposed the secretary could answer me. We then sent in our cards; and the secretary very courteously received us, and showed us into a large room, over the mantel shelf of which there was a splendid ivory crucifix and some illuminated texts. I told the secretary our errand, and he said he perfectly understood it. He then brought to us a truly magnificent Pontifical, the most beautiful one I ever saw, with richly-illuminated engravings. He opened the book, and showed us a blank leaf, on which the oath was written, having the persecuting clause left out. I said, 'In this country, when an alteration is made in a will, or in a lease, there are always initials attached to that alteration. I am much obliged to you for showing it to me, but this does not seem to have any authority beyond the fact of its being written on his eminence's Pontifical.' I then turned to the oath

taken by a bishop, (my charge, be it remembered, had reference to archbishops,) and there I found that a pen had been carefully drawn across the persecuting clause, but leaving it legible enough. 'By whom was this done?' I asked. 'I do not know, sir,' he replied. 'On what authority was it done?' 'I have no instructions.' The ink, I may mention, was jet black. There were no initials. It was argued, by a defendant of the cardinal, that the ink was applied thirty years ago. If it was so, the inkmaker ought to be canonized. This miracle beats any of Liguori's. Every paper of mine that has been covered with ink ten years has turned red and rusty, owing to the action of the acid in the atmosphere; but this wonderful ink has stood thirty years unscathed, and become blacker the older it grows! This, I said, was one of the most wonderful miracles the church of Rome could produce; that, thirty years ago, before Morel or Walkden were born, there was ink made so splendid, that it defied wind and weather, acid and alkali, and was as black on the day I go to see it as it ever was before. So far, so wonderful. But I was anxious to make my charge good, and I turned to the service for an archbishop receiving the *pallium* — an archiepiscopal cloak, woven, as I have already shown, from the wool of certain sheep, presented once a year by the nuns of St. Agnes. The sheep are ceremoniously set apart, and ceremoniously shorn; and the wool is worked into a *pallium*, which is given to a bishop when he is made an archbishop. The receiver cannot transfer it to another; he must be buried in it when he dies. This *pallium* is said, in the Pontifical, to possess the 'full pontifical virtue.' Tractarians say that their apostolical succession is transmitted from link to link, like the electric fluid along the wires of a telegraph;

but they have a far quicker way of doing the business at Rome. When the *pallium* is put on the shoulder, the sacred virtue penetrates every pore, till the archiepiscopal wearer is within an inch of explosion with pontifical virtue. I looked at the oath taken by the archbishop on receiving this *pallium*, and, to my utter astonishment, and that of Admiral Harcourt also, who could scarcely believe his senses, I read in it the very clause — '*Heréticos*, *schismaticos*, *et rebelles*, *Domino nostro*, *vel successoribus prædictis*, *pro posse*, *persequar et impugnabo*,' unaltered and untouched. I then said to the secretary, 'This is just what I alleged. I said that the archbishop, on taking the *pallium*, swears to persecute and attack us heretics. You have shown me the service, and here stands the very clause. Dr. Wiseman's own Pontifical confirms all. How do you explain this?' He turned very pale, and bowed out of the room, saying, 'I am not a priest, sir; I am not a priest.' I copied the clause out carefully. I have often set my wits to work to ascertain how this sad retention of the clause in one service had happened."

I asked Dr. Cumming if he did not, while thus exposing the artifices of the church of Rome, fear personal injury from some of the satellites of the pope. "O, no," said he; "there are here so many Catholics of standing and character, who would not like to be connected with violence and murder, that they would frown down any attempt to injure a Protestant. They would lose their character by such an attempt. In your country it is different, as the Catholics occupy a very different position."

Would time and space admit, I might dwell longer upon the frauds and duplicity of Cardinal Wiseman, the head of the Catholic church in the dominions of

the queen. I would also love to dwell upon many pleasant interviews with Rev. Messrs. Stovel and Overbury, with whom I formed a pleasant acquaintance, and whose kindness I have occasion to remember. I might also give some rapid portraits of Dr. Croly, the author of Salathiel, and the Angel of the World, who is now in the decline of life; of Montgomery, the poet, whose works have been so mercilessly handled by Macaulay; of William Chalmers, who bears the name, and inherits much of the greatness, of his departed relative; of the many distinguished ministers of Jesus, whose voices I heard in eloquent pleadings in their own pulpits, or in Exeter Hall, the great theater of moral and benevolent controversy. As much as I admired many of the clergymen of London, I do not think they are superior in oratory to our own ministers. Many of the most eloquent men in London would be considered dull here, and some who have large crowds attending upon their preaching would hardly draw congregations in Boston and New York. They use more words, and their discourses are far less compact and nicely finished, than our own preachers. And yet I should judge them to be, on the whole, more efficient men, doing more good than men of like eminence in our own country. They enter into the great measures of the day, the reforms of the age, with more zeal than our ministers, and many of them shine more on the platform than in the pulpit. But for eloquence, finish, and mental power, I do not think they excel, and of all the men I heard, but one or two would be likely to draw large congregations in New England. In this general estimate of the ministers of London, I think my traveling companions concurred.

VIII.

BUNHILL FIELDS.

We have seen the living ministers of this great metropolis; we have visited their churches; we have heard their voices, and it is fitting that we should now direct our steps to a spot where reposes some of England's most precious dust, in humble and venerated charnels. Every body has heard of Bunhill Fields, where so many of the old Nonconformist ministers are interred. It was on one dull, melancholy day, when such clouds as are never seen any where else but in London were resting like a pall all around, that I directed my steps towards this hallowed spot. I confess to no superstitious reverence for stones and blocks of marble, be they found in old ruined abbeys, cold, stately cathedrals, or time-honored cemeteries; but as I entered Bunhill Fields, I could not divest myself of the idea that sainted forms were hovering round, and instinctively the tread became lighter, and the conversation less gay, as one name after another was studied out upon time-defaced marble. One of the first graves over which I paused was that of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and Charles. She was the wife of Rev. Samuel Wesley, and the daughter of a clergyman. A plain slab marks the spot where she lies, and by it we are informed that she was the mother of nineteen children, several of whom became eminent men in their times. The name of the mother of John

Wesley deserves to be remembered. It is worthy of a higher place in the esteem of men than that of Queen Elizabeth, or any of the proud dames who thronged her court, and enjoyed her bounties.

At a little distance is the grave of John Bunyan, whose name will never die. The stone which covers him is large and uncomely; the inscription is nearly effaced, and the whole bears the marks of neglect and time. What Christian would visit London without shedding a tear over the grave of Bunyan? It must be some one whose heart has not been made glad by the perusal of that delightful allegory, penned by him in the shades of a gloomy prison. That grave is one of the most sacred pilgrim spots which I visited during my absence from home. Bunyan has crossed the River of Death, and been admitted into the Celestial City, and his grave is with us unto this day.

Near by rest the ashes of Dr. Isaac Watts, the sweet singer of Israel: his mission of minstrelsy has ceased. On a large, square stone we see his name and age; and a simple inscription which he ordered to be put there, and which can hardly be read without tears — "*In uno Jesu omnia.*"

Not far away, we find the remains of Dr. John Gill, the able expounder of a strong Calvinist theology, and near by him Dr. John Owen, whose name we love, and whose works are read by many a fireside. In other parts of this burial field are the ashes of noble men who lived for God, and of whom the world was not worthy, and on whose simple gravestones may be read the names of Richard Price, George Burder, Nathaniel Mather, and a multitude of others who endeared themselves to a grateful church by their holy lives and self-denying labors.

When we had wandered about a while in this loved retreat, we crossed over to the chapel built by John Wesley. It is a very fine structure, and in its day must have been deemed elegant. Its walls once echoed with salvation proclaimed by lips which have now crumbled away to dust. There the father of Methodism held forth upon themes which astonished angels, and there to him listened such audiences as are now seldom gathered by his successors.

In the graveyard in the rear of the chapel are the remains of Wesley, and over them rises a neat stone monument; and at a little distance is the grave of Charles Wesley. The next tomb is that of Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentator. The mark of this is a square stone, with his name and date of his death upon it, also an engraved candle, with a motto, which, as near as I remember, signifies, "I am consumed away for another." Speaking of Adam Clarke, reminds me of an amusing incident. Some years ago, a class of students, in the divinity college in Andover, were reciting to a well-known and much-beloved instructor, when one of the students was led by some remark to ask the professor what he thought of the theory of Dr. Clarke, namely, that Satan appeared to our first parents in the form of an ape or monkey. The professor immediately replied, with a look for which he is peculiar, "Be careful, young man, that Adam Clarke's monkey don't catch you."

Here also lies the body of Rev. Richard Watson, a name favorably known among Methodists of all lands, and all around are the remains of many of the influential clergy of the Wesleyan connection. Their labors are finished, and here, in a spot where, doubtless, they would most wish to sleep, their ashes

await the voice of God and the trump of the archangel.

As we passed out of the yard, a chamber near by was pointed out as the one in which John Wesley died — a spot hallowed by receiving the last breath of the dying man.

The Christian will love also to visit the old tabernacle of Whitefield, which he built, and where he preached to the immense crowds who loved to listen to his voice, and were moved by his exhortation. It is an unassuming edifice, and proves Whitefield to have been possessed of no great taste in architectural matters. It does not compare with the more elegant house of Wesley. Its value arises from its connection with that most wonderful man, whose labors were given to two continents; whose birthplace was in England; and whose bones are now crumbling in the vaults of one of the churches of America.

As I visited Bunhill Fields, and those old chapels, I could but remember the fate of all men; and my mind turned to the time when Cumming, Noel, Melville, and others will have descended to the grave, and, like Irving, Wesley, Chalmers, and Whitefield, will repose in the cold, wet tomb. The living ministers of Jesus are going down to rest with those whose ashes moulder in the shades. On this side of the water, death is doing its work, and the ministry is losing its brightest ornaments. But the same overruling Providence which has taken away will give anew; the sacramental hosts will remain strong and flourishing; and on the walls of Zion will still continue to stand the living herald of the great salvation.

IX.

ROYALTY AND ARISTOCRACY.

English society exists in wide extremes — on one side, towering wealth, pride, and fashion; on the other, degradation and wretchedness. There is no place in the world where a man may live in the midst of so many gay, fashionable influences, provided he has money, as in London; and there is no place where he may suffer more, or feel more lonely, if fortune has forsaken him, than in that same city. While there, I saw a little of both ends of life, and think I can say more truly now than ever, with an ancient Hebrew, "Give me neither poverty nor riches;" for in my heart I would rush as soon from the position occupied by many of the nobles of that great kingdom, as from the poverty of the poor, uneducated, but honest yeomanry of the poorer districts.

On the throne of England now sits a queen who is a favorite to an unusual extent. Wherever I went, I found the people enthusiastic in her praises. I scarcely heard a sermon, prayer, or public speech in which the name of Victoria did not find a place; and I was somewhat amused to find how soon an American, with a decided contempt for royalty, and who holds the baby play of kings and queens in derision, can fall into the habit of crying, "God save the queen!"

The first time I saw her majesty was one day in the great exhibition, when, with Prince Albert and several

of her friends, she came in to lend her presence to the occasion. As I was passing along, admiring the objects of interest, a hurried whisper — "The queen is coming" — called my attention; and, the crowd falling back, I saw advancing her majesty, leaning upon the arm of Prince Frederic William of Prussia. Prince Albert was escorting the Princess Louisa of Prussia, and behind them followed several gentlemen and ladies of the court. A description of the queen is somewhat difficult, inasmuch as she looked so much like other ladies, that it was hard to distinguish her from those who attended her. She breathed the air, walked upon the ground, and, for aught I know, was human, like those who gazed on in such admiration. It may be interesting to the ladies to know something of her dress, which was as plain as one half of those worn that day in the Crystal Palace, and less gaudy than some I saw last Sabbath in the streets of our own city. Her dress was a green changeable silk. Over her shoulders was carelessly thrown a black "Jenny Lind," which now and then would fall, leaving her neck covered by a collar of plain-worked lace, fastened with a single brilliant. On her head was an orange-colored silk bonnet, with a few blue flowers and a simple rib-in inside. She is a small, delicately-formed woman, plain, but prepossessing, with but little to distinguish her as the queen of this powerful nation. Prince Albert is a fine-looking man, and is very much respected and beloved by the people. I afterwards saw them, on various occasions, in the exhibition, and riding out with their children. On almost every fine day in summer, a plain carriage, with a single outrider, may be seen driving through Hyde Park, and in it Albert, Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, the Princess Royal, and Princess

Alice; for by these imposing titles are these children called. I also saw, on one or two occasions, the Duchess of Kent, and other persons connected with the royal family Kings and queens may become familiarized to their mode of life, and learn to love it, but in what way I do not see. What peace or domestic enjoyment Victoria can have, it is hard to tell. Every particular relating to her movements is mentioned in the public journals. Who dines with her, who dances with her, to whom she speaks, when she sits, what she wears, and where she goes, are all matters which are recorded every morning with all the certainty of the appearance of the Times. The most minute particulars, the little affairs of table talk, are all paraded before the public. Her majesty is thus subjected to a species of complimentary espionage and voluntary slavery which must often be most tedious and unpleasant. It seems to me that a crown is not worth what it costs to keep it; but of that others may be better judges. The Queen of England is much beloved by her people, and strangers in London are always eager to see her. The gate of the palace is besieged in the afternoon by a crowd, waiting to see her drive out; and as she dashes on, congratulations and blessings are heaped upon her. She may thank God that she lives in a day when the habit of putting kings and queens to death does not exist. She may read the melancholy tales of Anne Boleyn and the beautiful Lady Jane Grey, with no fear that her own head will ever rest upon the bloody block.

Next to the queen, the stranger will desire to see the "Iron Duke," as the hero of Waterloo, the conqueror of Napoleon, is often called. The old man is now near the grave. The form which once was seen amid the din and carnage of battle is bending downward

to the tomb. We met him, one day, on horseback, riding slowly through the streets, observed and honored by all. Little boys cried, "Here comes the duke," and uncovered their heads; and their parents, who had seen the old hero a hundred times, still stopped to gaze after him as he passed. No one who had ever seen a portrait or statue of the Duke of Wellington could fail to recognize him. His countenance is marked and peculiar, and his dress somewhat singular for a man of his age. A dark coat and white pants united upon the person of the venerable warrior, who sat upon a powerful white horse, rendered him, as he moved on, a conspicuous figure. He is respected and beloved by all. The English people regard him as a national deliverer, and statues and monuments to his fame arise in every part of London.

I also saw, and became familiar with, the countenances of other distinguished persons in London, among whom were the Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Chichester, Lord John Russell, Lord Ashley, with several other earls, dukes, lords, and nobles, with titles of which I know not the meaning, and which I did not care to remember. They look, for all the world, so much like other men, — having noses, and mouths, and eyes, and hands, and feet just like yours and mine, — that any description of them would be tedious. Go out into the street, and stop the first man you meet; dress him in a dignified suit of black; and, instead of calling him John Smith, the cooper, just add a half dozen titles to his name, before and behind, and you have a very correct idea of an English nobleman. This order of English society live in aristocratic style. Buckingham Palace is the town residence of the queen, and is a fine, stately building in St. James's Park. Orders to visit

this structure are given only during the absence of the royal family, and I did not enter it. The old St. James's Palace is not now used as a royal residence; but its spacious halls and saloons are set apart for levees and royal frolicks, which are held there two or three times a year. The building will hardly compare externally with some of our brick boarding-houses in manufacturing cities, and has a deserted and dismal appearance. The apartments in which died Queen Mary I., Queen Caroline, and several of the royal line, and in which were born James the Pretender, Charles II., and George IV., still remain.

Lambeth Palace, an old castle-like-looking place, and which brings up the idea of ghosts and hobgoblins, is the town house of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Duke of Wellington lives in the Apsley House, a sort of genteel-looking prison in Piccadilly, while all over the metropolis rise fine buildings, in which reside the honored descendants of an illustrious ancestry, many of them beggared by their excesses, but still retaining the appearance of splendor.

The interior of these palaces, in many cases, presents a rich appearance. By an order kindly given us by his excellency, Hon. Abbott Lawrence, we visited the town house of the Duke of Northumberland, who, leaving the city during the summer, left his palace open, that the wondering people from the country might see how nobles live. The house is in Trafalgar Square, in the midst of the din and confusion of business. We were admitted by stewards, in whose charge the place now is, and at once a scene of great magnificence met the eye. The floors of the hall, and the splendid staircase,—wide enough for an army to march up in regiments,—were of polished marble The walls were of composite

marble, with rich Italian pilasters and pillars. The stairs were covered with a rich carpet of crimson velvet, with gold fringes and borders several yards wide. The spacious apartments were hung with silk, damask, or beautiful satin; pictures, mirrors, and portraits adorned the walls, while from stuccoed and frescoed ceilings hung massive chandeliers, sparkling and glistening like gems of glass and gold. An object of much interest in one of the sleeping apartments was a beautiful ottoman, worked by the fair hands of the unfortunate Queen Charlotte.

The residence of Hon. Abbott Lawrence is near that of the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Lawrence lives in a style of magnificence corresponding with his own wealth, rather than with the simple republican notions of his countrymen. Americans usually call and pay their respects to our national representative, and, having taken a letter of introduction from a brother of his, I found my way, one morning, in company with Rev. Mr. M., of Boston, to the house. His office hour is eleven o'clock. We arrived ten minutes before the time, and inquired for his excellency, or Mr. Davis, the secretary, and were informed by the servant in livery that neither of them could be seen until office hour. "We will go in and sit down in the office," we said; but he coolly informed us that we could do no such thing. It was raining at a furious rate, — one of those spiteful, soon-over showers peculiar to London, — and we said, "We will stand in the hall until the rain abates, or the office is open;" but the servant assured us that no provision was made for standing in the hall, and so we went out to pace Piccadilly in the driving rain. However wet and cold a reception we may have received, we were assured that Mr. Lawrence meets the

American in London with the most cordial welcome, and furnishes him with every facility for becoming acquainted with objects of interest in the city. He is exceedingly popular, and maintains a state more nearly approaching that of English aristocrats than any man we have ever had at the court of that country. This may be wise and proper, but it will place his successor in a painful position, if his pocket should not be as deep, or his purse as long, as that of our present minister.

X.

WINDSOR CASTLE AND HAMPTON COURT.

A RAILROAD ride of twenty-two miles brings us to Windsor Castle, the country residence of the royal family. For eight centuries the monarchs of England have resorted to this proud old place, and here have transpired scenes which never can be buried up. While her majesty is visiting at Windsor, the national flag is kept flying continually from the summit of the Round Tower, and can be seen for many miles. When she returns to London, the flag is taken down and hoisted on Buckingham Palace. The day which I spent at the castle was one of the most interesting of my whole stay in England. Such a spot is a grand place to commune with the old feudal past; to bring back to one's mind the knights of olden time, and gather them around the banquet. We passed in rapid succession through the various apartments, known as the audience room, the Vandyke room, the drawing room, the anterooms, the Waterloo chamber, the presence chamber, the guard chamber, all hung with fine paintings, by masters who have long since laid down the pencil, and have become themselves of less consequence than the canvas on which their time was employed.

Within the walls of the castle is St. George's Chapel, a fine church, which strikes the visitor with solemn awe as he enters it. The walls are hung with banners, and engraven with armorial bearings. The stalls in

the choir are of a rich carved work, bearing the arms of the nobles who occupy them. A rich, deep-toned organ, at morning and evening, pours out a delightful strain of delicious music, and a "dim religious light" struggling through the stained Gothic windows, lends a solemn and awful feeling to every stranger. In a neat chapel is the cenotaph, erected to the memory of the Princess Charlotte of Saxe Coburg. It is an exquisite work, and one can hardly stand before the dumb, dead, cold marble without tears. It represents the princess lying in state upon a bier. At each corner of her death couch is the bowed form of a weeping attendant, while over all bends an angel holding the living child, in giving birth to which the beautiful princess passed away from earth.

The grounds around Windsor Castle are laid out with great beauty, and it is said that the queen can ride through them, thirty miles, winding backward and forward, without crossing her own track in any single instance. The Round Tower is nearly three hundred feet high, and from it, twelve counties can be seen spread out in fertile beauty. All around Windsor are places of interest. At a little distance Eton College rears its front; Virginia water, with its beautiful accompaniments, is on the other side; while, all around, parks, groves, lakes, and ledges add beauty to the country, and render the place one of surpassing interest even to royalty itself.

Hampton Court Palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey, and given to Henry VIII. It is about twelve miles from London, and is one of the most beautiful spots in the kingdom. Within its walls more plans of shame, crime, and blood have been formed than in any other building in England. There, fallen and

licentious ecclesiastics have reveled with lewd and dissipated kings and queens. There scenes of villainy have originated which have made the nation tremble. Kings have been born, married and died there, and the very walls seem to tremble with the records which they bear. The ride from London to Hampton is very fine, and the traveler is delighted with all he sees. On the way is the house of Alexander Pope, in which he lived and poetized; in the distance is seen the country residence of Lord John Russell; on the other side is the famous Strawberry Hill and villa; while the whole country is rich and varied as nature and art can make it. In the garden of this palace is the great grape vine, the largest in the world. It is a black Hamburg grape; the main vine is thirty inches in circumference, and one hundred and ten feet long, and bears annually about twenty-five hundred bunches of delicious fruit, weighing somewhat over half a tun. The garden and parks are laid out with much taste, and the whole is a national monument which costs an immense sum to keep it in repair. It is not used by the royal family, but is made the residence of privileged nurses and servants of the old nobles. It has a mournful appearance, and one can hardly fail to recall the scenes which have transpired here, and which have made the name of Cardinal Wolsey and Hampton Court Palace famous throughout the world.

Passing along Fleet Street one day, I saw in large capitals, on a rude, old-fashioned, crowded building, "This was the palace of Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII.;" and on entering, I found it occupied by a barber, who requested me to sit down and be shaved in a chair once owned by the cardinal. While he was operating, I cast my eyes around, and saw the walls

and ceiling all bearing evidence of former opulence and splendor; and when I went away, I found I was obliged to pay an extra sixpence for having sat in the cardinal's chair. When I remonstrated, the fellow very coolly asked me if I did not come in to be *shaved.* His impudence was so humorous, that I could not resist it; and I paid him the extra sixpence, telling him it was the first time I was ever shaved with a chair. I am willing to be imposed upon sometimes, if it is done with real wit and genuine good nature, and so resolved to call on the barber again. I refused to sit down in the cardinal's chair, and another was provided. While my hair was being dressed, he commenced conversation.

"You are from America, sir."

"Yes."

"A very clever people them, sir."

"Yes."

"Californy is close by you, sir."

"Yes."

"Did ye bring your better half over, sir?"

"Yes."

"Is your business good now, sir?"

"Yes."

"And ye are a pretty clever man at making money, sir?"

"Yes."

"And how do ye make it, sir?"

I thought a moment, and replied, —

"By keeping clear of barbers, sir."

I preserved my gravity, and he commenced a low whistle, at the same time scrubbing and scraping my head, pulling my hair, and pouring on oil until it ran down into my eyes, when all at once he commenced again.

"You are growing bald, sir — losing your hair very fast, sir."

"Ah! O!" said I, rather astonished at this information.

"I can sell you some oil — Cardinal Wolsey oil — which will bring it all out again, sir."

I told him that I had no occasion for his oil, and requested him to stop rubbing my head, lest his declaration should soon prove too true. I arose from the chair, supposing that I had outwitted the barber, and asked him his charge.

"Two shillings, sir," (equal to fifty cents.)

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why," replied he coolly, "sixpence for shaving, and one and sixpence for the oil."

"Oil! oil!" said I; "what oil?"

"Why, the oil which the lad has wrapped up in a bill, and put in your coat, sir."

And, sure enough, a bottle of oil was found in my pocket; and, as I unrolled and examined it, the impudent fellow stood by, exclaiming, "I never take back what I sell; no, I never do."

It was no use; and I paid the charge, used the oil, and the bottle remaineth to remind me occasionally how keenly an Irish barber outwitted the Yankee traveler, and how I was shaved four times in London — twice with a razor, once with a chair, and once with a bottle of oil.

XI.

PARLIAMENT — TOWER — WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The old Houses of Parliament were consumed in 1834, and the new Houses now in process of erection will doubtless be the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world, and will cover an area of nine acres. The House of Commons is not yet complete; the House of Lords is finished, and in use. Through the kindness of an English friend, I obtained admittance to the House of Lords while that august body was in session. The room is ninety feet long, forty-five feet wide, and forty feet high. At the end opposite the entrance is the throne — a sort of a chair, which is occupied by the queen on state occasions. On the right is a chair for the Prince of Wales, and on the left one for Prince Albert. Immediately in front and below the throne is the woolsack, or the seat of the lord chancellor, the presiding officer. The effect, on entering the house, is wonderful. The stained glass windows; the light, airy, trellised, and carved work; the abundance of gilt and gold, — is, for a while, painfully gorgeous. On the day of my visit, the house was filled with a gay and brilliant assemblage; and I think I never entered a legislative assembly where the impression produced was more profound. A discussion was in progress on the ecclesiastical title bill, and in it Lord Beaumont, Viscount Canning, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Aberdeen, and the

Marquis of Lansdowne engaged. The debate was dull enough, though the subject was one of exciting interest. The remarks were generally commonplace, and uttered by each speaker as if he cared little whether they were heard and heeded or not. I remember only what was said by the Duke of Wellington, who expressed his fear that the designs of Popery were not as clearly understood and guarded against as they should be. He feared the tyrant at Rome more than all the armies of Europe — the ingenuity and subtlety of the Jesuit more than the roar of battle. I do not pretend to give his words; but they formed a noble sentence, and were nobly uttered. I should hardly think this body would compare favorably, for intellect and grasp of thought, with that branch of our own federal government which corresponds with it — the Senate.

The Commons meet in a dull, dingy hall, their house, as yet, being unfinished. This body is composed of the younger sons of the nobles, respectable tradesmen, and agricultors, and resembles our House of Representatives. I obtained admittance on two occasions. The members were noisy, boisterous, sitting with their hats on, the whole group forming as admirable a specimen of a bear garden as can be found. The debates were more exciting, and the whole scene more tumultuous, than that witnessed in the House of Lords. On one occasion, the ecclesiastical bill was up; and on the other, a bill for the supply of the metropolis with water was under discussion, the most prominent speaker, on the first occasion, being one Murphy, an Irishman, and on the second, Lord John Russell. I cannot say that my opinion of the ability of English legislators was at all increased by these visits. In the House of Commons, two or three members who rose to speak were

fairly laughed down, one half the house setting up a mock laugh the moment they commenced, and continuing until, unable to be understood in a single sentence, they sat down in confusion. For decorum, ability, eloquence, and real power, I think our own legislative bodies would compare favorably with those two assemblies, from which goes out an influence which reaches to the ends of the world. Our statesmen are destitute of high-sounding titles and royal honors; but illustrious names are known in our halls of Congress, which, in a single session, would stand among the highest in the Parliament of England.

Intimately connected with the nobility of England is the famous old Tower of London. More interest gathers around that pile of buildings than around Victoria's throne; and one would as soon go to Rome, and neglect to enter St. Peter's, as to visit London, and fail to see the Tower. It was founded by William the Conqueror; and an old legend declares, probably without truth, that the mortar was tempered with the blood of beasts. By his successors it has been enlarged and improved, and, at times, occupied — now as a palace, then as a prison. As we passed through the gloomy gateway, into the place of blood, a guide met us, wearing a black hat, with a crown unusually low, and a brim unusually wide, around which ribins of several colors were tied, a coat of red, ornamented with gold lace, making the man a very forbidding and grotesque-looking personage. The buildings cover an irregular area of thirteen acres, and were formerly surrounded by a ditch, from which the water is now drawn, and in which a company of soldiers were parading. Twice I wandered through this gloomy edifice — once with my traveling companions, and once alone. With a chill

of horror, I wandered from armory to armory, hall to hall, tower to tower.

It was here that Sir Thomas More came to his terrible end, his head having been struck off with an ax, while his daughter clung around his neck with all the heroism of childlike devotion. Here William Wallace was confined after his unfortunate attempt to give liberty to Scotland, and from here he was dragged at a horse's tail to Smithfield, and barbarously murdered. Here Henry VI. was assassinated — the object of foul conspiracies, the victim of unsatisfiable ambition. Here the young princes were smothered by the order of Richard III., in all the helplessness of childhood; and here the murderer afterwards met the fate he so richly deserved. Here Bishop Fisher was executed, to satisfy the malignity of a wicked monarch whose foolish pretensions he refused to acknowledge. Here Anne Boleyn met her fate, protesting that her only crime was in having lost the love of her husband, who, three days after her head was struck off, led the beautiful Jane Seymour to the unhallowed altar. Here the Countess of Salisbury, accused of treason, ran around the fatal block, the executioner striking at her head at every step, until she fell covered with wounds. Here Lady Jane Grey, the victim of the weak ambition of her friends, having suffered herself to be crowned, was confined, tried, and executed. Here Arabella Stuart was confined, until, her health departed, her reason fled, and covered with disease, she died a lunatic. Here the gifted Earl of Strafford was confined and put to death under the eye of Cromwell, soon followed to the block by Laud, the corrupt ecclesiastic and unprincipled statesman. Time will not allow me to dwell upon the scenes of horror which have here been witnessed. For centuries, the

block and the rack have been doing their work; and hundreds daily visit the bloody apartments, to wonder at the cruelty of man, and to thank God that the day of darkness has passed, never to return. At times, the old walls have rung with shouts of joy, and anon echoed with groans of anguish. Now, the marriage festival has been held here; and anon, the bride is brought to the block, and her headless trunk and trunkless head roll over together, and are borne away to a dishonored grave.

In the Tower are kept the crown jewels, which are objects of much interest to those who are unaccustomed to the sight of such baubles. In this collection are crowns which have been worn by Charles II. and various other monarchs; scepters which have been used under different reigns; the royal spurs of gold worn at the coronations; the bracelets and other jewels worn by the queen on state occasions; the golden swords of mercy and justice; the baptismal stand from which the royal babies are sprinkled; the sacramental service used at coronations; with many other baubles, the use of which I did not know. The object of all others in which I was most interested was the new crown made for Victoria, and worn at her coronation. It is a sort of baby cap, of purple velvet, "enclosed by silver hoops, covered with diamonds. Surmounting these hoops is a ball, also adorned with small diamonds, bearing a cross formed of brilliants, in the center of which is a unique sapphire. In the front of this crown is the heart-formed ruby stated to have been worn by Edward the Black Prince." What these toys cost, and at what they are valued, I could form no estimate, nor could the good old lady, who, with a consequential air, admitted us into the room, inform me.

On one occasion, a bold attempt was made to steal these crown jewels, and would have succeeded but for the bravery of the old man who at that time had them in his care. The robber, however, escaped without punishment, and afterwards became a man of eminence and honor.

These visits to the Tower made a deep and lasting impression. I cannot *now* forget those tokens and evidences of the past; and they often rise before me, spoiling some fair vision, and dissipating some dream of good. The block, the ax, the rack, the chain, remain, while the tyrant and the victim have passed away. Long will the Tower stand. The history of England for past centuries is written there, and read there by hundreds every day. It is a dark history, such as one would read at midnight, and over which, as yet, tears enough have not been shed to blot it out. What St. Angelo is to Rome, the Tower is to London.

Having glanced at the nobility of England, it is proper that we should visit the place where their ashes lie, and where their dead repose. Westminster Abbey needs no description. It has stood for centuries, one of the greatest monuments of the old world. Once monks and friars chanted solemn services beneath its arches; it is now the tomb of dead kings and a perished nobility. Every day a service is performed by the priests of the reformed religion, and every night the moon looks through the old windows upon the shadows of the mighty past. There all the monarchs of England are crowned in an old chair, which none of us would keep in our houses, and which, for the purpose of coronation, is covered with velvet. Here the diadem was placed upon the head of Victoria, and from these walls went out the glad shout of the pop-

ulace. I felt an indescribable awe creeping over me as I stood in the Poets' Corner, and read the names of Jonson, Spenser, Milton, Gray, Dryden, Thomson, Southey, Shakspeare, Addison, and a host of others; or wandered down the nave, or across the transept, into the chapels of Henry VII. and the others; into the cold cloisters where monks once sat, where the dead now live in monuments and inscriptions of during might. Here are kings who went down from thrones and from blocks; generals who fell on battle fields, or in the loved retreats of home; poets who have won immortal renown; men of wealth, fashion, skill, and piety; all, all, in one common sepulcher, repose in the embrace of death. Monuments of all forms, and covered with all kinds of inscriptions, true and false; statues, busts, blocks, and slabs, some as old as the venerable pile itself, and some of yesterday, uttering the mortality of the great, and wise, and good; —

> "Marble monuments are here displayed,
> Thronging the walls; and on the floor beneath
> Sepulchral stones appear, with emblems graven,
> And foot-worn epitaphs; and some with small
> And shining effigies of brass inlaid.
> The tribute by those various records claimed
> Without reluctance do we pay — and read
> The obituary chronicle of birth,
> Office, alliance, and promotion — all
> Ending in dust."

I found opportunity, when weary of the noise, strife, and confusion of the great city, to retire, as I did on several occasions, to muse on man, his pomp, pride, and end. It did my heart good to sit down in that old vaulted place, or to walk along the damp cloisters, or look through into the chapels, and hold communion

with the dead past. In St. Paul's, and in the churches of London, the English service, drawled out, seemed to me to be most miserable mockery. But in the Abbey, it filled my soul with unutterable solemnity. It sounded so much like death, and death as it was there, in that old cathedral, that its effect was irresistible.

And methinks the coronation of the monarchs of England in that venerated edifice would have something of mournfulness about it. When from the tower and the temple, across the parks and down the broad ways, comes the mighty tide, moving into the Abbey and filling it full, there must be heard the voices of the past swelling out from rich sarcophagus and stately tomb, to speak to that crowned one of dust and ashes. There must be, with all the gayety, some mournful association connected with that glad service, which testifies to the surging masses that they have come to the house of death, as well as to the temple of life. The ringing bells, thundering cannon, harmonious anthems, shouting crowds, and brilliant ceremonies cannot drive away the shades of the dim old arches, as they seem to bend, in worship or mockery, over the life which will soon be closed in death.

Were I about to lay aside my manhood and become a monk, or a friar, and give myself up to the mistaken notions of a religious life, and could I choose the spot where my self-imposed seclusion should be passed, I would select that emblem of eternity, which stands alone, a sepulcher amidst the tumultuous beatings of life, in the very heart of the great metropolis — WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

XII.

MEN AND THINGS.

The display made by the nobles of England on public occasions is very great, and even on ordinary occasions is greater than that of any other nation which I have visited. On any bright, beautiful afternoon, during the past summer, a stranger might have been amused for hours in watching the carriages of the nobles as they drove in and out of Hyde Park. I stood at the gate one day, and saw them rolling out at the rate of six hundred an hour; and seldom has any military display been of more interest. There seemed a wealth and dignity to all this unlike any such exhibition I had ever seen. The carriages were drawn by two or four horses, beautifully harnessed, while the coachman, with his powdered wig, sitting on the box, and the footmen, with their gay red velvet breeches and blue coats, standing behind, seemed as proud as their masters who rode within. Sometimes these carriages are preceded by outriders on horseback, and not unfrequently have I noticed some five or six men in attendance upon one lady. In more than one instance I noticed that the only occupant of the carriage was a pet dog, who seemed to enjoy the sport finely. In such cases, I presume the family did not wish to ride, and sent out their servants and equipage to keep up the dignity of the parade.

The English ladies, as far as I could see, though I do

not pretend to be a judge, are less beautiful than our own. They accustom themselves to out-of-door exercise, and the middle and lower classes are far less attractive than the same classes here. But while this may be the fact, English women are generally far more capable than our own. The early education of American ladies unfits them for almost all the duties and pursuits of life. They grow up greenhouse plants, that too often wither at the least exposure. They cannot go a mile in stage or rail car without a male attendant, and shrink back from the least responsibility with horror The English women, of the highest and lowest rank, find pleasure in an opposite course, and in some cases aspire to duties belonging to the other sex.

I was disappointed in Englishmen to some extent. They were not so portly, on the whole, as I supposed; and while there were seen few tall, lean, cadaverous men, as among us, there were less of the aldermanic size than I expected to find. The English people give themselves up to enjoyment to a much greater degree than we do. Here, it is all "get, get;" but there, the desire to enjoy prevails. Consequently the signs of health are more often seen, and each cheek bears the impress of generous living.

The English, less frequently than our people, wear false hair, when that which nature gave them has departed. The old man does not cover his bald pate and his snowy locks with the scalp of a dead man, nor does the aged woman pin fine curls under her neat cap, to cover a stray lock, which, in accordance with a natural law, has become bleached by time.

Men and women seem to believe that a hoary head is a crown of honor, and act accordingly. But among us, the venerable old man will often destroy his white

locks by covering his head with a protection which nature put upon the cranium of a savage or an idiot. I recall the countenance of a good man who once lived and moved among us, whose hoary head I loved to gaze upon, as the white locks floated in the breeze. But one day, he came forth with his wig, to the astonishment of all, and I have missed that venerable head from that day to this.

The wigs worn in England are used irrespective of baldness. I was not a little amused, one day, in wandering about the courts of London, to find the lawyers and judges all buried up in monstrous gray wigs and black robes. Some of them were very young men, and I had seen them elsewhere with fine locks and beautiful hair; but here, each had on the gray powdered wig, which rolled down upon his shoulders. From beneath this useless appendage a pair of keen eyes looked forth, and two thirds of the members of the bar looked more like monkeys than human beings. I saw Talfourd thus arrayed, and I hardly think I shall want to read another verse of his, until the comical look which he had on is effaced from my memory.

The coachmen of fine families, though mere boys, are often decorated in this way; and the rich adornment of nature is buried up with the long, tangled, powdered, curled, and uncomely flax of the show case.

The dress of English gentlemen is generally plain, and less Frenchified than that of Americans. The cut of an English coat, and the trim of an English hat, are any thing but pleasing; and few who purchase in London use them when they return. The English ladies dress, I should judge, more richly and less gaudily than the same class and rank in our country. No English woman feels that she is compelled by fashion to sweep

the sidewalks with her dress, or wear thin shoes amid the peltings of a storm. Than among us there is less of that mock modesty which blushes at a dress which does not cover the ankle, boot, and foot, and drag through the mud and water — the frequent cause of disease and death. There is less of that miserable fashion which compels a lady to wear a shoe through which the damp chill and the wet and cold find their way as soon as the foot is placed upon the ground. Often have I seen ladies crossing the muddy streets of London with clogs, or wire sandals, which keep the foot from a contact with the mud, and save the wearer from a needless exposure.

While there may be less of what often passes for politeness among the English than among the French, there is far more genial hospitality among the former than among the latter people. They do you a kindness with a hearty good will, which makes you feel its honesty, and enables you to appreciate its worth. I am still indebted to several English friends, who received me with a cordiality which I shall long remember.

Were I to hazard an opinion, I should say there was more domestic bliss and well-ordered family government than among us. The training of youth is not left so much to the teacher of the day or Sunday school, but the mind and heart of the parent come more directly into contact with the mind and heart of the child. Besides, English people are much at home, and have more sources of pleasure around their own firesides, than have we. I think while on the continent I met more American than English travelers. We love to roam, and home loses its attractions. We love progress and change, and often the fire on the hearthstone is put out. But the Englishman feels that his own country is the best on

earth. Paris, Rome, Naples, have far less attractions than busy, crowded London. The absence of any general system of education compels more extensive home education, and all these causes combined furnish a larger number of well-regulated families. Boys and girls, when they enter their teens, do not become older and wiser, and of more consequence, than their parents, and hence a large amount of crime and sorrow, which is the usual attendant upon an early abandonment of parental authority, is avoided. Children seem to grow up with more fixed and settled habits of thought and action; and, when they go forth from the parental roof, they go with opinions formed, and principles of action decided upon. Of course, to all these remarks there are some exceptions; and yet I think you find in England more correct and valuable views of the family relation, and a more just appreciation of its blessings.

XIII.

PRISONS — RAGGED SCHOOLS — GIN PALACES.

My desire, in visiting London, was not merely to see the Crystal Palace, the great Cathedral, and the royal family. I wished to find my way into those scenes of wo which have been pictured before us in the reports of benevolent societies and the statistics of crime. And this object I found it no way difficult to accomplish. I was enabled to obtain much valuable information from police officers, of whom there are about five thousand, divided into eighteen companies, each wearing a neat uniform, lettered and numbered so that he can be recognized without difficulty. These policemen take great pleasure in giving information and furnishing the stranger with every facility for securing a knowledge of the metropolis. These men are seen upon every corner, and in every lane and avenue of the city; and their presence enables a stranger to feel as safe at midnight as at noonday. Hour after hour have I walked up and down with one of these men, listening to some tale of horror in which he has been called to act a part. Scarcely was I in London a waking hour in which I did not make an inquiry of some one of them, and oftentimes my question was the suggestion of Yankee inquisitiveness; yet in no single instance did I receive an uncivil reply, or hear an uncourteous remark.

One morning, I was directed by one of these men to the "Old Bailey," one of the most notorious courts in

London, where about four thousand offenders are tried annually. The court room was a very mean one, and thronged with policemen, barristers, and spectators. I paid a small fee, and was admitted to the gallery. The case was an affecting one. A young man about twenty-two years of age had committed an assault upon his aged mother, (as near as I could judge of the case by the short time I remained,) by which she had died at the time, or soon afterwards; and here he was arraigned for matricide. The particulars of the case I could not collect; and, though I examined the papers afterwards, I could not learn his fate.

The number of courts in London is not large; but those that do exist drive business, as you may judge from the fact that, within five years, (between 1844 and 1848,) three hundred and seventy-four thousand seven hundred and ten persons were taken into custody by the police; and, during the same years, there were seventy thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine robberies, in which property was stolen to the amount of one million three hundred and fifty-four thousand seven hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Near by Old Bailey is the famous Newgate Prison, a cold, forbidding-looking stone edifice, in the heart of the city. I felt a cold shudder pass over me as I entered with a policeman one day, and pursued my way through the halls and by the cells, from out of which glared the eyes of the criminals, now wet with tears, and then glistening with rage and hate. In the prison is a chapel, in which the English service is read to the prisoners. In the center of this chapel is a chair which is assigned to the condemned murderer, and in which he sits on the Sabbath previous to his execution. In other days, a coffin, in which he was soon to be buried,

was brought in and laid at his feet, that, as the service went on, the doomed man might see it, and be continually reminded of his coming fate. Frequently the prisoner did not know the time appointed for his execution until he was led in and seated in the condemned chair, where, in some cases, he sat in sullen silence, and, in other cases, in sobbing grief. I thought I would like to gather the young men of our city around me in that stern, gloomy chapel, and preach a discourse to them on the "dissuasives from crime," and draw from those condemned cells, cold walls, and the criminal's chair, illustrations of the truth of the Scripture declaration, that "the way of the transgressor is hard." But, alas! sermons are never preached in that chapel until it is too late. In front of the prison is an open space, in which prisoners are executed; and, as I walked across it, the very earth seemed stained with blood. I visited several prisons, but saw nothing which differed materially from prisons in America.

The ragged schools of London present a more sad and solemn picture of the condition of the city than do the prisons. I never knew what a ragged school was until I saw one. I never imagined the scene which presented itself to my view as I entered such an institution. A clerical friend accompanied me, one afternoon, to see one of these schools. About fifty boys were assembled, just as they had been gathered up out of the filth of the street. Their clothes were torn and ragged, their faces dirty, and their hair uncombed. In a little, narrow room, unventilated and dreary, they were crowded together. The presence of strangers restrained them but a moment, when they began to train to the best of their ability. At the request of the teacher, I addressed them in simple language, telling them the story of

Jesus, from his birth to his dreadful crucifixion on Calvary. While I was describing scenes in the Savior's life, they listened; but when I began to urge them to love the Savior, they began to play. I continued until I saw a lad about fifteen years of age ripping the binding from my hat, which was already pretty well used up. After my remarks were closed, a gentleman present offered prayer. He stood with his hat in his hands, and his handkerchief in his hat. When his prayer was nearly finished, a large boy made a pass, and, seizing the handkerchief, uttered a shout, and ran out into the street, followed by nearly the whole school. It was one of the most laughingly painful scenes I ever witnessed. The clergyman kept on praying, the teacher ran after the handkerchief, and I stood by debating whether it was best for me to weep or laugh.

On another occasion, I visited a school in company with Rev. Mr. Overbury, in which the government seemed to be nearly as defective. I tried to speak, and my friend tried to pray; but neither of us could secure the attention of the wretched-looking little creatures who sat on the side benches, pictures of abject poverty and wo.

But the most terrible scene of this kind I witnessed on the last Sabbath evening of my stay in London. I had preached in the evening for Rev. Mr. Stovel, and one of his friends accompanied me to a school in Field Lane, near Smithfield. This school is in the vicinity of one of the most depraved portions of the city; and those who attend are, in many cases, notorious thieves, who come in for a purpose which will afterwards be seen. We found the building, and went up over a narrow staircase into a chamber which would hold about two hundred persons. The walls were whitewashed,

and mottoes and sentences of Scripture were put up all around. In one end were a platform and gallery for singers, and opposite, in the other end, was a rude painting of Christ blessing little children. The school was done when we entered, and a prayer meeting was being held. The children had retired, but about one hundred and fifty men and women remained. They were all in a kneeling posture; but many heads were up, eyes gazing about, and hands employed in molesting others. We made our way to the platform, where we found several American clergymen, and from where we could obtain a fair view of the whole school. And such a spectacle I never saw before. Each countenance bore some feature of hate, malice, knavery, or of wo and wretchedness. Poorly clad, with unshaven faces and sinister expression, they formed a group such as could be gathered from no state's prison in America. Some were barefoot; some were shirtless; some had red and swollen eyes — sure evidence of intemperance; and some had eyes keen and piercing; some looked as if they had spent the day in a coal-pit; not one seemed to have had any thing to do with water and soap; and such disagreeable effluvia — O!

Two or three prayers were offered, two or three hymns were sung, and the meeting closed. We then went down into the room under the school, to see about seventy-five of the men "put to bed," as the term is. In the dormitories, accommodations are made for lodging about one hundred. They are furnished with a blanket, which they can use for bed, coverlet, or pillow. The cribs, or berths, are about seven feet long and three wide, and into them the poor creatures crawl for the night. A roll of bread is given to each one for supper and breakfast. The prospect of a lodging-place at night

is the inducement for these unhappy persons to come to the school. They are let out in the morning, and work, beg, or steal, as they have inclination, during the day, and then return at night. Mr. Greeley, describing a visit made by him to this same school, speaks of the compartments where these men sleep as "half way between a bread tray and a hog trough," and affirms that "there are not many hogs in America who are not better lodged than these poor human brothers and sisters." No man with a human heart can go in and look upon this scene of degradation without being moved with pity. The first feeling will be one of surprise, which will soon lose itself in deep commiseration for the miserable objects of want and crime. For days, I could not efface the scene from my memory; and now it rises up before me like a dark vision which I well remember to have seen, but which I can hardly believe to be an existing fact. As I returned from this ragged school, I passed a little lane into which I saw the people running; and, as I always made it a point to see all that could be seen, I ran too. Mingling in the crowd, I soon found in the center two women engaged in a desperate fight. What the cause was I do not know; but they were aiming their blows at each other with well-directed fury. A crowd of women were urging them on, and, for a few minutes, the scene baffled all description. The police soon led them off, each with black eyes and bruised nose, cursing each other from lips out of which the blood was flowing continually.

Sabbath schools in London, while they draw much attention, do not accomplish the good which they might were they differently conducted. The rich and influential do not care to send their children to them, and hence few besides the poor attend. As far as I could

judge from a visit made to Mr. Noel's Sabbath school and several others, the children who attend are mostly the children of poor parents. I asked a little girl, with whom I walked home from church one day, if she went to Sunday school. She looked in my face to see if I was in earnest, and, seeing I was, gave me a negative reply with the utmost contempt. I was urging this point at breakfast one morning with a clergyman of the church of England, who said to me frankly, "I do not think it well that the poor should receive much education in the Sabbath school." "And pray, why not, sir?" "Because it will give them wrong notions of society, and make them wish *to rise above their level.*" I could scarcely restrain my expression of contempt for a man who, in this age, should be guilty of such an abominable remark. "Above their level!" as if there could be any level to which a child with a heart and conscience might not wish to rise, and on which, if he could reach it, he has no right to stand! The man's name I wrote in my journal on the day when this remark was made; but yesterday I blotted it out, and hope I may never see it written, or hear it spoken, until the man who holds such an inhuman sentiment finds *his* level; and where that will be, the Lord only knows. But this man is not alone. The sentiment which he uttered is one which struggles out every week from the public journals, and from the altars of the established church, and Exeter Hall seems to be almost the only place where Humanity can freely utter her voice.

The world over, the *gin palaces* of London are mentioned as objects of painful curiosity. I was more eager to see them than I was to gaze upon the stately walls of old Buckingham, or wander through the halls of Windsor Castle. Several Saturday evenings passed

by me in London I devoted to this purpose, and in accomplishing it saw many a scene which made my heart bleed. A London gin palace is nothing more nor less than a gin shop, with splendid adornments, where the poor come to drink their poison. On Saturday evening, the business is most flourishing, and many a poor forlorn object of charity and pity comes to spend the earnings of the week in the elixir of death.

My usual plan in visiting the palaces was, to divest myself of every thing which would indicate my profession, and desire to see the horrors of the system, and sit down on a bench or chair, until I found I was drawing observation, and then leave for some new field of study and reflection. One evening, in company with a police officer whom I feed for the purpose, I went to one of the worst of these places, and sat down. The shop was adorned and fitted in good style. Every thing was clean and shining. Silver knobs and inscriptions, polished drinking vessels, reflected the brilliant rays of the burning gas. The young men and women, who were dealing out the liquid fire, were genteel, benevolent-looking people, and one might almost imagine the place to be the depository of life, instead of the depot of death. I sat down, with a cap on my head, on a seat opposite the bar, behind a crowd of customers. A continual tide was passing in and out, and I counted, in the short time I remained, fifty-seven persons who came and went. One woman, with a babe about seven weeks old, came and sat down on the bench near me, and very politely offered to share her gin with me. She had a pot which might have held nearly a pint. I could not accept of her kind offer, but entered into conversation with her. She had drank enough to be quite talkative, and soon some very interesting portions of her history

were told. Now and then would she stop sipping her gin, to nurse her babe. Two little girls, apparently twin sisters, with a mother, also came, and sat down near. They were not more than ten or twelve years old, and I looked to see if the brutal keepers would sell spirits to such children. As they advanced to the counter, they were greeted with a smile of recognition, and a dose of the poison given them, which they drank without a moment's hesitation, not even stopping to smack their lips. They returned to the bench, and began to converse with those around them; and of all the streams of filthy, blasphemous words which I ever heard flow from human lips, this surpassed all. Almost every man that approached them would be invited to drink, or to give them drink, until they became so noisy that they were ordered by the keeper to depart. One old man standing in a corner, was so drunk that he would fall if he moved; and so there he stood, over eighty years of age, uttering a torrent of abuse, and hiccoughing out his blasphemy. For more than a half hour he stood in this condition, abused by the keeper, ridiculed by the customers, until an aged woman, with tears streaming down her cheeks, opened the door, pressed her way through the crowd, and led him out amid the derision of those who remained. I saw a woman who was endeavoring to induce her son to leave and return home with her. Words and blows he gave her in return, and positively refused to leave. I felt for that poor woman, and determined to help out her argument, and forthwith began to advise the young man to obey the voice of maternal counsel, and return home. But I soon found I was provoking a storm. He very kindly informed me that unless "I held my jaw he would send his flippers into my peepers;" and though I did not

understand his language precisely, I concluded that such a catastrophe as he threatened was nowise desirable, as I was engaged to preach the next day. So I wisely refrained, and saw the poor woman move away, with a sigh from a heart which doubtless had been long broken. The young man remained, and when I left the shop, he was half asleep, his head leaning against a post near by the bench on which he was sitting.

The most deplorable sights which I saw in these breathing-holes of hell were those in which mothers brought their children forward to the counter, and gave them the dram. These cases were not unfrequent, and the children seemed to relish the gin as much as their parents. Probably the liquor sold in these establishments is much diluted, or such quantities of it could not be drank. Seldom did I see water put into it by those who used it, but it was generally taken as drawn from the cask. The spectacle presented at these places was dreadful. Old men and young men; old women and maidens; mothers with nursing children, and others with little boys and girls just beginning to walk; the young buck, and the old, worn-out, coatless wanderer, — all gathered in one den of infamy, to drain the cup of madness, and go forth deeper sunken and more terribly infuriated, to curse earth, poison domestic life, and render home a hell on earth! I know not but such scenes may be witnessed in the large cities of America, but I never found them. If they do exist among us, they are more concealed and covered up from the public gaze. In England, they live and thrive on the best streets, in the most public places, open as the day, and bright as lamplight and gaslight can make them. They constitute one of the dark pictures in England's history, and stain the fair name of her people with blots of shame and crime.

XIV.

REFORM AND DEFORM — PEACE CONGRESS.

The temperance cause in England is low, and few care to be associated with it. Wine and beer drinking are very common, and men in all professions seem to be as yet untaught in the principles of abstinence. I did not dine with friends, in any one instance which I now remember, in which wine was not on the table, and freely used by more or less present. The clergyman, as he enters and leaves his pulpit, deems it useful to sustain him; and in this respect the congregation freely imitate him. Well do I remember the first time I preached in England: as I came down out of the pulpit into the vestry in the rear, two deacons, one with a bottle and tumbler, and the other with a plate of crackers, met me, saying, "Ye'll take a little, wont ye, brother E.?" The whole scene was so novel, and to me so unexpected, and withal so ludicrous, that I could not avoid an uncivil laugh, at the same time assuring them that I did not need the "good creature." They were surprised that a man whom they had hitherto regarded as in his right mind should refuse a glass of wine. I attended several temperance meetings, and found them of an entirely different character from such gatherings in America. The teetotalers, as they are called, are to England what the rabid, hot-headed come-outers are to this country. Instead of working as temperance men have done among us, they are violent,

denunciatory, and rash, dealing their blows alike among friends and foes. Whoever does not see the subject as they do, is blacked and lampooned without mercy. Thus good men keep aloof, and dare not trust themselves in company with those who have more zeal than judgment, and who are ready to call down fire upon every head which does not wear the same distinctive badge with themselves. One meeting which I attended was taken up in trying to prove that Sabbath schools, as conducted in England, are promotive of crime; and statistics were introduced to show how large a proportion of criminals have ever been connected with these institutions. The impression made on my mind was, that temperance men must exhibit a more lovely spirit, ere their principles can prevail to any great extent.

I think, also, that much of the anti-slavery of England is spurious. Englishmen are loud in their denunciation of our national sin, and almost every week the walls of Exeter Hall ring with some declamation upon the wrongs of American bondage. Well, it is bad enough, earth and heaven knows. No speech can set it forth in a more odious light than it deserves. It is "the sum of all villainies," and no man has a right to defend it. But with the anti-slavery of England I have no patience. It often consists of a curious compound of national spleen and spite, prejudice and revenge. The speeches which are made upon the subject are generally in a taunting, bitter spirit, which no American, however strongly he may be disposed to oppose slavery, can but resent. The citizen of the States is expected, when he makes a speech, to cast some slur back upon his country; and if he does not do it, he is not applauded. Ministers

are treated with disrespect, and shut out of pulpits; statesmen are vexed and plagued by remarks founded on an entire misapprehension of the condition of things in this country, and every means taken to lacerate the feelings of those who are here the sincere friends of freedom. A minister of London said to me one day, "You will preach for me to-morrow, brother E., will you not?" "Yes, if you desire it." "But understand," he added, "I invite you on condition that you have no love of the fugitive slave law, and no fellowship with those who have." "I shall not preach for you," I replied, "on any such conditions. You know me to be from a free state, and opposed to slavery; and your 'condition' is a thrust at my country. I shall not preach for you." He apologized and argued; but I would not consent. Perhaps I exhibited some Yankee obstinacy; but I could not help it. I told him plainly that the flings at our nation come with ill grace from England, by whom the curse of slavery came upon us; from England, whose colonies we were when it was introduced; by whom, for years, until it became too strong to be managed, it was sustained; a nation whose hands are scarcely washed from its stains, and whose suffering poor are calling for redress in vain.

One night, I attended an anti-slavery meeting in Freemasons' Hall. Several speakers were introduced, all of whom came down upon America with a vengeance. One of the speakers asked, "What can Britons do to alleviate the woes of slaves in the States?" When he had taken his seat, Horace Greeley was introduced, who went into the subject in a fine style. In a very deliberate manner, and yet in a way that they could not misunderstand, he told them to be consistent, redress the wrongs of their own suffering poor, and come

up to the true idea of liberty, and our people would soon follow the example. It was very amusing to witness the effect upon the assembly. Those composing it were too polite to retire or hiss, but a freemason sitting on a hot gridiron could not have been more uneasy than most of them.

Almost every negro who goes from this country is caught up, hugged with desperation, and almost loved to death. If he can show a scar on his back, his fortune is made; and if he can tell a few vulgar, silly stories, he is a wonder of wonders. I would give a negro his due. If he has intellect, goodness, and piety, I would so far respect him, and treat him as kindly as I would a white man under similar circumstances. But the idea of catching up a negro simply because he is a negro, and thrusting him into the pulpit, and on the platform, where a white man, with equal ability and goodness, would not be allowed to stand, is a great piece of folly, which the English just now are desirous of committing to any extent. On the very evening on which I arrived in London, I attended a monstrous Sabbath school meeting, at which were present about five thousand Sabbath school teachers, who were admitted by ticket. Several excellent speeches were made, when an old man got up and went into the slavery question. On the platform was a negro who has been wandering over this country, everywhere received with kindness, and admitted to pulpits into which he never could have entered if he had been a white man, with no more ability. The old man, — whom I understood to be Rev. John Burnet, — after introducing himself in some incoherent and inconsistent remarks, turned round, and began to address himself to this negro. He congratulated him upon the

fact that he was no copper-color, half-and-half man, — I use his very words, — but a real jet black. Thus applauding him, he shook him by the hand, and flung up his arms, and cried, "England and Africa forever!" No child who had received a new toy could be more pleased than was this aged minister in having a negro to pet and flatter. And the whole congregation enjoyed it much. It gave them an admirable opportunity to vent their spleen at our country, and they could not resist the temptation to improve it.

At the close of the meeting, this negro was called upon to speak. He arose completely intoxicated with the praise he had received. The poor fellow scarcely knew which way to turn, or how to act, and his whole speech was one of the most ridiculous harangues I ever heard. He informed the audience, what they sincerely desired to hear, that there was no liberty, and not a single freeman, in America. To one who was a stranger to our institutions, he would have given the impression that we were a nation whose only product was the bowie-knife, and whose only glory was human slavery. But he could not long refrain from speaking of himself, even to abuse our country; and he began to eulogize his own career, and exult in the favor which he had received from the people of England. "Why," said he, "when the reverend gentleman took me by the hand, my heart swelled up as big as a good fat ox." Thus he continued some fifteen minutes in a strain of foolishness and abuse, which was received by one of the finest audiences ever collected in the world with shouts of approbation. While relating some fact connected with his past experience, he wished to mention something which he said to his wife. "Says I, mother —" Then checking himself, he remarked, "When

we wish to speak to our wives in my country, we say 'mother;' and I adopted this language, not that I did not love her enough to say 'my dear,' as you do here, but it is a way we have, you know."

The speech of which the above is a specimen closed with the following poetical effusion: —

"Honor to the brave,
Freedom to the slave,
Success to British liberty,
And God bless Queen Victoria."

I introduce this account not to ridicule the negro, but to show that British anti-slavery, instead of being a pure desire to give freedom to the enslaved and liberty to the oppressed, is mixed up with a very large preponderance of national prejudice and spleen, which finds vent through this channel; and an Exeter Hall audience will put up with and rapturously applaud any speech, and reprint it with every token of admiration and approbation, however destitute it may be of wit and common sense, if it only gives an occasion for John Bull to "put his flippers into the peepers" of Brother Jonathan, as the young man classically remarked to me in the gin palace.

There is one great barrier to all reform in England, and that is the unhallowed caste which exists between the two extremes of society. I was reminded every day, while I was in England, of the caste of color which exists in America, and which Englishmen appear to view, and which, indeed, every man should view, with feelings of righteous abhorrence. But the caste of rank and wealth is as broad, and deep, and destructive as is the caste of color here. An English nobleman would have his daughter associate with, or unite

herself in marriage to, a servant or a *poor* mechanic no more than would an aristocratic merchant in Boston marry his daughter to a negro, or allow his son to bring home as his betrothed one a negress. Sometimes, indeed, an impoverished lord marries his beggared daughter to the son of a rich merchant, thus exchanging title, and rank, and birth, and blood for money; but other than this an alliance is seldom made; and many a noble would have his daughter led to the altar by a proud, dissolute, broken-down son of a duke, rather than by an industrious, well-disposed, and honest laborer. Marriage is a thing of fashion, and woman is sacrificed to retain a sounding name and an empty title.

The reforms of England are generally carried on with a great many useless appendages. The public meetings are often boisterous in the extreme. In all the Sabbath school, temperance, and anti-slavery meetings which I attended, I thought the speakers aimed to raise a laugh, and, with a few exceptions, formed their speeches so as to draw applause from the congregation. The great Sabbath school meeting to which I have referred was more noisy, with stamping, shouting, and clapping, than any political caucus which I ever attended. Missionary, Sabbath school, and the various reform societies have frequent tea parties and social gatherings, and almost every public effort is preceded by one of these religious frolicks. One evening, I was invited to attend a meeting of ministers, which had convened to discuss the question, "How may religious prosperity be promoted in our churches?" A large number of the servants of God were present, and, for an hour, one of the most thrillingly-interesting religious meetings which I ever attended was held; but, at a given time, the doors were thrown open, and servants,

bearing refreshments, entered, and "religious prosperity" and all the sacred themes connected with it were forgotten, while the company gave themselves to mirth and social enjoyment. And we have much reason to fear that this disposition to "frolick" is becoming a too prominent element in the labor to do good in this country. If temperance, liberty, and religion are to be advanced only as far as they are connected with picnics, fairs, and frolicks, we may fear that they will not be carried on to any good advantage. If men are to be drawn into them only for the sport and fun which they give, they are sure to rest on an unsubstantial basis.

But I regard as *the* great obstacle in the way of reform in England, the union between the church and the state, which cripples and weakens all the moral energy of the kingdom, and upholds a thousand tottering abuses which but for it would fall before the increasing light. The caste of rank and birth could not long exist after the union between a corrupt church and the government was dissolved. And the day when this union will be abolished, ay, and the very throne itself, is not far distant. The dissenters of England have become a great and influential body, and are clamoring for redress. And they will agitate the subject until the church rates, which every man in the kingdom is required to pay to support the church of England, whether he attend that church or not, are abolished, and the dissenting denominations placed upon the same level with the establishment. When this day comes, the reforms will grow strong and mighty; and when the people are allowed to spend their money to support what religion they choose, the church of England, which now impedes the progress of reforma-

tion, will be shorn of its power, and the dissenting chapels will send forth their streams of holy influence to gladden the nation.

The last few days spent in London, after my return from the continent, were engrossed by the doings of the Universal Peace Congress, which held its session in Exeter Hall. At an early hour on the first day, I secured a seat upon the platform, more anxious to see the people than participate in the deliberations of the congress. The number of delegates present from several different nations was quite large; and very soon after the delegates who were admitted by tickets were seated, the hall was completely filled by the populace.

After a hasty organization of the congress, a half hour was spent in silent prayer. The scene was profoundly grand. That immense mass of heads, all bowed in prayer to God, was awfully eloquent; and though vocal, audible prayer was omitted to please that most illiberal of all the sects who ever pretended to liberality, — the Quakers, — yet I think no human speech could have equaled the silent breathings of that vast assembly.

The well-known philosopher, Sir David Brewster, was chairman, and gave an opening speech, in which beautiful reference was made to the Crystal Palace, surmounted by flags of all nations, untorn by fire and unstained with blood — the temple of peace and industry.

This congress gave me a fine opportunity to see and hear the distinguished men which it brought together. The most famous speech was that of Richard Cobden, the noted corn-law orator. He is a man in middle life, and makes a very effective speech; and his was almost

the only address I heard while in England, from an Englishman, which did not go out of its way to compliment that nation at the expense of others. He is not an eloquent man, but a very effective one, pouring out his facts in a continuous stream, until his auditors are convinced and overwhelmed. He contended that England had done more to maintain the war spirit than any other nation, and asked his English auditors to lay aside their prejudices, and divest themselves of the flattery which had been laid upon them of late, as with a trowel, and come home to the sober facts. Instead of setting a good example to other nations, England had been enlarging her own fortifications, and increasing her standing army. "Why," said he, "where was the nation that had ever occupied so many and such strategic positions on the surface of the globe? They had fortified strong places, and garrisoned them all over the world, to such an extent, that, if a war ever should come between them and any other strong maritime power, the first step necessary to be taken would be to blow up and abandon some of them. They had Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu, in the Mediterranean. Crossing the Isthmus of Suez, they had Aden. Then came the Mauritius, which was called the outwork of India. Returning, they had a military position at the Cape. Crossing the Atlantic westward, they had the powerful fortress of Halifax, ready to meet all comers. Going from the continent, they came to the Island of Bermuda, where they were laying out enormous sums in fortifications; and it was but the other day that he had heard an argument to induce Parliament to keep up the fortifications of Jamaica. He should also mention the fortifications of Quebec, which was called the Gibraltar of Canada."

From the position of the nation abroad, he looked at its state at home; and here the same hostile, aggressive appearance was seen. He had learnt, in his capacity as a member of a committee of the House of Commons, that in a time of profound peace, and under many protestations of a pacific policy, England "has six millions of pounds' worth of warlike stores; a hundred line-of-battle ships afloat or on the stocks; between ten thousand and thirty thousand pieces of cannon; thirty millions of musket ball cartridges; one hundred and forty thousand pikes; twelve hundred thousand sand-bags ready for use in their fortifications; in short, that they were armed in every point, and ready to enter upon a gigantic scheme of warlike operations to-morrow."

Other able and eloquent speeches were made by Rev. J. A. James, W. Brock, Dr. Beaumont, of England, Dr. Beckwith, and Elihu Burritt, of America, Rev. A. Coquerell, son of the celebrated orator of Paris, M. Girardin, of "*La Presse*," several members of Parliament, and distinguished strangers from the continent.

Letters of adhesion were read from all parts of the world, and among others the following mystical, funny, absurd thing, from that most impudent and reckless of all men of letters, Thomas Carlyle: —

CHELSEA, 18th July, 1851.

SIR: I fear I shall not be able to attend any of your meetings; but, certainly, I can at once avow, if, indeed, such avowal on the part of any sound-minded man be not a superfluous one, that I altogether approve your object, heartily wish it entire success, and even hold myself bound to do, by all opportunities that are open to me, whatever I can towards forwarding the same

How otherwise? "If it be possible, as much as in you lies, study to live at peace with all men." This, sure enough, is the perpetual law for every man, both in his individual and his social capacity; nor in any capacity or character whatsoever is he permitted to neglect this law, but must follow it, and do what he can to see it followed. Clearly, beyond question, whatsoever be our theories about human nature, and its capabilities and outlooks, the *less* war and cutting of throats we have among us, it will be the better for us all! One rejoices much to see that immeasurable tendencies of this time are already pointing towards the result you aim at; that, to all appearance, as men no longer wear swords in the streets, so neither, by and by, will nations; that among nations, too, the sanguinary *ultima ratio* will, as it has done among individuals, become rarer and rarer; and the tragedy of fighting, if it can never altogether disappear, will reduce itself more and more strictly to a *minimum* in our affairs. Towards this result, as I said, all men are at all times bound to coöperate; and, indeed, consciously or unconsciously, every well-behaved person in this world may be said to be daily and hourly coöperating towards it, especially in these times of banking, railwaying, printing, and penny posting; when every man's traffickings and laborings, and whatever industry he honestly and not dishonestly follows, do all very directly tend, whether he knows it or not, towards this good object among others.

I will say, further, what appears very evident to me, that if any body of citizens, from one, or especially from various countries, see good to meet together, and articulate, reiterate these or the like considerations, and strive to make them known and familiar, the world in

general, so soon as it can sum up the account, may rather hold itself indebted to them for so doing. They are in the happy case of giving some little furtherance to their cause by such meetings, and (what is somewhat peculiar) of not retarding it thereby on any side at all. If they be accused of doing little good, they can answer confidently that the little good they do is quite unalloyed, that they do no evil whatever. The *evil* of their enterprise, if evil there be, is to themselves only; the good of it goes wholly to the world's account without any admixture of evil; for which unalloyed benefit, however small it be, the world surely ought, as I now do, to thank them rather than otherwise.

One big battle saved to Europe will cover the expense of many meetings. How many meetings would one expedition to Russia cover the expense of? Truly I wish you all the speed possible; well convinced you will *not* too much extinguish the wrath that dwells as a natural element in all Adam's posterity; and I beg to subscribe myself, sir, yours very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

HENRY RICHARD, ESQ., *Secretary*, &c., &c.

The eminent French statesman, Victor Hugo, sent the following epistle, excusing his absence: —

FROM THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, July 18, 1851.

SIR: I write to you in the midst of our arduous struggles; imperative public duties retain me in Paris. You know what they are, and you will understand, certainly, why I cannot quit my post at such a moment, even to join *you*.

If we owe a debt to ideas, we owe the first debt to our country. It is for my country I am combating now.

It is also for *ideas;* for all ideas and all progress tend towards the one great fact which will invade the entire civilized world through the republic — the republic, which will bring forth the united states of Europe, a universal federation, and, consequently, universal peace. Our present struggles are fruitful; they will be productive of future peace.

Allow me to terminate with this word; a word which is in my heart, and in yours, all of you; and in the heart of France too: —

"Glory and happiness to free England."

Express my regret to all our friends of the Peace Congress, and receive the fraternal expression of my cordiality.

VICTOR HUGO.

There were great men present at that congress, and great speeches made by them, and yet I cannot resist the conviction that the meeting was a failure. I would not wish to think so. I went out with the credentials of a delegate. I lost the opportunity of visiting Scotland in order to attend its sittings; but I fear that the whole effort will amount to nothing, and that wars and rumors of wars will be heard until deeper principles shall be disseminated than any contained in the resolutions of that congress. I observed also that a large majority of the most active men in this meeting were of the class best designated as "Impracticables" — men who have large hearts and good intentions, but who have no practical common sense.

There are some men, who, if they should meet a bear in the road, would address him in a most finished style, and present a most logical argument, while Bruin

would smack his lips for blood. Warriors and rulers care no more for the resolutions of peace conventions than a bear would for an argument. The cause of peace never will prevail until nations are made to see that war gives such weight to their taxes; until, in nations where the elective franchise is enjoyed, the friends of peace make themselves felt at the polls; until every man who enlists in an army is made to feel that his business is one of murder; until military titles are made odious and disgraceful; until standing armies are abolished; indeed, until Immanuel, the "Prince of Peace," sets up his kingdom among the nations.

We now leave England, the home of our fathers, and cross over to the continent. In succeeding chapters, we shall pursue our way from London to Dover, at which place we shall embark for sunny France — for gay, glittering Paris. I have written more than I originally intended upon England, and even now feel that I have done little justice to the subjects discussed. I have given an idea of the things which I have seen, and the impression they made upon my mind. These impressions may be, and doubtless are, in some instances, incorrect, as it cannot be supposed that a stranger, spending a few weeks in a country, should see every thing, or in all cases judge correctly of what he did see. I used my time, feet, and eyes to the best advantage, and if I have misjudged, why, there it is.

XV.

LONDON TO PARIS.

We started from London on the South-western Railway, one morning just as the sun was clearing away the mist which hung over the metropolis. It was pleasant, after being shut up for weeks in the city, to get out into the clear atmosphere of the country, where the green fields and fresh breezes seemed more delicious than ever.

> "Adieu, the city's ceaseless hum!
> The haunts of sensual life, adieu!
> Green fields and silent glens, we come
> To spend this bright spring day with you."

The car in which we rode was an uncushioned lumber box, scarcely as good as our baggage cars, and inhabited by several Irish people, with crying babies, market women, and some well-disposed country folks, from whom we derived much valuable information. The country through which we rode was not as fine as that in some other portions of England; and as we passed along, few objects of interest presented themselves.

We arrived at Dover, after a ride of four hours, and commenced at once an examination of the town. It proved to be hardly what I expected, and I soon discovered that a few hours would make us well enough acquainted with it. The principal object of interest is

an old, dilapidated castle on the hights. As we went climbing up the steep ascent, a tinkling bell sounded at our side, and on looking around, we saw a large box, with "Remember the poor debtor" inscribed upon it. Over it was the bell, which connected by a string with the cell of the debtor, who, as he saw the stranger passing the box, would call his attention to it by ringing the bell. On the hights which command the harbor and channel is the famous cannon known as "Queen Elizabeth's Pocket-piece," and which was given by that queen to the garrison. It bears the date of 1544, is twenty-four feet long, and is now so corroded as to be unfit for use. We looked in vain for the inscription which we always supposed was upon it: —

"Scour me bright and keep me clean,
And I'll send a ball to Calais green."

The old fort is governed by a company of dull uniformed soldiers, who were very civil to us. They live a life of lazy inactivity, deriving their support from the hard-earned wages of the poor. At the foot of the hill, and along the shore, was spread out the little town, which seemed to give very few signs of life and industry.

At three o'clock we took a little steamer for Calais, leaving behind us the white cliffs of Dover, and all we had seen of merry England. The passage across the channel was performed in about two hours. The day was a delightful one, and the channel gave none of its usual signs of commotion, and we went skipping on, —

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our homes as free;
Far as the breeze can bear the billows' foam,
Behold our empire and survey our home!"

On arriving at Calais, we found the cars ready for Paris, and we entered them and were soon on our way. Of Calais I have no impression. I did not remain there long enough to get a single idea of the place. All I know is, that for the first time I was in a country where I could understand scarcely any of the language, and where the orders of the custom-house officers, and the yells of the cabmen, and the shouts of the porters, were all as unintelligible as the diction of the moon. It was a relief to get into the cars, out of the way of officious and meddling hangers-on, who, seeing our greenness, gave us any quantity of unsought advice, for which we did not even thank them; though one man, who showed us where we could purchase our tickets, demanded a franc as *his fee*, which we paid, as the shortest way of getting rid of him. The country to Paris is very fine, but indifferently cultivated. The farms around were unfenced, and the residences of the tenants were very poor, many of them being built of mud, and thatched with straw. The unusual sights gave evidence that we were on foreign soil; and the constant jabbering of the Frenchmen who were with us in the car, and whose speech was as unintelligible to us as ours was to them, kept us constantly aware that we were out of the province of good round Saxon speech, and good wholesome Saxon habits.

The cars in France are much better, and the expense of traveling less, than in England. The second-class cars on the continent are nearly equal to the first in Britain, and the first class are fitted up in a style of surpassing elegance. Our fellow-passengers were very civil and well-disposed persons, but had on most disagreeable beards, as black as your boot, and almost as long, and all the way to Paris kept up a continual

smoking of the worst cigars a non-smoking traveler ever had to endure.

On getting out of the cars at a station on the way, I tried to purchase some refreshments, but found the keepers knew as little of English as I did of French, and, for a while, the prospect of securing a supper seemed dark; but I at length laid hold of what appeared to be a nice pie, and, as I could not understand the price, pulled from my pocket all the change I had, and allowed the damsel in charge to take as much as she chose. But on seating myself in the cars, and opening my pie, I found it to contain nothing but a sausage. I had not learnt to love French cooking; and this roll of meat, done up in so suspicious a manner, brought to my mind all the stories I had ever heard of the delightful manner in which French cooks serve up dogs, cats, and babies, so that the most experienced will hardly distinguish them from the choicest dishes ever craved by the appetite of the epicure; and some one very kindly began to tell the story of a distinguished American, who, in China, sat down to a sumptuous feast, and ate voraciously of a delicate dish which was set before him. When his dainty meal was finished, and he sat wondering what the food could be which had tempted his appetite to such an extent, a servant entered, and, wishing to have his curiosity gratified, and yet being entirely unacquainted with the language, he pointed to the dish, and said, "Quack, quack," meaning to ask if it was duck. The servant replied, "Bow wow, bow wow," intimating that the delicious food was not duck, but dog. My roll was thrown out of the window, to the great astonishment of the Frenchman, who seemed not to comprehend my motive, and to be shocked at my waste.

XVI.

VIEW OF PARIS — CHURCHES — CHAPELS.

We reached Paris about midnight, and fell at once into the hands of custom-house officials, who rummaged our baggage to find what valuable goods we had stored away among our dirty linen, wherewith to defraud the great and glorious French nation out of the revenue due its not too well-filled purse. At length, getting clear, we went to one hotel; but it was full, and we started for another, and at length drew up at Hotel de Paris, and, after considerable noise, aroused somebody who answered to the call of landlord. There were but two or three spare apartments, and there were some five or six to occupy them; and a contest ensued as to who should sleep, and who should keep watch. At length, the landlord decided the case by taking several of us up over one, two, three, four — I know not how many flights of stone stairs, higher than I was ever up before, and higher than I have ever been since, into a room with a stone floor, cheerless as a tomb, and so far above terrestrial objects, that it became a matter of some speculation whether we should ever get down again.

The next morning, the sun arose clear and beautiful, so different from the damp, wet, cold fogs of London, that we soon forgot the perplexities of the night. We found private lodgings at a moderate price, and, in a few hours, began our rambles over the city. I knew that Paris was a gay, beautiful city; but my expectations

were far more than realized. The half had not been told me of its fine streets, well-filled, showy stores, and its aristocratic residences. Every thing seemed as gay as the lark and beautiful as the butterfly.

The people of Paris are less robust and noble than the English. The men are generally small in stature, active, and industrious. The women are less finely formed, but have, as a general thing, more personal charms than their neighbors on the other side of the channel. The style of dress is more rich and gay. The men pay far more attention to a well-cut coat, a genteel hat, and a finely-polished boot, than the men of any other nation I have seen. I should judge that American fashions were half way between the slouchy rig of the English and the extreme of fashion seen among the French. The women dress more gay and showy than on the other shore, and seem to have a fondness for light, airy fabrics, and high and dazzling figures and colors. About half the women seen in the streets were destitute of bonnets, and wore, instead, a neat, pretty muslin cap. The stores on the street were more attractively adorned, and the goods were displayed more advantageously, than in London, and the whole appearance of the place had an aspect of cheerfulness.

The streets of Paris are wide, and kept perfectly clean. The Boulevards — formerly the foundations of the city wall, which has now been taken down and outbuilt — run all round the city, and form the most spacious broadways in the world. Holborn and Fleet Street do not compare with them for wealth, cleanliness, gayety, and splendor, and the stranger soon finds himself compelled to give expression to his admiration in the most enthusiastic language.

What the parks are to London, the public squares,

or "places," as they are called, which are generally ornamented with fountains or columns, are to Paris. Of the "places" and columns, there are several of much interest. The Place Vendome is an octagonal space in which is the triumphal pillar erected by Napoleon to commemorate his German victories. The shaft is of stone, and covered with bronze bass-reliefs formed entirely of cannon taken in the battles of the conqueror. The bass-reliefs are spiral, and display the most noted events in the German campaigns. On the summit stands the bronze figure of Napoleon himself, who is looking out from his dizzy elevation upon the passing multitudes below. It is an imitation of the Trajan pillar at Rome, and surpasses it in grandeur, and in the heroism of the deeds which it commemorates.

In front of the Tuileries is the Place de la Concorde, ornamented with beautiful fountains which play ceaselessly, and in the center of which rises the Luxor Obelisk, an Egyptian shaft, at least three thousand years old, and which is covered with unread Egyptian characters. It was brought from Egypt during the reign of Louis Philippe. On the base are engravings and diagrams of the machine by which it was raised to its present elevation. It is said that the engineer who had charge of the work felt the most extreme solicitude as to his success; and as thousands gathered to see the obelisk rise to its position, he moved among them with a charged pistol protruding from his vest, with which he had determined to commit suicide, if, by any accident, he should fail in his attempt. The obelisk stands where the guillotine stood in the time of the revolution, and where the wretched Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and their unfortunate friends, met a dreadful fate.

In the Place de la Bastille is a pillar of bronze, commemorating the revolution of 1830. It stands where once the Bastille, that famous old prison, which, for centuries, had been the awe of freemen, reared its front. When, in the indignant anarchy of the French populace, that structure was demolished, and a stone of it was sent to every town in the nation, this beautiful column arose in its place. It is covered with the names of those who fell in the tumult of 1830, and in the base is kept their bones and dust. A spiral staircase of two hundred and ten steps winds to the summit, on which stands a figure of Liberty. The shaft towers to the hight of several hundred feet, and commands an extensive view of the city and surrounding country.

These various columns give great beauty to the city, and are far superior to the monuments in London. They all have some great historic interest, and commemorate events which are interwoven with the most terrible scenes in the history of the nation. On these monuments, and on all the palaces, churches, and public buildings of Paris, are the words which compose the great national lie — "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*" No sentiment could contain a greater falsehood. The French have less true, genuine liberty than under the reign of the Bourbons. There are more slaves to-day, in France, under Louis Napoleon, than there were under Louis Philippe. Liberty means universal license; equality consists in universal want, an equality in degradation; fraternity means a brotherhood of anarchists, such as, years ago, shouted along the streets of Paris, with trunkless heads on gory pikes. The French republic is a military despotism. The streets of Paris are full of soldiers, dressed in uncomely uniform, who march through the crowded streets, and across the

pleasure grounds, to overawe the people. The bayonet, and not the ballot-box, rules; and Louis XVI. was no greater tyrant than is Louis Napoleon. I do not see how we can cherish for a moment any hope of the permanence of the French government. All the glory is in the name, while the people cannot appreciate, do not desire, and have not a genuine republic. There are said to be one hundred thousand soldiers within call of the president, and present appearances seem to indicate that he will soon have need of them.

A trait in the French character is seen in the *cafés*, or drinking establishments, of the metropolis. The Frenchman loves his coffee more than he does his wife, and often spends more time in the *café* than in the bosom of his family. In the Boulevards, at almost any hour of the day or evening, may be seen scores and hundreds of men and women sipping coffee and eating ices in the open street. In front of the saloon are found a large number of little tables, with one or two chairs to each, each occupied, while within and without the saloon are busy waiters, hurrying to and fro, to receive orders and supply the wants of their patrons. Sometimes little arbors, on the most frequented streets, are fitted up with hanging lamps; fountains abound, and cool retreats, and hither resort hundreds to eat, drink, and enjoy. The enchantments which art throws around these fairy spots render them the favorite resorts of men of all classes and conditions. The visitor must purchase some article, or pay two or three sous for the use of the chair and table. Thus the keepers make good livings, and are enabled to embellish their premises in very gorgeous style.

The lowest form of morals prevails in Paris to a great extent. The true idea of public virtue, in its

noblest sense, can scarcely be said to exist, and a thousand forms of evil stalk abroad without reproof. The marriage tie is easily broken, and the obligations of the marriage relations are hardly recognized. The young Parisian lady considers herself a slave, under the surveillance of her parents, until her marriage, when she enters into a state of uncontrolled liberty, her husband caring little for her affairs, and she attending but little to his interests. Immorality is sanctioned by law, and the corrupters of society are licensed by government. No small part of the public revenue is derived from this source; and pollution is a part of the system, as common school education is part of our system. Each infamous woman is licensed by the police as we license cabmen or auctioneers, and carries her certificate of shame and crime in her pocket. There is no public conscience in relation to vice. Young men and women who enter upon a career of crime seem to feel that they are doing no evil. In London, there is a public conscience, and a public voice, and a public shame; and every loose woman — and they meet you in the streets at night by scores and hundreds — bears on her countenance the wo-begone proof of her degradation. But in Paris, not a blush indicates that the most depraved feels ashamed of her occupation, and crime wears the open countenance and fair cheek of innocence. There are less outside appearances of crime in Paris than in London, from the simple fact that in the latter city vice is branded, hated, and despised, while in the former city it is courted, patronized, and defended. Infanticide prevails to a fearful extent, and hundreds of infants every year are destroyed by unnatural mothers. Almost every day the Seine sweeps some infant body down out of the sight of those who gave it being.

An almost incredible number of children are found and taken to the foundling hospitals. In former times, connected with these hospitals was an open box in the wall, into which the mother could come at night, unseen, and put her babe. As she rung a bell near by, the box was drawn in, and the child taken out, and the name of the person who put it there remained entirely unknown. In 1833, this box was abandoned, since which time infanticide has very largely increased, while the number of children born out of wedlock has in no way diminished. Other fearful facts might be given, corroborating the dreadful prevalence of immorality and crime; but I forbear.

Paris is well supplied with hospitals and asylums for the poor, the blind, aged ecclesiastics, foundlings, and orphans. The attendance and nursing in these charitable institutions are performed generally by the nuns of the various convents, of which there are about thirty in the city. The sisters of St. Vincent de Paul are much admired for their devotion to the sick and the poor. They number about five hundred, and are always employed in works of love and charity, if we may believe Catholic testimony on the subject. I can see how, in a great city like Paris, a convent may be a useful institution, and, while there, learnt to look upon these sisters of charity with less disgust than formerly; and yet convents may be, and are generally, made tremendous engines of evil. Professedly open to public inspection, they are, in fact, closed to all investigation, and none but the priests of a corrupt church see behind the veil. What horrid crimes are committed in them, what persons are confined there, what revolting excesses indulged under their sanctity, the busy world outside knows not; and, doubtless, many a convent and

monastery on the continent has witnessed scenes such as outshine the crimes which have been perpetrated in the Tower of London and the old Bastille.

The population of Paris is about eleven hundred thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven, and this is steadily increasing. The city is built on both sides of the Seine, which, like the Thames, is spanned by several noble bridges, across which a tide of life is continually sweeping. There seems in Paris to be an activity, a rapidity of movement, which can scarcely be said to be the character of any other nation. The people walk faster, talk faster, eat faster, ride faster, and live faster, in all respects, than do their English neighbors. The English love the past, and protest against the removal of the ancient landmarks; the French love change, and pant for revolutions, and find enjoyment in scenes of disorder and confusion. The English love law, and are strong advocates for order and propriety; the French have little respect for law, and execute kings with as little hesitancy as they do traitors. The English love precedent; the French love innovation.

That there is no love of law, no domestic virtue, no public honor, is not true. But that these are not national characteristics, we may judge from the successive revolutions, the murder and banishment of successive monarchs, the license given to crime, and the overwhelming influence of might irrespective of right.

There exists among the French the deepest and most inveterate hatred towards the English, these two nations seeming to consider themselves "*natural enemies.*" This hatred arises from the rival position of the two countries, and from the dreadful wars in which blood has been shed, the stains of which are not yet washed

out. The monuments, triumphal arches, and pillars are commemorative, to a considerable extent, of victories obtained over each other, and the military idols of each nation — Bonaparte on the one side, and Wellington on the other — obtained victories, each, which the other could look upon only with rage. If you mention the word "Waterloo" to the boys in the streets of Paris, they will grit their teeth, clinch their fists, and tell you that the time is not far distant when that stain will be blotted out, and the injured honor of France vindicated. This feeling, I was assured, is prevalent in the French army, the regiments of which want some employment, and, doubtless, throat-cutting would be the most agreeable. Victor Hugo may poetize in the chamber of deputies, and Richard Cobden may declaim in the House of Commons, and peace conventions may be held every month in Exeter Hall; but while this national prejudice exists, the stream of blood will not be stayed. And this prejudice is increased by such rash speeches as are made at reformatory meetings in London, in which one nation is praised, lauded, and bespattered with compliments to the discredit of all others. England is a great nation, but she is not the only great nation. She has national crimes; nor is she the only nation whose banners are stained with guilt; and it becomes England, France, and America to treat each other with candor, forbearance, and justice.

When the traveler lands in France, he begins to find the Catholic religion exerting an influence, and acting out itself. Though all religions are tolerated, this swallows up all others; and in the metropolis, a Catholic church is found in almost every street. The churches of London do not compare with them in cost, architectural beauty, and splendid adornments. In all that goes

to make up outward show and dazzling beauty, the church edifices of Paris excel; and it is no wonder, when the poor, ignorant man enters one of them, that imagination steals away his judgment, and leads him to substitute the outward service for the internal love. The oldest church in Paris is

NOTRE DAME,

which stands on the site of an ancient Roman temple, and has resisted the assault of nearly ten centuries. It is one of the finest specimens of architectural taste I ever saw; but for the great purpose of worship, it is almost completely useless. Two towers surmount the structure, from which a fine view of Paris is obtained, in one of which is an enormous bell, weighing thirty-two thousand pounds, which sends out its iron tone like the voice of a giant. Decay and neglect are written all around, and the fine edifice gives many evidences of the ruthless assaults of civil war. As we entered, a meanly-clad, dirty-faced ecclesiastic, with a brush, stood near. The brush he occasionally dipped in a basin of water, keeping it wet, that the faithful might use it to cross themselves as they came in. In many parts of the cathedral, men and women were bowing on the cold floor, mumbling over their prayers, and counting their beads. One has an irresistible feeling of religious veneration, as he stands beneath the arches of such a structure, where far above him the birds have built their nests, and the swallows are flying about with a mournful sound. In the chapels all around the church are paintings and statues, to commemorate distinguished events and personages. We were pointed to the very spot on the floor on which Napoleon stood, when he was married to Josephine by Pope Pius VII. Here, too, was

the very spot where he placed the crowns upon his own head and that of his imperial consort. In a marble vault in this cathedral lies the dead body of the late archbishop, who was unfortunately killed in the last revolution. He was an amiable man, and his fall was much lamented. When blood was flowing in the streets of Paris, he went out, regardless of his own safety, to stay the crimson tide. Wherever he was recognized his authority was respected, and he moved from street to street, quelling the fury of the misguided populace. But at length, while climbing over a barricade in one of the streets, a random shot was fired which laid him low. Near his sarcophagus is a painting representing his fall. Two or three citizens, who recognize his mild features, are endeavoring to restrain the wild passions of others, while intense sorrow is depicted on their countenances. The whole scene is sublime and mournful in the extreme. Near by are two of the small bones of the back, and the ball which penetrated between them into the spinal marrow.

One of the tombs in this old edifice is decorated with a group of statuary of extraordinary origin. The wife of an Austrian nobleman had a singular dream. She saw her husband in a coffin, and engaged in a fearful struggle with embodied Death. He called for her to help him; but she was powerless, and the monster performed his work. She awoke, and her dream was over; but in a few days she learnt that, at the very hour of her sleep, her husband was accidentally killed. She had a group of statuary made to represent her dream; and here it stands, to remind every beholder of his own conflict with the powers of death.

At Notre Dame are kept the robes in which Napoleon was crowned, and the ecclesiastical habits in

which the pope was arrayed when the service was performed. The former is a sort of cape, or cloak, worked all over with gold cord and lace. The fabric is of rich crimson velvet, and a gorgeous affair. The latter is a habit of crimson velvet, richly worked in the usual form of religious vestments. Here, too, is the gold plate used at the sacraments which follow coronations, and a large number of religious dresses, upon which I gazed, wondering how John the Baptist would have looked arrayed in such, or what the people would have thought of Christ, had he been bedecked with such when he rode into Jerusalem. Should a priest walk through our streets in similar robes, the children would imagine him some crazy playactor who had broken away from the stage, and was wandering out to secure attention and draw patronage. The people would never suppose him to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. We cannot judge of men by dress, but when human beings array themselves like clowns or circus riders, common sense will find it hard to recognize in them the distinguishing features of the teachers of religion.

As I walked about in this old cathedral, I began to dream. The past, the dreadful past, seemed to come rushing back. In imagination, I was in the National Convention. I saw the bishops and clergy with uncovered heads ascend the tribune, and abjure the religion of the Savior, and cast away with contempt the emblems of their sacred office. I heard the hoarse voice of Hebert, declaring that God did not exist, and calling on all men to dethrone him. I saw a wanton prostitute led forward by a bishop, and introduced as the Goddess of Reason, and in my ear sounded a shout which seemed like that of rebel angels when they endeavored to overturn the throne of God. Out

sweeps that throng from the Chamber of Deputies, across the Place de Revolution, by the Tuileries, on to the Church of Notre Dame. In the midst, in a splendid chariot, rides the harlot, the goddess of blood-drunken France. They enter the church; they throng its aisles, and fill its spacious nave. On the altar, the woman takes her seat, and her reign commences. Scenes of crime and shame are witnessed over the very ashes of the dead. The altar itself, from which the sacred articles have scarcely been removed, is made the theater of unbounded license. Lust and beauty reign where once grave old friars and sable monks chanted songs to God, and the very arches ring with the sounds of vice and crime. Hell is let loose, and Death reigns in the very courts of life. My dream ends, and I awake only to hear a priest saying over his prayers before one of the altars, and find that Notre Dame is almost empty; that the Goddess of Reason has been dethroned, and the revolution lives only in the memory of the past.

The next church to which we pursue our way is

THE MADELEINE,

a costly and elegant structure, near the western termination of the Boulevards. I have seen larger churches, but I never saw one more gorgeous than this. It was commenced in 1796, and finished and dedicated during the reign of the late king. It is built in the Grecian style of architecture, and cost the immense sum of thirteen million and seventy-nine thousand francs, or more than two million six hundred thousand dollars. It is three hundred and twenty-eight feet long, and one hundred and thirty-eight feet wide. It is surrounded by Corinthian pillars about fifty feet high and sixteen

and a half in circumference. Colossal statues ornament the building without, and rich sculpture and elegant carving mark it as one of the most remarkable churches of France. On entering the church, a splendor dazzles and bewilders. The deep tones of the organ, the gold and glitter of the temple, the long train of priests, and the multitude of apparently devout worshipers, produce a profound impression upon the mind. Nothing can surpass the elegance and richness of the whole interior, from the painted ceiling to the marble pavement, from the grand altar to the spacious vestibule. I frequently wandered into this church to attend the service, which is held every evening, and of which I could not understand a single intelligible sentence. Rich music and solemn chants, and sometimes a short discourse, to which thousands listened with attention, filled up an hour which certainly might have been spent by many in a worse employment. And it is easy to see how the mind can be carried away, deluded by the show and glitter of such a service. A religion which has its splendid temples and its pealing organs, its richly-wrought robes and its decorated priests, which utters its appeals to the passions and the imagination, has here erected its throne. Wealth, art, science, skill, labor, luxury, and taste have here conspired to erect a temple which, untenanted, has power to excite wonder and create an impression of awe.

THE PANTHEON,

a magnificent church, was built by money obtained by lottery, as, indeed, were many of the churches of Paris. This is one of the finest buildings in France, and is in imitation of its Roman namesake, to some extent. The dome is richly painted, representing some kind of Popish

saint-worship, in which good spirits and bad figure in the same scene, and are portrayed according to the taste of the artist, who received one hundred thousand francs for his work. Underneath the church are the vaults, in which are deposited the dust of some of the most noted men of France. The bones of Rousseau and Voltaire are here — their mischief all done, and their specious errors all exploded. The famous Marat was entombed here; but the hand of revolution dug up his bones, which were thrown into a common sewer; and thus disappeared all that death left of a man whose name carried terror to a trembling nation. From the dome, an extensive view of the city is obtained. The long streets, the thronged Boulevards, the fine churches, and the clustering dwellings are all spread out before the eye, forming a beautiful panorama, such as is seldom seen.

Besides the above, there are many other Catholic churches, filled with pictures and images, and kept in repair at an immense cost, some of which are memorable as the scene of events which have been recorded in history. There are about forty-two thousand Catholic priests and bishops in France, with convents for the Trappists, Capuchins, Benedictines, and many others, who go about barefoot, or shod with sandals, like so many hermits, who have dehumanized themselves, and lost their manhood. There are several Protestant sects in Paris, of whom the Calvinists are the most numerous. This denomination has four or five places of worship, and about double the number of ministers. The ministers are unlike in religious opinion, and preach in different churches every Sabbath. The people follow them from church to church, no one holding a seat, but securing the most agreeable situation he can. I

went to the Oratoire, on one occasion, to hear the eloquent M. Coquerel. The house was full, and those who could judge said the preacher delivered a very able discourse, which was doubtless the case; but the whole appearance of the man was painfully theatrical. The gestures and bearing of the distinguished divine I could but contrast with the appearance of one of his colleagues, Adolph Monod, whom I was fortunate to see and hear on another occasion. The latter is not so great an orator, but a more devout man; has but little of the embellishments of imagination, but much of the power of the cross of Christ. The rich and the noble, the brilliant and the gay, fill the Oratoire when M. Coqueril discourses; the humble, the pious, and the good crowd the aisles when Monod holds up his crucified Master.

The English have a church in Paris; the Wesleyans one in Rue de la Concorde, where, one Sabbath, I preached to a little company of about two hundred, of mixed French, English, and Americans. Under the present government of France, the people are allowed full religious liberty. The Protestant and Catholic enjoy equal privileges, and the discussion of religious truth is open to all who choose to engage in it.

There are in Paris several interesting edifices, which, like the Pantheon, are not used for religious worship, but stand to commemorate some important events. One of these is the

CHAPELLE EXPIATOIRE.

On entering this chapel, all that is mournful in the history of a most unfortunate family is brought vividly to our recollection. When the French revolution had done its utmost, and the king and his noble queen,

whose only crime seemed to be that she was of the house of Austria, were carried to the guillotine, and inhumanly murdered, they were put into coarse coffins, and buried in a little cemetery belonging to the church of La Madaleine. On the records of that church is now a charge like this: "*For the coffin of the widow Capet, seven francs;*" and this was the whole sum laid out for the interment of the gifted, beautiful, and high-born queen, whose word once made proud nobles tremble. With her husband, she was placed in an unhonored grave; and the ground was afterwards purchased by a stern royalist, who planted it as an orchard, that the traces of the graves might not lead to a discovery, fearing that, in some wild and terrible moment, the populace might dig up the bones, and insult even their decay. When monarchy was restored, the ground was purchased by government, and a neat chapel erected over the spot where the king and queen were interred. To this chapel thousands come to wonder at the violence which it commemorates. Up to the present year, there has been one visitor whose heart must have bled at the very sight of its beautiful walls, and in memory of the fate of those who were laid beneath it. I refer to the Duchess of Angouleme, who, during the present year, (1851,) has been called from earth. She was the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. At the time of the murder, she was but a child, and, with her brother, the dauphin, then only seven years old, was shut up in a dark and gloomy dungeon. The boy was soon let out to a brutal keeper, who had orders not to kill him, but to *get rid of him.* Hence every indignity was heaped upon him. For a whole year, his clothes were not changed; and for six months, his bed was not made. Under such treatment, the young

prince wasted away, and died in June, 1795. His sister survived, and was treated with brutal violence, until the Austrian government induced the French to give her up, in exchange for some prisoners of war; and she was taken to the court of Vienna, with a wasted frame and a broken heart. She has since passed through various changes, having been married, elevated, and a second time driven into banishment, until now she has found shelter in the grave. To her, this chapel, which marks the spot where her parents were buried, must have been an object of great interest; and, every year since, she has been furnished with a bouquet of flowers from the spot, over which she has wept and mused, until, entirely withered, she has cast them away. The

CHAPEL OF ST. FERDINAND

is also an object of much interest. It was erected to commemorate the death of the Duke of Orleans, who came to an untimely end in 1842. He was out, riding in his carriage, when the horses became unmanageable; and, in endeavoring to leap to the ground, his foot was entangled, and, being precipitated to the earth, his skull was fractured. He was taken and carried into a grocery on the spot where the chapel now stands. His father, Louis Philippe, and the other members of the royal family, were soon on the ground; but the unfortunate young man died in a few hours after. The old grocery was taken down, and a chapel, dedicated to St Ferdinand, was erected on the spot. The chapel has seats for about fifty persons, and is fifty feet long, built in Gothic style. Opposite the doorway is the altar, and over it a statue of the Virgin and Child. On the left side of the chapel is another altar. On the right is a beautiful group of statuary, representing the prince on

his death bed, with an angel kneeling over him. This angel was the work of the Princess Marie, the deceased sister of the duke, who little dreamed that she was fashioning the marble for the monumental tomb of her brother. Behind the altar is the little room in which the prince died, remaining nearly as at that time. A few rough chairs, a confessional and crucifix, constitute the only furniture. On one side is a mournful picture representing the death scene as it actually occurred. The duke is stretched upon a bed, pale and bleeding. The king holds his hands, with a countenance full of the deepest grief; the queen and many of the nobles are looking on or weeping in the most abject sorrow; while a robed priest, with a benign countenance, adds to the effect of the scene.

The Duke of Orleans was very popular with the people, and had he been alive his father would hardly have been driven from his throne in the late revolution; or if this had been the case, his son would have been allowed to assume the reins of government without resistance. The next son of the king was as unpopular as the Duke of Orleans was beloved; and when the tide of anarchy came surging against the throne of Louis Philippe, he had no one to roll it back again. The son of the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Paris, is still alive; and if ever the tide turns again in favor of monarchy, as it surely will, the count, who is now but a child, will be the most likely to ascend the throne. He is said to be a boy of good parts, an amiable disposition, but somewhat destitute of energy and decision. God grant that the time may not soon come when France, and gay, beautiful Paris shall be again deluged with blood.

XVII.

PARISIAN LIFE.

One cannot fail to observe that the Parisians are very much devoted to light amusements. The evidence of this fact meets you at every corner, and in every great gathering. These amusements are generally of the lightest and most trivial kinds; and however devoted an Englishman or an American might be to pleasure, he would soon tire and weary himself with the vain and foolish sports which engross so much of the time of the middle and lower classes of Paris. The great pleasure grounds are the

CHAMPS ELYSEES,

a fine promenade, striking west from Place de la Concorde one and a quarter miles, laid out with foot and carriage paths, and forming a beautiful resort for the gay and fashionable crowds, who sit and walk by hours, hearing sweet music, and witnessing gay scenes. Trees finely trimmed, and hedges carefully trained, give shelter from the sun, while thousands of chairs and benches furnish seats when the people are weary. These grounds are let for panorama and other exhibitions, from which an income is derived of about twenty thousand francs per annum. On the afternoon or evening of any pleasant day, thousands of persons are seen moving about under the trees, or resting themselves on the benches, or enjoying some of the sports of the place

and occasion. On Sabbath day, the crowd swells to tens of thousands, and, in holiday attire, move about without the least noise or confusion. The appearance of these grounds is much like the appearance of one of our muster fields, but without the confusion and noise of the latter. Let me describe the Champs Elysees, as I first saw them. Approaching by the Rue St. Honore, the grounds presented themselves to my sight, filled with fifty thousand persons. All kinds of amusements seemed to be in progress. Beneath the trees, young men, in large numbers, were engaged in the various games calculated to give strength and vigor to the muscular system. On both sides of the Avenue de Neuilly, which is twelve feet wide, and paved with bitumen, were pavilions, richly decorated and finely illuminated, radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, and flowing with banners, ribins, pennants, and laces. These were open on one side, and filled with singers. In front were about one hundred tables, with two chairs to each. The whole was enclosed with ropes, without which stood thousands looking on and listening to the fine singing and music. Any person was allowed to go in, and sit down on the chairs, and use the tables, without charge, but was expected to order wine and refreshments. Husbands and wives, lovers and ladies, parents and children, were here sipping wine and eating ices, and enjoying the occasion. The singers were dressed in the hight of French fashion, gesticulated with French vehemence, and drew shouts of applause from French auditors. On one occasion, seeing other people entering the enclosure, a friend and myself took our seats with the rest. Soon a waiter came, and asked us, in indifferent English, what we would have. We told him we did not wish to drink,

and, perhaps, were not allowed to retain our seats without doing so. He replied, "Well, nobody don't never come here that don't take nothing." This was sufficient, and we moved away. The proprietor of the *café* hires these singers, and secures his remuneration by the free drinking of the people. A little farther on, a few young men and women were playing on violins and harps. They were gathered around several candles, which were set in the ground. Now and then, a few sous were thrown to them, which they eagerly gathered up. In one place was a blind fiddler, scraping with all his might, and near by him a man with some dancing dogs, while learned goats were giving an exhibition in another direction. All forms of gambling were seen. Children were gambling for cakes of gingerbread and candy; women, for combs, and little articles of toilet use; men, for articles of greater value. Wooden horses, cradles, and ships turned by a wheel; fandangoes, of immense size; and a hundred other devices to secure money or mirth. Moving up and down the walks, or engaged in sport, are crowds of fresh-looking, gay, fashionable people, on whose countenances not a trace of care may be seen. There is no noise, no disorder, no quarreling, no drunkenness, but all is as quiet as the streets of Boston on Sunday.

Bounding these grounds are buildings of more permanent character, designed for those kinds of exhibitions which cannot be held in the open air; and, when the walks are deserted in the wet and lowering day, these halls of mirth may be found densely crowded. How this scene of gayety is kept up week after week, and year after year, seems a mystery. Two or three visits are enough for the steady Englishman, and he turns from it with disgust. In London or New York,

such an exhibition could not be sustained a year; and yet the volatile French enjoy it; and in those fields may be found the people of Paris without distinction of rank, from the poetic Lamartine, the brave Cavaignac, and that prince of fashion, Count d'Orsay, down to the working men and women of the lowest orders. Down through Avenue de Neuilly dashes the chariot of the republican president, and anon rolls after it the coupe of the grisette. Ledru Rollin and M. de Girardin walk cosily arm in arm, talking over the politics of the nation, while by them sweeps the tide of life, or round them whirls the vortex of human beings, bent on pleasure, and caring not who rules or ruins.

The French live much in the open air. In the city, they throng the public walks and gardens; and in the country, they cultivate the fields, and women perform much manual labor. I had often read of the part taken in the various revolutions by the women of Paris; but I never could understand it. I had read of that mob of women which swept out to Versailles, and back again to Paris, controlling the army, overawing the populace, judging the king, and overturning the government, but was always at a loss to understand the secret. But a brief residence in Paris explains the whole. The lower class of women in France are accustomed to all kinds of hardship, and have unsexed themselves by the constant performance of rough out-of-door duties; and, by contact with coarse, uncouth men, they become as masculine, brazen, and bold as the soldiers in the army. Wandering through their pleasure grounds, they present a gay and pleasing spectacle, with the sparkling black eye, and the frank, open countenance; but, when aroused and maddened by revenge

or want, they enter into scenes of disturbance with as much readiness as their lovers and husbands. A young man, a graduate of one of our universities, went to Paris to perfect himself in the science of medicine, to which he had devoted himself. While there, he became acquainted with a pretty, agreeable young woman, who drew his attention and engaged his affections. They were married, and she returned with him to America. He established himself in his profession in one of our quiet towns, and commenced at once a good practice. But his wife has been to him a continual plague. She persists in cultivating the gardens, grooming his horse, managing the affairs of his stable, and entirely refuses to attend to the appropriate duties of woman in her family. For a while, the husband resisted this wayward inclination, but in vain; and he at last surrendered, and now she has her own way, to his great grief and mortification. Of such women was that mob composed which accompanied the beautiful Marie Antoinette from Versailles to Paris, holding up to the window of her carriage the trunkless heads of her faithful servants, who had been slain in her defence.

THE HIPPODROME

is another place of fashionable resort for the Parisians This is an immense structure without the city, built in Moorish style, of an oval form, three hundred and eighty feet in diameter, and capable of seating ten thousand persons. Several times a week, this place is open for equestrian performances, and hither thousands resort to witness feats of agility and strength. We wandered in, one afternoon, while a balloon was

being inflated, which, shortly after, made a fine ascension, carrying up seven men in gallant style. While preparations were made for the ascension, the people were amused by several performances in chariot riding, after the old Roman style, which was free from much that is so offensive to correct morals in such exhibitions in America. The disposition for amusement may be judged by the fact that, though this building is open nearly all the year, it always finds an audience brilliant, fashionable, and numerous.

There are also a great variety of amusements of all kinds. The theaters furnish a resort for thirty or forty thousand persons every evening, while concerts, balls, and public gardens are all well patronized. The public gardens in Paris are far more objectionable than those in London, and respectable ladies seldom enter them. They are very attractive in their arrangements and decorations, and perhaps a visit to one of them gives a more correct view of one form of Parisian life than can be obtained from any other source. I wandered, one night, with my two clerical companions, into

THE CHATEAU DES FLEURS,

which is a few acres of ground, profusely ornamented, and realizing the schoolboy's idea of a fairy grotto. Walks are neatly laid out, flowers and shrubbery are delightfully arranged, fountains are glistening in the gaslight, and the whole garden seems alive with joy. The trees are hung with colored lights, the grass is twinkling with little Chinese lanterns, sweet flowers are blooming all around, and wreaths and festoons seem ready to fall upon the head of beauty. In one corner are saloons for billiard tables; near by are refreshment

rooms; in one corner are arrangements for shooting; at a distance is a beautiful little grove, in which sits a fortune-teller, to reveal the mysterious destiny of those who are foolish enough to pay their money for such an object. In the center is an open space for dancing. The earth is hard and level, and seems well fitted for the purpose. A large orchestra is on a beautiful stand, back of this open space, discoursing sweet music. Here the young men and women of Paris come to spend their evenings in gambling, eating, or dancing. Though terribly destructive to morals as these places must from necessity be, they are, doubtless, less poisonous to society than the low dances which are held in our large cities. While there is much to intoxicate the passions, steal away the senses, and bewilder reason, there is also much to please the imagination and satisfy an innate love of the beautiful; while, in the dances among us, there is lust without beauty, and vice without taste. Every appeal is made to the lowest appetites and propensities of our fallen nature, and not one effort made to please the judgment or improve the taste.

All the public gardens and pleasures of Paris are under the strict attention of the police, who, without uniform, are moving about in all directions. The least signs of indecorum will secure their interference; and such is the influence of this body of men, that, in all the time I remained in Paris, I did not observe one single instance of that loose, vulgar rowdyism which is so noticeable in England and America. There were no gatherings on corners of the streets, no disputes along the Boulevards, and, though the streets and pleasure grounds were thronged, none seemed to be

disposed to disorder and contention. On the countenances of the living, moving mass seemed to be the most determined good nature; and though I have been in the streets at almost all hours, yet I did not see a drunken man or a disorderly person during my whole stay in that delightful city. The most charming order seemed to prevail, not only in open sunlight, but in the dim and dismal night.

XVIII.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN PARIS.

THE finest view of Paris, and I think the finest view of any city I ever took, was from the top of

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH,

situated on an elevated ground, overlooking the city. It was commenced by Napoleon, and completed in 1836, at a cost of more than ten million francs. It consists of a grand central arch, ninety feet high and forty-five feet wide, through which passes a traverse arch, scarcely less bold and magnificent in its proportions. The monument rises to a hight of one hundred and fifty-two feet, and sinks its solid stone foundation twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground. The piers and the entablature are richly ornamented with carved stone work, and form one of the most magnificent triumphal arches in the world. The ascent is obtained by a flight of two hundred and sixty-one steps; and when, at the expense of weary limbs, it is reached, one of the finest prospects conceivable bursts upon the sight. For an hour, I stood looking down upon the city which spread out before me. The Champs Elysees, with the spacious avenue, was thronged with people. Beyond, the palaces were glistening in the sun; the Notre Dame and the Pantheon lifted up large towers and domes, like monuments amid a sea of habitations, the ornamented columns pointing upward, like

the fingers of a giant; the broad, flat roof of La Madaleine stretched out like a plain; while all around, a beautiful country was spread in every direction. I have stood upon the dome of St. Paul's, in London, and St. Peter's, in Rome; but I do not remember a finer view than that which is obtained from the top of the triumphal arch. The view from the dome of St. Paul's is destroyed by the dim, hazy atmosphere, and the perpetual fogs which hang over London. That obtained from St. Peter's is broken by ruins, and marked by the signs of decay every where observable.

Another fine view of Paris is obtained from

PERE LA CHAISE,

the beautiful cemetery north-east of the city. For a long time, this lovely spot, where the dead now sleep, was the garden of a convent, and gloomy friars roamed where now reigns the silence of death. In 1804, it was purchased and laid out as a burial-place, and is now the most noted cemetery in the world. I do not think it so beautiful as Mount Auburn or Laurel Hill. There is a crowded appearance, which detracts much from its solemn and mournful aspect. It is filled with monuments, chapels, urns, and other funereal ornaments. The most striking feature of this place is the great number of little chapels, erected over different graves, large enough to hold two or three persons, and in which are chairs, an altar, and a crucifix. To these chapels friends repair to weep, and to pray for the souls of those whose ashes are beneath. The tombs are also covered with wreaths, flowers, and votive offerings of every description. The long street leading to the cemetery is filled with women and children braiding wreaths and making artificial flowers, which friends purchase as

they enter, and leave upon the grave. A description of one of these monumental chapels will give a general idea of the whole. The one which I sketched was of soft sandstone, Corinthian architecture, seven feet long and four feet wide. A man could stand upright in it. The walls were thin, and the door of iron trellised work, through which the interior could be seen. It was furnished with a chair, a prayer book, several pots of the geranium, a vase of natural flowers, a kneeling statue, a silver crucifix, a miniature daguerreotype, a mourning picture, and some twenty-five wreaths of artificial flowers. A little table on which some of these things stood was covered with white muslin, and the floor neatly spread with painted carpet. In the rear, behind the altar, or table, was a small stained glass window; and the whole structure was neat and beautiful. The cemetery, which has about one hundred acres, is filled up with chapels and monuments, beneath which sleep in death many who were once loved and honored in life. One of the most conspicuous monuments here is that of the two lovers, Abelard and Heloise, whose story is better known to all the ladies than it is to me. It is built out of the materials of the abbey which was founded by Abelard, and of which his unfortunate companion was the first abbess. No stranger goes to that cemetery without inquiring for this remarkable tomb, and none turn from it without an expression of pity for the fate of those whose death it is designed to commemorate.

The burial-place of Marshal Ney, whose only crime was that he loved his country too well, is here. After having fought the battles and avenged the wrongs of France, he was condemned and shot as a traitor; and his ashes are here, without a monument. An iron fence

encloses the spot where he sleeps, and on one of the rails an old soldier has scratched with his sword the three letters of his name; and this is the only inscription which marks his resting-place. As I stood over that plain grave, the dim past came rushing through my mind. The storm of battle again raged upon the earth. The solid ground shook with the clash of arms and the tramp of thousands. I was at Friedland, and Borodino, and Waterloo, and saw the magnificent column of Ney advancing to the terrible charge, pressing into the smoke and tumult of the battle, often repulsed, torn, and mangled, but at last victorious. I heard Napoleon call him the "bravest of the brave," and saw him rush where death and danger were to be braved. The scene changes, and the battle is over. One man is led out to die. His step is firm and his head erect. With a noble declaration of fidelity to France, he is shot to appease the clamors of the Duke of Wellington, the present idol of the English nation. Buried in a dishonored grave, which none who admire personal courage and heroic devotion to country can visit without emotion, he sleeps, awaiting the sound of the last trumpet.

Connected with the cemetery is a chapel for burial services, capable of seating about three hundred persons, and is a plain stone edifice, without ornaments or decorations. While we were in the grounds, we saw an old man, with his wife, and two children, engaged in prayer over a new-made grave. The wind was playing with his waving hair, and wafting his petition up to God. A funeral came in, bearing some lowly corpse to its long home; and, as we moved away, the last sound we heard was the rattling in of the earth upon the plain and unornamented coffin. There are about sixteen thousand tombs in this cemetery.

THE MORGUE

is a place which I visited with much melancholy interest. This is a plain Doric building on the banks of the Seine, where dead bodies are brought to be recognized by friends. They are divested of their clothing, which is hung up beside them, and are allowed to remain three days, at the end of which time they are buried. They are laid out upon a brass table, or platform, behind a glass partition. The table is inclined, and the whole person may be viewed by the spectator. About three hundred a year, or nearly one a day, are brought here, most of whom are drawn from the river. I went in to this sad place on two occasions. The first time, it was empty; no human form was laid out there in the chill of death. But the second time, it was not so. Two bodies were laid out for inspection. Large numbers were continually coming and going, and an idle, morbid curiosity seemed to impel the people forward, and gather them close around the bodies. At length, a woman came with a basket on her arm. She came in careless and gay, singing some familiar song, and pressed her way up to the glass, through which she could see the bodies. She gazed a moment, turned pale, uttered a shriek, and rushed away, followed by the crowd. She had recognized in the form of one of the dead men a husband, brother, or lover, and, in the fullness of her heart, had gone away to weep.

As we left the place, the dead-cart came in with more bodies. We could not tell the number; but the man who drove it had three hats in his hand, and the load appeared to be heavy.

The stranger who is alone in Paris will have some peculiar feelings as he goes into this home of death,

and beholds the forms of the dead stretched out for recognition. He will realize his own liability to fall, stricken by the hand of disease, away from home, and in the midst of strangers, and be laid out thus, with no friend to come and recognize him, and bear him away to a distant burial.

Nor can one help inquiring as to the cause of these numerous deaths. Did they faint and fall, or did they cast themselves by design into the Seine? Were they tired of life, and did they expect to escape from misery by suicide? It is a melancholy fact that, in the midst of the gay inhabitants of Paris, suicides are terribly frequent. Almost every day, some poor fellow-creature puts an end to his own life, and goes up to meet his God a self-murderer. The pleasures of that light and glad metropolis do not make the people content with life; and weary of it, and tired of its perplexities, and with a perverted view of the future, they rush out of time into an eternity of which they know but little, and for which they are not prepared.

THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES,

or royal house for poor and infirm soldiers, is situated on the left bank of the Seine. This admirable charity was founded by Louis XIV., and is an object of great interest. It is occupied by soldiers who have been disabled, or who have served in the army thirty years; and of these there are now about three thousand. They are well cared for, well fed and clothed, all dressing in a plain, neat uniform. They have a church, library, and all the other appendages of such an institution. We rode in, passing a row of cannon, — the trophies of African conquests, — along by the barracks, gazing out upon old soldiers who were thronged around,

some minus an eye, some a leg, and some an arm. On entering, we found a company of Napoleon's old soldiers drawn up for review. Some had legs, and some had eyes; but the majority of them were in some way disabled. It was an affecting sight to see these old soldiers, whose faces will now kindle up with enthusiasm at the mention of Waterloo, Austerlitz, and Lodi. They are men who have fought under the eye of the emperor, and marched to deadly battle to the thunders of his artillery. It was some festival, and high mass was being said in the church; and we met the governor of the Invalides, Jerome Bonaparte, ex-king of Westphalia, being escorted in by a company of soldiers. We knew him at once, from his resemblance to Napoleon — the cocked hat, the same countenance and bearing; and I almost imagined that the emperor was again among men, and moving before me. He is a noble-looking man; and, as he moved by, we uncovered our heads, which he perceiving, and probably recognizing us as strangers, very courteously returned by removing his cocked chapeau. We followed on to the church, which is ornamented with flags, torn and bloody, which the French have taken in battle. A few years ago, there were three thousand of these trophies of war; but, on the entry of the allied forces into Paris, in 1814, Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, commanded them to be burnt, that they might not fall into the hands of their former owners. The present number is less; and among them is seen none taken from American ranks; the stripes and stars wave not amid those signals of blood and conquest.

In the center of the church, beneath a dome, is being built the magnificent tomb of the emperor, whose sleep at St. Helena has been broken by the clamors of pride,

and whose ashes were borne back to France, a few years ago, in funereal pomp such as the world never witnessed before; and here they will remain guarded and wept over by the veterans who have served under him in his most terrible battles.

The kitchens, dormitories, and dining-rooms are in excellent order. The various spacious apartments are hung with pictures and adorned with statues, and the whole constitutes one of the most interesting objects which a stranger can visit in the whole city.

THE GOBELINS.

The stranger in Paris will find great pleasure in visiting the manufactory of ornamental tapestry, named for one Jean Gobelin, who commenced the business some four or five centuries ago. He was succeeded by several other private persons, and the whole establishment at length fell into the hands of the government; and one hundred and twenty hands are now employed in the manufacture of the most beautiful fabrics for the state. Some of the pieces of tapestry made here require several years, and are most exquisite in their design and finish. We saw it in all the various stages of progress, and nothing can exceed the perfection to which the art is brought. Softer and richer than the nicest paintings, these pieces of tapestry are sent away to decorate the palaces of kings. I noticed particularly a very fine piece of work of this kind, nearly finished. It was a scene drawn from the history of Napoleon. He had arrived to the sad conclusion of obtaining a divorce from his beautiful empress Josephine. Actuated by political motives, and impelled by an uncontrollable ambition, he had already taken the steps necessary in such a case. A letter is sent from one of Napoleon's

marshals, announcing to the wife the plans of the emperor. This tapestry represents Josephine laying the letter before her husband, and appealing to him to deny its contents. The whole scene is one of touching beauty. Josephine is on her knees; the tears are rolling down her cheeks; the open letter is in her jeweled hands; while her whole countenance bears the marks of the most beautiful grief and anxiety. Napoleon stands before her, with scarcely less of sorrow on his own countenance; and he turns half away, to hide his feelings. Without the door are listening figures, ready to catch the words uttered, and go away and spread them through the metropolis. The figures are as large as life, and wrought in a most perfect manner. One can hardly gaze upon it without tears; and I noticed that the French stopped longer before it, and became more excited in beholding it, than in viewing any other scene.

Speaking of Josephine reminds me that the house in which she formerly lived still stands in Rue Victoire, an object of interest to the stranger. Here her youth was spent, and here she lived when a young, ardent man became her lover, and poured into her ear the tale of his passion. She was lovely, gentle, and dovelike; he was fiery, impetuous, and strong. She clung to him as the vine clings to the mighty oak. To her he here unfolded his proud projects and opened his great designs, to which she shook her head in silence. Soon he began to put these plans into execution, and at length came and led her away to the old Cathedral of Notre Dame, and placed a crown upon her head. She loved him with undying and untiring affection; his battles she watched with the most painful interest; and in all France there was not a truer heart than that

which Napoleon found, ere his dream of conquest commenced, in a cottage shaded by rich foliage, in a little lane in Rue Victoire.

One of the darkest deeds of Napoleon's history was his infamous divorce from this lovely and accomplished female. His overleaping ambition led him to it. His heart was not alienated, and he loved Josephine still; but he gave her up for the cold, half-hearted, superficial Maria Louisa, who deserted him in his misfortunes, and lived in gayety while he continued in exile.

There are also many other private residences of much historical interest, and many public buildings which are associated in the mind with the most fearful events which ever transpired in that city of crime and pleasure. These

VESTIGES OF REVOLUTIONS

are found in almost every street, and each palace and public garden has its tale of horror to tell, which makes the blood run cold, and freezes up the heart with dread. In one place, you will be stopped and pointed to the house in which Marat met his terrible end. As you see the guide tremble, you will ask him to relate the story. He will tell you of a beautiful young woman, of delicate form and fair complexion, who left her aged sire one day, placing on his table a note saying that she had gone to England, should never return, and requesting him to forget her. On she wanders, towards Paris, in the lumbering diligence. On reaching the city, she repairs to a hotel, sleeps a while, and then wanders out to purchase a sheath knife. On she goes, with the knife buried in her garments, to the house of citizen Marat. He is a coward, steeped in blood, and suspects some treachery, and will not see

her. She retires to her hotel, and writes to him urgent epistles. Of these he takes no notice. She sends again, telling him that she can unfold infamous plots, and reveal horrid purposes; but he is still afraid. At length, sick and tired, he goes into his bath; and his pursuer knocks at the door, and mingles her musical voice with the echo. The guilty Marat hears a female tone, and Marat never was insensible to female charms. He cries, "Come in;" and Charlotte Corday stands before him. She tells him of treason; of honored men engaged in it; of the way to arrest it. His face grows pale with rage; and he seizes his pen to write the names of foes just given him, declaring, with an oath, that they shall have blood to drink. As he bends over his paper, Charlotte plunges her knife deep into his heart; and his purple gore mingles with the water of his bath, and the names which he has written are blotted out with blood. At once, Paris is in arms. The din of confusion sounds, rings, and echoes. The woman surrenders herself into the hands of officers, and is led to the revolutionary tribunal. She owns the horrid crime, and, with exulting voice, exclaims, "I killed Marat! He was a savage beast, and his death will give repose to my bleeding country." She is doomed to die. Out goes the death cart from the gloomy prison, and in it rides Charlotte Corday, with the red death gown on, her cheeks as fair and beautiful as when, a few days ago, she left her distant home. The cart stops, and soon the executioner holds up her bleeding head, that the people may see that his work has been done faithfully. The spirit of Charlotte Corday, beautifully misguided, goes chasing the haggard soul of Marat up to the judgment seat of Christ.

In another street will be pointed out the house in

which lived Admiral Coligny, who was slain on that terrible night which preceded St. Bartholomew's day. For days previous, the unsuspecting Huguenots came pouring into the city, filling the hotels, and thronging its private residences. The night comes, and the clanging bell of St. Germaine gives the signal, and the servants of the pope are drenching their swords in Protestant blood. Torches glare on the night, and bold crimes are committed in the streets. Already thousands have fallen, whole families butchered, and whole kindreds swept away. The noise and confusion increase, and a vile host surrounds the hotel of the admiral, the leader of the Protestants. They force the doors; the brave Swiss guard are slain in the hall; the chamber of the sick and suffering noble is invaded; and a German menial passes a sword through the body of the veteran, and then gashes the face and hands. Below is heard the voice of the Duke of Guise, asking, "Is it done?" The assassins reply by forcing the mutilated body through the window, and hurling it upon the pavements below. The duke wipes the blood from the face, recognizes Coligny, and, kicking the lifeless clay, passes on to finish his work. Through every street goes the bloody band, with white scarfs on their arms and white crosses on their hats, from the Louvre to the Boulevards. All that day, the tide of blood flows; the houses are full of death; and the Seine is red and gory. Out goes from Paris the dreadful intelligence. The streets of Rome echo with shouts of gladness; and the pope goes to the cathedral, and celebrates high mass, and, from the high altar of St. Peter's, applauds the murderous work.

In taking another turn, we stumble upon the spot where Princess Lamballe, the unfortunate friend of

Marie Antoinette, was so cruelly murdered. Her only crime was, that she was too much beloved by the unfortunate queen and her royal husband. She is first dragged to prison, and kept a while — every day exposed to insult and scorn. At length, the thirst for blood is so great, that she is demanded as a victim. A wild crowd of devils incarnate gather, and surge along to the place where she is confined, and demand that she be brought forth. At the sight which meets her eye, she faints again and again; but the mob wait not long. They raise her up, and force her to walk along streets which are filled with dead bodies. As she goes, the fiends catch in their hands the blood of some of the poor victims who are dying by the wayside, and cast it into her face. If she falters, they prick her side with swords. Now, her face is gashed; and soon she falls, stumbling over a heap of the slain, and is speared upon the spot. The clothing is torn from her body, which is exposed to every insult that fiendish cruelty can devise; and, at length, one leg is torn from the gory and gashed body, and rammed into a cannon, which is fired off amid the shoutings of the crowd.

Almost every spot in the city seems to be associated with some vile scene in the dim and dreadful past This window is one from which some dead form was cast, and that from which the first gun, in some tumult, was fired. In this street, nobles were speared or shot down; and in that, pavements were torn up, and barricades formed, to protect life or destroy it. Here stood the guillotine, and there the Bastille. The Hotel de Ville is memorable as having been the place where the revolution commenced, and also the place where Robespierre was taken, after the fury of that dreadful period had passed away. His case you all know; and his

name is written in letters of blood over the city, on the public buildings and triumphal columns. That guilty man aroused a storm which he could not control. He was shot in the very place where he had reveled in splendor, and died on the guillotine to which he had doomed so many of the unfortunate victims. Over the very places where these terrible scenes once transpired the people throng without any signs of grief or sadness. One would imagine Paris to be one of the most happy places in the world, did not terrible facts assure him to the reverse of this. Every thing is looking glad and pleasant. The public streets and pleasure grounds are all smiling and beautiful, and discontent does not seem to reign. But go behind the curtain; inquire into the real condition of the people; and you will scarcely find a trace of true and substantial bliss. England, with all her suffering and vice, has more true and solid enjoyment by far than the gay metropolis of France. While I was in Paris, the public papers chronicled numerous cases of suicide and self-destruction. One morning, a man who kept a pleasure house in the Champs Elysees, dissatisfied with life, arose from a restless pillow, and went out and shot himself. His friends found him with his jaw shot off, and his corpse cold. On the same morning, on one of the trees of this fairy place a poor creature was found hung. His body was cut down and carried to the Morgue, where friends came and recognized it. These instances are so common, that they do not move the public breast, or arouse the public conscience.

Would time and space allow, I might describe other objects of much interest to the stranger in Paris. The city is full of places and objects of great historic renown; and one may wander about for months, meeting

with new objects of interest every day. I might take you to churches filled with images, pictures, saints, and devils for aught I know, whose walls are covered with dim inscriptions, and whose altars daily smoke with the incense of superstition; to vast libraries, one of which (Bibliothèque Royale) numbers eight hundred thousand books, eighty thousand manuscripts, four hundred thousand medals, three hundred thousand maps, and one million engravings; to cabinets of antique articles, where are objects of great curiosity, such as the seal of Michael Angelo, the iron chair of King Dagobert, the shield of Hannibal, the zodiac of Denderah, and every namable and unnamable wonder; to the abattoirs, those creations of Napoleon by which the health and comfort of the people are much increased; to the Bourse, where the living daily throng in such crowds; and to the catacombs, where repose the bones of the dead; to beautiful gardens and fine fountains; — indeed, to every scene of life, love, and beauty.

While wandering about, one day, we fell into the studio of our countryman, Mr. Healy, who was engaged in painting the great picture of the United States Senate. The picture represents Webster replying to Hayne, and is designed to represent the scene as it occurred. There sit Benton, Calhoun, Clay, and other noted men. Mr. Webster is speaking, while in the gallery are some of the most distinguished men and women of the land, among whom is Mrs. Webster, then a young bride, enjoying the triumph of her husband. The painting was then unfinished, and I thought was too stiff and formal. Mr. Webster was bolt upright, and seemed quite lifeless. It has since been finished, and brought to this country, and is now on exhibition in some of our large cities; but I have not seen it.

My criticism may be unjust, and likely is, as it is quite impossible for one to form an opinion of a painting which has not received the finishing touch of the artist. However, the fame of Mr. Healy is so well established, that no injury can be done him by my remarks upon his great work.

I may also be alone in this opinion, as I have seen no notice of the painting, and do not pretend to judge of an art of which I know so little. The artist stands high in his profession on the other side of the Atlantic; and if he has failed, to any extent, in the work of which we speak, it may doubtless be attributed to the peculiar character of the scene which he has endeavored to delineate, which is not capable of such striking effect as may be produced in the painting of some other scenes and objects, such as the carnage of battle and the strife of war.

XIX.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND FRENCH POLITICS.

The French nation presents a strange spectacle to the world, and holds up an example which none would wish to imitate. It is to-day (November, 1851) a republic. Its supreme magistrate is a president, who must be a native of France, more than thirty years old, and is elected by the people. The legislature is the National Assembly, which is composed of several hundreds of members, also elected by the suffrages of the people. The president nominates three men, one of whom is chosen by the Assembly as vice president. He also selects his own cabinet. The general day of election is the second Sunday in May, every fourth year. The salary of the president is six hundred thousand francs, in addition to which frequent appropriations are made for the extra expenses of these officers.

Louis Philippe came to the throne of France in 1830, in the midst of the existence of several distinct parties. The Republicans were clamorous for a democracy; the Legitimists for the restoration of the elder branch of the Bourbon family; while a middle class looked to the house of Orleans as the only hope of their blood-drunken nation. Lafayette presented Louis Philippe as the representative of a liberal government; and he was accepted by the people, and crowned accordingly. From the day of his coronation up to the year 1848, he continued to reign, his throne ever surrounded by

traitors, frequent attempts made upon his life, and storm and tempest continually howling around him. He was, on the whole, a good king, a man of tolerable intellect, with a good knowledge of human nature, and an instinctive love of peace and order. During his administration, public buildings were erected, the arts flourished, and the nation was prosperous and happy. But, overlooking all these considerations, the people thirsted for revolution. Banquets were held, at which the revolutionary orators made violent speeches. Fierce and angry discussions were held in the House of Deputies. Ledru Rollin, Lamartine, and Barrot, each with a point to carry, harangued the people. In February, the waves of anarchy began to dash against the throne. Paris was full of troops; groups, in suppressed murmurs, were heard discussing the state of the nation; night and day, soldiers, with drawn swords, were stationed all over Paris, and stood in dumb silence, awaiting they knew not what. The people expected the overturning of the throne. They did not wait long; for soon, one evening, groups were seen with torches and red flags parading the streets, excited by their wild leaders. One of these processions reaches the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, where a column of soldiers is drawn up. Here a random shot is fired — no one knows by whom, or for what purpose; but it commenced the revolution, drove Louis Philippe from his throne, and changed the kingdom into a republic. Through Paris sounds the cry of terror, that blood has been shed; and when blood begins to flow in France, no one knows where it will end. The dead bodies are gathered up, placed in a cart, and hurried away. Thousands follow with these terrible trophies to the office of the National. Here every attempt is

made to inflame the passions of the people. The bodies in the dead-cart are overhauled, and the form of a female is held up, all gory and red, and inflammatory speeches are made over the terrible display. Soon the bells are sounding, the pavements of the streets are being torn up, men and women are arming themselves, and the revolution is in progress.

While all this is taking place in the street, the Tuileries has been filled with councilors. M. Molé, M. Thiers, M. Guizot, and others have been called in to consult with the perplexed king. Louis Philippe, unwilling to shed blood, hesitates; but his hesitation is fatal. While he listens to the various plans, a messenger rushes in to tell him that the soldiers are giving away their arms to the people. The commandant still declares that the revolution can be stayed; that one broadside would drive back the masses who are filling the Place de la Concorde. Hour after hour is wasted, and the rage of the people knows no bounds. At length, the king gives orders to have the soldiers fire upon the mob. But the old officer shakes his head, and exclaims, "*Too late!*" The only alternative is abdication, and Louis Philippe writes his withdrawal from the throne, in behalf of his grandson, the Count of Paris. One scene follows another in quick succession. First, the king is seen taking the arm of the queen, and, followed by members of the royal family, passing out of a side door into a cab found in the street, and hurrying away into a returnless exile. Then the Duchess of Orleans is seen in the Chamber of Deputies, with her two children, pleading for their rights, while over her hangs the sword, and around her shout the infuriated madmen. She is the widow of the oldest son of the king, and is arrayed in mourning yet for

the sad death of her husband, who was thrown from his carriage and killed a while before. She comes into the Chamber of Deputies with the vain hope of restoring the tottering throne, and saving for her son the remnant of royalty. As she approaches the tribune, she moves her veil, and casts her calm blue eye around upon the astonished and bewildered deputies, as if to read her fate in their countenances. In one hand she leads the young king, who has just been made sovereign of France by the abdication of his grandfather; in the other she holds the hand of the other child, the Duke of Chartres — two beautiful children, wearing short, black jackets, with snow-white collars, and a slight regal ornament suspended from the neck. Murmurs of approbation follow her as she moves on. Her pale and serene look saddens all hearts, and all resentment and revenge are banished from the breasts of the members. She takes her seat at the foot of the tribune, and utters a silent but beautiful appeal to the feelings of the deputies. Speech after speech is made, and it seems as if the tide is turning in favor of monarchy, when shouts are heard without. Rude voices clamor for admittance; guns are discharged in the street; and a crowd of assailants burst into the Chamber. They look with glaring eyes upon the beautiful duchess and her children, and cry, "Why is she here?" The tide which had begun to set towards royalty begins to roll back again. The deputies grow pale, the duchess trembles, and her children clap their hands with joy at the scenes around them. Their mother, with a paper in her hand, arose to speak; but they would not hear her, and she sat down in confusion, feeling that her case was hopeless. Soon the chamber was full of wild armed men, and the very tribune was gleaming with bayonets.

The whole scene was wild beyond description. One who witnessed it gives the following account: —

"The people were heard rushing against the door on the left, at the foot of the tribune. The clash of arms, the cries, shouts, questions, and groans of men, confounded together, rang through the corridors.

"The hall and the tribunes sprang up at a bound. Men with outstretched arms, bayonets, sabers, bars of iron, and torn standards above their heads, forced their way into the hemicycle. It was the column of Captain Dunoyer, swelled by the Republicans it had recruited on its route. This column had first entered the Tuileries pellmell with the masses of insurgents who had invaded the chateau by all its entrances. They had there saved the municipal guards and the soldiers forgotten in the retreat. Afterwards reaching the throne room, the column had been there preceded by Lagrange, the enthusiastic combatant of the insurrections of Lyons and Paris.

"Lagrange held in his hand the abdication, which he had taken, as we have seen, from Marshal Gérard at the moment when the old warrior displayed it before the people to disarm them.

"Lagrange, mounted on a bench, read the abdication, and then, surveying his auditory with an inquisitive look and a smile of disdain, he seemed to ask if this miserable satisfaction were sufficient for the blood poured out for three days. 'No! no!' cried the victors. 'No royalty, nor reign!' 'Bravo, friends,' cried Lagrange; 'we must have the republic.' At this word, the applause broke forth. Orators took the very throne for a tribune. They mounted it, and there proclaimed the abolition of royalty. Captain Dunoyer and his men detached one of the flags that decorated

the dais of the throne. Others imitated them, tore the standards, divided the rags, and made trophies, scarfs, and cockades of them. Captain Dunoyer rallied around the flower of his men, summoned by his voice from the spectacle of the destruction of the chateau. He reformed his column, and cried, 'To the Chamber! Let us pursue royalty into the asylum where its shadow has sought refuge.'

"The column crossed the Seine, and moved along the Quay d'Orsay, amid cries of 'Down with the regency!' It was swelled in its progress by those men whom popular currents draw in, as an overflowing river absorbs, without selection, all the purity and impurity upon its banks. A butcher's boy, his apron stained with blood, brandishing a cutlass in his hand; a bareheaded and bald old man, with a white and bristling beard, armed with a drawn sword, of antique fashion, taken from some museum, whose guard was formed by a loaf pierced by the long blade — a living model of the painter's studio; other vagabonds, attracting attention by their rags, and the singularity of their arms and attire, — placed themselves at the head of the National Guards and combatants, like so many eruptions of the volcanic explosion of the people. Pupils of the Polytechnic School marched between these men and the column. They advanced in double-quick time. The outposts of the line in vain crossed bayonets; the Republicans beat down the arms of the soldiers, passed them, and perceived the court carriages, which were waiting for the duchess at the doors of the Chamber. They were afraid that the supplications and tears of a woman would deprive them of the revolution.

"The butcher's boy, knife in hand, crossed the empty space between the tribune and the steps. The deputies

fell back in horror, shielding themselves from contact with his bloody garments. They formed a denser group on the upper benches, around the Duchess of Orleans. The princess, unintimidated, took notes with a pencil on her knee. She was doubtless searching her heart for words that would best save her son." [1]

Every moment the throng became more clamorous; the deputies grew more inflammatory. The butcher's boy ran towards the Duchess, crying, "The spawn of royalty, we must make an end of them," but was held back by a brave son of old Marshal Soult, who hurled him down into the crowd with just indignation and abhorrence.

At length, it became apparent that the noble woman could no longer remain in safety. The deputies who had gathered around her were unable any longer to save her from violence, and she was forced out of the hall, and left in the crowd without. Here she was separated from her children, and, covered with a veil which concealed her countenance, she was dashed about by the swarms of people, until she fell against a glass door, which yielded, and she was borne away to a place of safety. The little Count of Paris met with more severe treatment. He was recognized, and a brawny man was about strangling him in the streets, when he was rescued by a national guard, who carried him, at the risk of his own life, to his mother. The Duke of Chartres fared still worse. He fell in the street, and was trodden down by the mob. Rescued at length, he was taken away, and for several days his mother remained without any knowledge of his safety, in the most distressing anxiety.

[1] Lamartine's History of the Revolution.

While all this was taking place at the seat of government, the king, with the queen and their children, had fled as far as Dreux, where he heard that his abdication had not saved the throne to his grandson. He now began to fear for his own safety. The sad fate of Louis XVI. was before his mind, and he resolved to escape at once to England. Under the name of Theodore Lebran, he succeeded in the attempt, while his younger son, the Duke of Montpensier, with his wife, a delicate young woman, fled to Brussels. The whole family were at length united on English soil, secure from the waves of popular tumult which are continually dashing in France.

After the exciting scenes which we have now described had transpired, a provisional government, with Lamartine at the head, was formed, which soon became swallowed up in what has been termed a republic.

We now come to the time of Louis Napoleon, who is the son of Louis Bonaparte, ex-king of Holland. His mother was the daughter of Josephine, the fair but frail Hortensia Beauharnais, with whom his father lived but a short time.[1] He was thus a nephew of the

[1] The following account is given of Louis Napoleon's parentage: —

"Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who is more of a man than the world have supposed, is the nephew of the great Napoleon Bonaparte, and grandson of Josephine, his first wife. This captivating woman had two children, both by her first husband — Eugene and Hortense Beauharnais. Louis Bonaparte, father of him who is now at the head of the French people, was the third brother of the great Napoleon, and was born at Ajaccio, (Corsica,) on the 2d of September, 1778. His marriage with the daughter of Josephine was not his own choice, but brought about by the joint labor of Napoleon, and especially Josephine, who artfully accomplished many objects by which she hoped to make certain her own position as empress. The first proposal was made to him in July, 1800, shortly after the return of the first consul from the campaign, one of the conflicts of which was the battle of Marengo. He then gave it a decided negative. Not long after, it was renewed, but with no better success; and to escape further importunity, Louis Bonaparte made a tour of several months in Germany.

"In October, 1801, Josephine, not at all discouraged by the two previous refusals to comply with her

great Napoleon, to whose station he has so frequently aspired. He was made, by the emperor, Grand Duke of Berg, but obtained no distinction as a warrior or statesman. His youth seems to have been marked by nothing which would entitle him to any unusual honor, as a man or as a politician.

He first presented himself to the world in an insurrection at Strasbourg, which was badly planned, and resulted most unfavorably. The garrison, consisting of several regiments, and the people, were enthusiastic in his favor. But owing to the most unskillful generalship, he lost his cause. Scarcely a blow was struck, or a gun fired, or a drop of blood shed. A stern royalist ran in among his own soldiers, and declared to them that the person calling himself Louis Napoleon, nephew of the emperor, was only an impostor. They became clamorous at once, and demanded that Louis Napoleon should prove his identity; and before he could do this, his camp was in complete disorder, and he was taken prisoner. In this expedition, he certainly exhibited a want of tact and skill, as well as self-possession and bravery, and received, as he deserved, the scorn of his associates.

We next find him in an insurrection at Boulogne,

proposals, made a fresh assault upon Louis. One evening, during a ball at Malmaison, she took him aside; Napoleon joined the conference, and after a long conversation 'they made him give his consent,' in the language of Louis himself, and on the 4th of January, 1802, the contract, the civil marriage, and the religious ceremony took place at the private residence of the first consul in Paris. Hortense Beauharnais had just left the celebrated boarding school of Madame Campan, and had no different part in the affair than her husband — both becoming instruments in the hands of the first consul and Josephine. 'Never,' wrote Louis, 'was there a more gloomy ceremony; never had husband and wife a stronger presentiment of the bitterness of a reluctant and ill-assorted union.' And Madame Campan, who was at a ball given in honor of the event, states that 'every countenance beamed with satisfaction save that of the bride, whose profound melancholy formed a sad contrast to the happiness she might have been expected to evince; she seemed to shun her husband's very looks, lest he should read in hers the indifference she felt towards him.'"

which was as badly managed, and resulted as disgracefully as the other; and he was shut up by the French government in the citadel of Ham, where he remained until he was made president, four years ago. During the existence of the provisional government, an effort was made to recall him, and restore to him his privileges, but without success. Lamartine himself introduced a decree, which was adopted by the National Assembly almost unanimously, declaring Louis Napoleon to be an outlaw, a disturber of the peace of the nation, a man dangerous to national honor; and declared his continued confinement necessary to the prosperity of France.

But when the election of president was ordered, his name was mentioned, by partisans, as a candidate. The people who honor the name and reverence the memory of Bonaparte, were carried away with the idea of having another ruler of the same name, and, by a large majority, he was elected to guide the ship of state. In administering the affairs of the government, he has been more successful than his most sanguine friends imagined, and has exhibited some traits of character which none supposed him to possess. But an attentive observer could not fail to see that all his efforts have been tending towards a centralization of influence, and every month the conviction has deepened, that he would not retire from office without an exhibition of his real character and object. He is a man of more ambition than common sense, and has secured his present position simply from the fact that he bears a mighty name. His virtues, if he has any, never would have given him any title to leadership; and any effort which he might have made for office and honor would have been received with contempt and scorn.

He is now in middle life, and lives in licentious splendor in the Champs Elysees, surrounded by ambitious and designing men, and gay and beautiful women. His morals are said to be modeled after French notions of propriety. He may often be seen walking in his fine gardens, or dashing in his carriage through the streets. He has rendered himself somewhat popular by his speeches at public meetings, banquets, and railway openings, and has proved more adroit and ingenious than some of his opponents. His reign — for by such a name will his administration of government be known — has been as severe and stern as that of Louis Philippe. The press has been curbed, the public voice has been hushed, and the popular will has not been known. During the last four years, public works have been stopped, public confidence has been destroyed, and the nation has been waiting for the close of his time of office, for the thunder and blood of another revolution. That France is a republic only in name, is abundantly demonstrated by the refusal of the president to allow our present distinguished national guest, M. Kossuth, to land on French soil.

England received him with open arms; her ministers and statesmen turned out to welcome him, and he marched in triumph from the water side to the palace of Westminster. But republican France[1] refused him a landing, shut him out from the sympathy of her people, denied him the rest of a single night, and sent him away to tell that France is no home for the oppressed, no refuge for the flying patriot. In the speech

[1] This chapter, up to this point, was written previous to the late outbreak in Paris, and ere the infamous *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon had been struck. This will account for the peculiar construction of some of the sentences. No sane man would now think of calling France a republic.

of Kossuth, made to the members of the American press, at a banquet given to him in New York, he holds the following truthful language, which will find an echo in the breast of every man who has spent any time in the boasted French republic: —

"You know, gentlemen, how the press is fettered throughout the European continent, even, for the present, in France itself, whose great nation, by a strange fate, sees, under a nominally republican but centralized government, all the glorious fruits of their great and victorious revolutions wasting between the blasting fingers of centralized administrative and legislative omnipotence.

"You know how the independent press of France is murdered by imprisonment of their editors, and by fees; you know how the present government of France feels unable to bear the force of public opinion — so much that in the French republic the very legitimate shout of 'Vive la Republique' has almost become a crime. This very circumstance is sufficient to prove, that in that glorious land, where the warm and noble heart of the French nation throbs with self-confidence and noble pride, a new revolution is an unavoidable necessity. It is a mournful view which the great French nation now presents; but it is also an efficient warning against the propensities of centralization, inconsistent with freedom, because inconsistent with self-government; and it is also a source of hope for the European continent, because we know that things in France cannot endure thus as they are. We know that to become a true republic is a necessity for France; and thus we know, also, that whoever be the man who, in the approaching crisis, will be honored by the confidence of the French nation, he will, he must, be faithful to that

great principle of fraternity towards the other nations, which, being announced by the French constitution to the world, raised such encouraging but bitterly disappointed expectations through Europe's oppressed continent."

Such had been the course of things up to the close of 1851. On the night of the 1st of December, a public reception was given by the president, which was attended by the most distinguished men of the Chamber and of the army. Late at night, the lamps were extinguished; the foes of Napoleon departed to form a conspiracy against him, and he to arrest the very men who were plotting his downfall. The arrest of the generals of the army is thus facetiously described: —

"General Bedeau, whose disposition is stated to be of a wily, scheming, and 'managing' order, entered into argument and discussion; insisted on considering the matter in a variety of lights, for the improvement of his captors' minds; and finally arrayed himself *en grande tenue*, in order to avail himself of whatever influences his uniform should chance to possess with those he might meet with on his way.

"Not so the General Changarnier. As the officials entered, he snatched up a brace of pistols, and exclaimed, '*Je suis armé.*' The chief quietly replied that he saw such was the case, and that he was well aware that General Changarnier, by discharging his weapons, could kill a couple of those who had come to take him. But he suggested this course would scarcely be attended with appreciable advantages, inasmuch as the house was *entoure* by soldiers, so that the general's escape would be impossible, and as, moreover, the ultimate result would assuredly be a prompt trial and a dishonorable execution. These arguments had weight with the

hasty but sensible Changarnier, who thereupon laid down his pistols, and surrendered his person.

"Not so, again, with the amiable Cavaignac. The gentler occupation in which he had lately been engaged had probably softened his heroic spirit; and, upon his being aroused from his slumbers, and informed that he was arrested, he placidly remarked, '*C'est juste*,' and, rubbing his eyes, requested to be apprised whether he might be permitted to dress himself, adding, in the most courteous manner, that his toilet would not detain him long. Being entreated to make his arrangements precisely in the way most agreeable to himself, he rose, went through the toilet duties with the most perfect composure and completeness, and then, presenting himself with a bow to the officer, politely declared himself, '*A vos ordres*.'

"It is, I trust, not below 'the dignity of history' to add that General Cavaignac forthwith addressed a letter to the young lady whom he was so shortly to have espoused, in which he chivalrously declared that he conceived that the event which had occurred had entirely deprived him of any right to consider her bound by engagements made with a free man; and he formally released her from any such ties. If I may state this, I must claim leave to add, for the admiration of all who can appreciate high-mindedness, that the lady promptly and gracefully replied, that, so far from considering the event in question as having released her from a tie in which she took so much pride, it had, if possible, rendered her engagement more binding than before.

"From which little romance let us pass to the very unromantic conduct of Colonel Charras, who, being also captured in bed, refused to get up, refused to

dress himself, or to allow himself to be dressed; swore that, if taken at all, he would be taken *en chemise;* and was, into the bargain, taken at his word, being bundled up with such bedclothes as came readiest, and, in that unseemly guise, thrust into a vehicle and conveyed to prison. General Lamoricière made a determined resistance, of a more soldierly kind; but the impression seems to be that the account of it which found its way into print was much exaggerated, and that no particular harm was done."

General Cavaignac was soon to be married to Mademoiselle Odier; and, when he was arrested, like a true man, he sat down and wrote her a full and free discharge from all her former engagements. His circumstances had changed; he was a prisoner; his captivity was to last he knew not how long; and he gave her full freedom to act accordingly, writing her as follows: "You have youth, beauty, accomplishments, wealth; a throng of admirers, young, and more meritorious than I am, surround you. Choose from among them, and you will be nearly as happy as you deserve to be — happier than I can make you." The noble woman instantly replied, giving him an assurance of her changeless love, and her determination to share his fortunes, be they adverse or propitious. The general, as is known, has since been liberated, and at once applied to the Archbishop of Paris to unite him in marriage to the woman of his choice. The ecclesiastic consented on condition that the bride would pledge to have her children educated in the Catholic faith. Mademoiselle Odier, who is a Protestant, refused to give her consent, and, with the general, went to Holland, where the knot was tied without any such restrictions.

On the morning of December 2, whoever walked

abroad might have seen, on the walls of the houses, and the corners of the street, the famous proclamation, running in these words: —

In the name of the French people, the president of the republic decrees, —

Art. I. The National Assembly is dissolved.

Art. II. Universal suffrage is reëstablished. The act of the 31st of May is repealed.

Art. III. The French people are convoked in their elective colleges from the 14th to the 21st of December.

Art. IV. The state of siege is decreed in the line of the first military division.

Art. V. The Council of State is dissolved.

Art. VI. The minister of the interior is charged with the execution of this decree.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

This was followed by an address to the army, on which the base usurper relies for support.

Soldiers: Be proud of your mission; you will save the country. I rely upon you, not to violate the laws, but to command respect for the first law of the country, national sovereignty, of which I am the legitimate representative.

You long suffered, like me, from the obstacles that prevented me from doing you all the good I intended, and opposed the demonstrations of your sympathy in my favor. Those obstacles are removed. The Assembly sought to impair the authority which I derive from the entire nation; it has ceased to exist.

I make a loyal appeal to the people and the army;

and I tell them, either give me the means of insuring your prosperity, or choose another in my place.

In 1830, as well as in 1848, you were treated as a vanquished army. After having branded your heroical disinterestedness, they disdained to consult your sympathies and wishes; and, nevertheless, you are the *élite* of the nation. To-day, at this solemn moment, I wish the voice of the army to be heard.

Vote, then, freely, as citizens; but, as soldiers, do not forget that passive obedience to the orders of the chief of the government is the rigorous duty of the army, from the general down to the soldier. It is for me, who am responsible for my actions before the people and posterity, to adopt the measures most conducive to the public welfare.

As for you, maintain entire the rules of discipline and honor. By your imposing attitude assist the country in manifesting its will with calmness and reflection. Be ready to repress all attempt against the free exercise of the sovereignty of the people.

Soldiers: I do not speak to you of the recollections attached to my name. They are engraved on your hearts. We are united by indissoluble ties. Your history is mine. There is between us, in the past, a community of glory and misfortunes. There shall be, in the future, a community of sentiments and resolutions for the repose and grandeur of France.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

PALACE OF THE ELYSEE, December 2.

To the people, in a proclamation, he gave a more full manifestation of his purpose, unfolding more at large his plans. But whoever reads and knows the facts in the case must be aware that he cares nothing for the

people. Relying upon the bayonet and the sword, he is determined to compel an acquiescence in his plans; and whoever sees the result will witness as monstrous a wrong upon the rights of the people as was ever committed by the emperor himself. Here is his address to the people: —

FRENCHMEN: The present situation cannot last much longer. Each day the situation of the country becomes worse. The Assembly, which ought to be the firmest supporter of order, has become a theater of plots. The patriotism of three hundred of its members could not arrest its fatal tendencies. In place of making laws for the general interest of the people, it was forging arms for civil war. It attacked the power I hold directly from the people; it encouraged every evil passion; it endangered the repose of France. I have dissolved it; and I make the whole people judge between me and it. The constitution, as you know, had been made with the object of weakening beforehand the powers you intrusted to me. Six millions of votes were a striking protest against it; and yet I have faithfully observed it. Provocations, calumnies, outrages, found me passive. But now that the fundamental part is no longer respected by those who incessantly invoke it, and the men who have already destroyed two monarchies wish to tie up my hands, in order to overthrow the republic, my duty is to baffle their perfidious projects, to maintain the republic, and to save the country, by appealing to the solemn judgments of the only sovereign I recognize in France — the people.

I, then, make a loyal appeal to the entire nation; and I say to you, if you wish to continue this state of disquietude and *malaise* that degrades you and endangers

the future, choose another person in my place; for I no longer wish for a place which is powerless for good, but which makes me responsible for acts that I cannot hinder, and chains me to the helm when I see the vessel rushing into the abyss. If, on the contrary, you have still confidence in me, give me the means of accomplishing the grand mission I hold from you. That mission consists in closing the era of revolution, in satisfying the legitimate wants of the people, and in protecting them against subversive passions. It consists especially to create institutions which survive men, and which are the foundation on which something durable is based. Persuaded that the instability of power, that the preponderance of a single Assembly, are the permanent causes of trouble and discord, I submit to your suffrages the fundamental bases of a constitution which the Assemblies will develop hereafter.

First. A responsible chief, named for ten years.

Second. The ministers dependent on the executive alone.

Third. A council of state, formed of the most distinguished men, preparing the laws, and maintaining the discussion before the legislative corps.

Fourth. A legislative corps, discussing and voting the laws, named by universal suffrage, without the *scrutin de liste*, which falsifies the election.

Fifth. A second Assembly, formed of all the illustrious persons of the nation — a preponderating power, guardian of the fundamental pact and of public liberty.

This system, created by the first consul in the beginning of the present century, has already given to France repose and prosperity. It guaranties them still. Such is my profound conviction. If you partake it, declare so by your suffrages. If, on the contrary, you prefer a

government without force, monarchical or republican, borrowed from some chimerical future, reply in the negative. Thus, then, for the first time since 1804, you will vote with complete knowledge of the fact, and knowing for whom and for what you vote.

If I do not obtain the majority of the votes, I shall summon a new Assembly, and lay down before it the mission I have received from you. But if you believe that the cause of which my name is the symbol — that is, France regenerated by the revolution of '89, and organized by the emperor — is still yours, proclaim it to be so by ratifying the powers I demand of you. Then France and Europe will be preserved from anarchy, obstacles will be removed, rivalries will have disappeared; for all will respect, in the will of the people, the decree of Providence.

Done at the Palace of the Elysee, this 2d of December.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

A large number of the members of the Chamber of Deputies known to be unfavorable to Napoleon were arrested; others tried to assemble, and at length succeeded, and enacted the following decree: —

REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE,
ASSEMBLEE NATIONALE, December 2, 1851.

Whereas, article 68 of the constitution enacts as follows: The president and his ministers are each responsible for the acts of the government; and any measure by which the president of the republic shall dissolve or prorogue the National Assembly, or place any obstacle to the exercise of its functions, is an act of high treason, — by that very act, the president forfeits his authority, and every citizen is bound to refuse obedience to his orders.

The Assembly, therefore, since it is hindered by violence from accomplishing its mission, decrees: —

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is deprived of his functions as president of the republic, and the citizens are called on to refuse him obedience.

The executive power passes in its plenitude to the Assembly.

The judges of the High Court of Justice are called on to meet immediately, upon pain of dismissal, to proceed to judgment against the president and his accomplices.

It is enjoined upon all functionaries that they obey the requisition made in the name of the Assembly, under penalty of forfeiture, and the punishment prescribed for high treason.

Made in public sitting this 2d December, 1851.

(Signed) Benoist D'Azy, *President.*
Vitet, *Vice President.*
Chapot and Moulin, *Secretaries.*

They also sent out an address to the French people, calling upon them to arise and hurl the usurper from his position. But to the eloquent appeal there was no response. The people had little more love for the National Assembly than for the president himself, and heard the burning words of the Chamber without the least enthusiasm. They feared one hundred thousand bayonets, that were glistening within the walls of Paris. The whole address may be judged by the following sentences: —

"Will you be debased? Will you be enslaved? Will you become henceforth an object of eternal contempt and ridicule to the oppressed peoples who awaited their deliverance at your hands?

"Louis Bonaparte has just crowded into a few hours more crimes than it would have been thought possible to include in the life of man.

"Like a thief, he has seized upon the liberties of his country by a nocturnal surprise — a vulgar artifice, which certain people have been rash enough to call courage.

"He has audaciously trifled with the sanctity of the domestic hearth.

"By the help of his swaggering soldiery and police, he has silenced every voice in Paris except his own.

"At one blow he has suppressed all the journals, and has cast forth into the streets of Paris, without bread, those of your brethren whom the press supported.

"He has outraged, stricken down, and trampled under foot the national representation, not only in the persons of your enemies, but also in that of Greppo, the energetic and loyal representative of the workmen of Lyons, and in that of Nadaud, the mason, who has so often and so nobly defended your interests in the tribune.

"Do you want to have a master? And do you wish that that master should be Louis Bonaparte? You have seen the air with which he traversed the streets of Paris, hedged in by soldiers, covered by cannon, and causing himself to be borne in triumph by his staff, adding to the crime of high treason the insolence of a conqueror, and treating France as a conquered country — he whose military annals can boast of nothing except the opprobrium of the Roman expedition.

"He boasts of restoring to you universal suffrage, but on condition that it be worked for his private advantage, and not for yours, since he is going for ten

years to be your master. 'No scrutiny of the list,' he says. Do you quite understand what that means? It means that the elections are to be made by registers lodged in the offices of the mayor. The great swindling maneuver which has been practiced upon France, once in her history, is to be renewed. Will you permit, precisely when it is pretended to restore your right, that it shall be filched from you?

"Moreover, to exercise the right of the suffrage, you must be free. Let him begin, then, by restoring free speech to the journals; let the doors be flung wide open to popular meetings; let every man speak his mind, and learn that of others. Why those bayonets? Why those cannon? To restore universal suffrage with the state of siege, is to add mockery to falsehood. A people proclaimed sovereign, it is the mantle of slavery thrown over your shoulders, even as the barbarian chief, in the time of the Lower Empire, threw the purple over the Roman emperors in placing them among his camp followers. Do you wish to be enslaved? Do you wish to be debased? Such is the cry wrung from us by an indignation impossible to be restrained. We who, in our exile, can at least speak, do speak. But we owe more than speech to the republic — our blood belongs to it. We know it, and shall not forget it."

In the mean while, Victor Hugo fled to Brussels. Louis Blanc found a refuge in London, from which he writes letters denouncing Napoleon, and showing what the plan is on which he may be expected to act. The charge which he brings against the usurper is this: —

"To divide Europe into three great empires — a Russian empire, extending to Constantinople; an Austrian empire, with the definitive annexation of Italy; a

French empire, with the addition of Belgium. From this new holy alliance between three great despotic empires to cause to arise a war to the death against the Democratic party, and against the Liberal and Constitutional party; to extinguish beneath the army's tread what the absolutist powers call the revolutionary flame, — that is to say, whatever lights the human spirit on the way of progress, — and if England resists, to crush her; . . . . . such is the plan, (who can doubt it longer?) — such is the sacrilegious plan, of which the sack of Paris is the commencement, and for the accomplishment of which Louis Bonaparte has delivered France into the hands of French Cossacks.

"On the reality of this plan, and on the abominable complicity which binds to the fortune of the Emperor Nicholas the ambition of Louis Bonaparte, I may be able very shortly to publish some proofs, which I am now in course of collecting. We can then judge of the important influence which Russian gold exercises in the humiliation and misfortunes of France."

Soon blood began to flow in the streets of Paris. Hundreds were slaughtered while quietly sitting in their houses on the Boulevards. The press was restricted, and a guard placed in every office, and the news went out to the world, that in a single night republican France was changed into a military despotism.

In England and America, the tidings were received with regret, while bonfires were built in Rome, and public rejoicings were held in Vienna.

The election of a president for ten years was given to the people, and, under the influence of fear, they have decided to be slaves. The vote stood as follows: —

The whole number of ballots, . .	8,116,773
Yeas, ...	7,439,216
Nays, ...	640,216
Majority, . .	6,789,479

Upon which the president uses the following extraordinary language: —

"France has comprehended that I departed from legality to return to right. Upwards of seven million votes have absolved me. My object was to save France, and perhaps Europe, from years of trouble and anarchy. I understood all the grandeur of my mission. I do not deceive myself as to its difficulties; but, with the counsel and support of all right-minded men, the devotedness of the army, and the protection which I shall to-morrow beseech Heaven to grant me, I hope to secure the destinies of France, by founding institutions responding to the democratic instincts of the nation, and the desire of a strong and respected government; to create a system which reconstitutes authority without wounding the feelings of equality, in closing any path of improvement; and to lay the foundation of an edifice capable of supporting a wise and beneficent liberty."

The Catholic religion has been restored to the Pantheon, the hands of the priests have been strengthened, and the wheel of progress, to all human appearance, has turned backward in France a quarter of a century.[1]

[1] The state of society may be gathered from the following paragraphs, taken from late Paris papers: —

"A deputation, consisting of some of the principal editors of the moderate press, were received by the president of the republic in a private interview, which they had requested for the purpose of representing the grievances to which they were exposed by the rigorous censorship under which the newspapers have been placed since the revolution of the 2d of December. The gentleman who headed the deputation spoke for fully half an hour, and concluded his speech by expressing a hope that the president would give some moderate

My conviction is, founded upon what knowledge I have of French history, and what I saw of the French people while in that country, that a liberal monarchy — "a throne," as Lafayette said, "surrounded by liberal institutions" — would be better for France than a republican form of government. Under existing circumstances, a republic must be a military despotism; and law must be enforced and order preserved only at the point of the bayonet. A wise and liberal king, who could command the respect and secure the affection of his people, would be preferable to one who, though called by a less formidable title, would secure no respect and demand no affection. There are several reasons why France is not prepared for a republican government, and why such a government cannot exist; and, —

1. She lacks a system of general, popular education. A republic is the highest style of human government,

latitude to the papers to comment upon passing events. Louis Napoleon listened with great composure and patience; but his only answer was the following: 'Gentlemen, the press has already destroyed two dynasties. I may fall like the others; but I shall take care that it shall not be by the press.' And with this he bowed them out.

"The Marquise d'Osmond, a Legitimist lady, gives brilliant *réunions* at her hotel on the Boulevard de Madeleine; and her guests *would* talk politics. The minister of the interior apprised madame that such subjects were disagreeable to the government. But madame would give *soirées*, and guests would talk of what interested France and the world. The minister of the interior insisted that politics must be dropped. Madame then invited only ladies; but 'only ladies' would talk politics rather than scandal and the courteous minister of the interior was compelled, by high authority, to request madame to name what chateau she would prefer for a country residence, with a postscript stating that she must not return to Paris without express presidential permission.

"M. Thiers wrote a letter to the minister of the interior for leave to return to France, offering to abstain from politics. The minister went to Louis Napoleon with the letter, and desired to know what answer he was to send. Louis Napoleon said, 'Give me the fourth volume of *The History of the Revolution*, by Thiers.' The book was given, and Louis Napoleon pointed to a passage which he had marked, in which Thiers reproaches the emperor for not having expelled from France, as a measure of security, several of his political adversaries. 'Copy the passage,' said Louis Napoleon, 'and send it to M. Thiers, as the answer to his application.'"

and, next to a theocracy, which we never can expect to see until human nature is greatly changed, is most desirable. But a republic is not made in a single hour. There are materials which cannot be made into democrats, and which, under a democratic government, would prove worthless. It is no compliment to say that a savage would make a good republican. We have a great and successful republic; but it does not follow that all other nations are ready to follow our example. The training of our Union has been peculiar, and the people have been schooled into habits and principles which fit them for democracy. The imperfect education of the French people; the lack of a general system of education; the few who can read the name on the ballot which they cast into the box, — are sure evidences that they would make indifferent republicans. The idea of self-government among a people who have no school-houses is an absurdity. It may exist as a theory, but never as a fact. While a few in France are learned and eloquent, the mass of the people are left without the advantages of a common education, and the number who can read and write is comparatively small. Under such circumstances, liberty will not be appreciated, and a free government will be productive of more evil than good. Men must be restrained, if not by reason and education, by sword and bayonet. Thus the revolution which drove Louis XVI. from his throne to the guillotine resulted in the establishment of an empire of force, which was sustained only by continual violations of the evident and primary principles of civil liberty. The revolution which sent Louis Philippe into exile is tending to the same result, and every future revolution and convulsion will only add new horrors to the history of that blood-drunken and impulsive nation.

2. France is destitute of a pure religion. No republic ever lived long without a pure and exalted faith. The old republics which orators and poets tell about fell because they were destitute of a living principle, which is essential to the very idea of self-government. France has no such religion. Forty-two thousand priests — many of them Jesuits — are crushing the life and spirit of freedom; and a free, liberal government, with such an encumbrance, is an impossibility. The nearer you get to Rome, the more dense is the darkness, and the more abject the slavery. In that whole city, with its multitude of crosses, and cathedrals, and public buildings, there is only one newspaper; and that so insignificant and badly printed, that no man in England, France, or America would read it. The false church rules France; and the priests are at the foundation of this new outburst of despotism. They cannot live and flourish in a republic. Their empire must be over a nation of slaves; and their constant effort will be, must be, to degrade the government and enslave the people. The government of a nation always corresponds with the prevailing system of religion. Episcopacy cannot prevail in a democracy; Congregationalism cannot succeed in a monarchy. There is a direct antagonism between them; and if either of them should come to pass, it would be a paradox as yet unknown.

Hence, to make France a republic, you must uproot Romanism, and overturn the dominion of the Papal tyrant. However the priests may act in energy, they always tend to a subjugation of the people, to the limitation of human rights, and the overthrow of political equality. No isolated case can refute this general fact; and a single case of patriotism in a priest may not change this general charge, the verity of which is

known the world over, from the gates of the Vatican to the shores of America. Any hope of France is vain while this host of ecclesiastics, wedded to tyranny, and more powerful than the president, more influential than the National Assembly, more dreadful and irresistible than the army, continues to exist. While these men live in France, she cannot be free. While they mould the consciences of the masses, and sway the hearts of the rude people who throng the pleasure grounds and crowd the Boulevards, orators may declaim from the tribune, and poets may send out their lays in praise of liberty; but no freedom will be enjoyed. An army of ecclesiastics, with beads and crosses in their hands, is more potent in Paris to-day than the legions of Louis Napoleon; and the idea of a republic is a chimera of the imagination which will never be realized in France until the Protestant religion forms its foundation. You may bring any splendid theory or subtile argument to refute the notion; but I have the history of the world — facts which none can deny — to indorse my opinion that, in a democracy, the church must be Congregational, and that Episcopacy and monarchy are inseparable.

3. The character of the French people is a poor guaranty for a permanent government. They are not a law-abiding people, and love change and excitement. They have become familiarized to revolutions, and expect them, and enter into them with the same zest that they pursue their pleasures. They would be satisfied with the best government among men only as long as it was new. King, emperor, president, are all alike received with blessings to-day, and curses to-morrow. Besides, every measure which has been taken to elevate the people has proved abortive. A while ago, when

the restrictions were partially removed from the press, the land was flooded with infamous productions; and obscene, blasphemous sheets fell like snow flakes into almost every family. The eloquent M. Coqueril, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, said, while we were in Paris, that France had no moral literature of her own; and that every book in the language, fit to be put into the hands of children or youth, was a translation. Though this statement should doubtless be taken with some abatement, yet it is very true that the literature of France is of a most debasing and corrupting kind, a reflection of the moral character of the people.

The fact, too, that Paris rules the nation is no ways favorable to the permanence of a republic. All France now obeys the dictation of a mob in the metropolis. The honest laborers of the farming districts know but little and care but little whether Louis Philippe or Louis Napoleon is at the head of government; and if the rabble in Paris prevail, they very readily acquiesce in whatever they do. Before a republic can be established, the moral tone of the people must be changed, and the whole present arrangement of society altered. Chalons, Dijon, and Lyons must have a voice in national affairs, and not only a voice as at present, but an *influence* which shall be felt and respected.

4. The public buildings, palaces, and monuments are indescribably associated with royalty. They lose their glory in the eyes of the French as soon as the king is removed. This obstacle to a democracy is greater than it at first appears, and has an influence which we should never imagine. There is the palace of the Tuileries, built by Catharine de Medicis, improved by the kings, the place where the massacre of St. Bartholomew's

day was planned, the royal residence of a privileged aristocracy, which is now open to all who choose to visit it. The French wander through the stately pile, from the opera room to the consecrated chapel, but they find no glory in such an edifice while it continues without an occupant. There are the rooms of Louis XVI., and the saloons of Napoleon, and the chambers of Louis Philippe, deserted, cold, and dismal. They go out to Fontainebleau and St. Cloud, those retreats of beauty, wealth, and fashion, which have been associated in their minds with royalty, and return dissatisfied and discontented. They throng the gardens and halls of Versailles, but every thing reminds them of something that has departed. Here are seven miles of pictures in one pile of buildings, and whoever should give two minutes to the examination of each individual work of art, would require eight days to complete his task. These paintings are calculated to foster a warlike, monarchical spirit. They represent scenes of blood and glory. Napoleon figures conspicuously. Here he is at the battle of the Pyramids; distributing the cross of the legion of honor at Boulogne; making a triumphal entry into Paris; receiving the deputies of the government which proclaimed him emperor; haranguing his army previous to battle; receiving the delegates and keys of the city of Vienna; giving orders before the battle of Austerlitz; having an interview with Francis II.; entering triumphantly into Berlin; bidding adieu to Alexander; being married to Maria Louisa; crossing the Alps over the winding Simplon; guiding his army at St. Bernard; storming the bridge of Lodi; at Marengo, at Wagram, and in a hundred scenes and places calculated to fire the beholder with military enthusiasm. Here also are pointed out the scenes in which the kings of

France have figured, and these are all calculated to inspire the people with a love of royalty.

On Sunday, thousands of the people visit Versailles, examine these pictures, walk through the private apartments, behold the furniture used by kings, and the very beds on which they reposed, wander through the gardens and behold the different walks and arbors, all connected with monarchy and military glory. These buildings, erected at an immense expense, and filled with relics of the past, and open to the gaze of the most humble citizen, all plead for the restoration of the throne. The French walk through these kingly halls as through the chambers of a tomb, and see no beauty or glory because a royal master does not preside in them. As the proud old castles of Germany and the Rhine have no beauty and glory now, because dissevered from feudal customs and the age of chivalry, so these vast pleasure grounds and familiar resorts of the Parisians are mute and inelegant, because the titled dignity of monarchy does not abide in them. To a people who live mostly in the open air, the influence of this feeling goes farther than we can understand, and doubtless, to the pleasure-loving people, pleads more eloquently for the establishment of monarchy than do the privileges of freedom for a genuine republic.

5. A republic, if established at all, must rise in the midst of long-established prejudices, and against the remonstrance of the whole continent. The power of early teaching is engaged on the side of the throne. The children of Paris have grown up with shouts of royalty upon their lips; and in the establishment of a democratic form of government, they do what nations are seldom known to do — break away from all the prejudices and usages of the past. Riding in a car, one

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day, from Versailles to Paris, a young lady of polished manners and educated mind, who was in the car with us, made this remark, which I suppose would be indorsed by a large majority of the people of France: "A republic," she said, "is a good thing for America, but not for France; the people want a royal family to love." And while these preferences and prejudices exist, unchanged by education and uncontrolled by religion, it is impossible to expect a free and enlightened republic. The throne may indeed be broken down, but a military despotism will take its place. I have no faith in a political millennium which is to take effect in Europe, irrespective of the influence of education and religion. The ballot box, in a nation where eight out of ten of the voters cannot read the name of their candidate for office, must be of little benefit. We have in our land a strange monomania for republics, and we would set them up in New Zealand and Botany Bay, if we could; and ere long we shall have some good-natured philanthropist striving to poetize us into the idea, that a model republic may be made in our state prison, and that warden, chaplain, and sentinels may all be elected from among the criminals.

On one side of the British Channel is a republic; on the other side is a kingdom. The kingdom is peaceful, happy, quiet, and liberal; the republic is agitated, illiberal, and despotic. In the kingdom, the voice of conscience is heard, God reigns, and the press is free; in the republic, there is no public conscience, the army reigns, and the press is fettered. Is it the name of freedom for which men contend? then let them go to republican France. Is it the reality for which they seek? then let them abide in monarchical England.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not say that a

genuine republic is not better than a monarchy; nor do I argue that a people who can govern themselves should give up that government to others. But I do affirm that continental Europe is not prepared for a democracy; that republican governments, under present circumstances, are not only improbable, but *impossible.* The Protestant religion must precede a republic, and form its basis. The Papacy and freedom are inconsistent, and entirely irreconcilable with each other. We have at this moment on our soil a noble champion of freedom, the representative of a struggling nation, overwhelmed but not conquered; a nation that loves liberty and political equity, and which will secure it in the ultimate; a nation hemmed in by the hosts of Central and Western Europe, but still counting the hours to the morning on which shall dawn the sun of Hungarian independence. But this chafed and afflicted people, who still cry for liberty, are cheered by the Bible and the Protestant religion. Kossuth is a noble illustration of an enlightened Calvinist, and openly declares that from the word of God he has drawn those sublime sentiments which he has thundered forth in the ears of tyrants and their slaves. His speeches are read with terror in the pontifical palace at Rome, and every blow he strikes is felt by the mother of harlots and abominations. The religious feelings of a people are more potent than their political preferences. If they have a free religion, they will have a free government. A Protestant community never can be long enslaved. They may be hunted from cave to mountain, tracking the soil with blood, and illuminating earth with the flames of martyrdom; but they will still be free. A Catholic country never can be republican. The religion of the country is an absolute monarchy, and it

will control, pervert, and use the government for its own ends. The history of the world illustrates this, and teaches, in every lesson which it gives, that the politics of a nation will be the counterpart of the religion which is disseminated by the professed ministers of God.

We now await with anxiety the next arrivals from Europe. What intelligence they will bring, none can tell. France may submit[1] to the military dictation of Louis Napoleon, who now stands with his feet upon the constitution of his country, appealing to the army to aid him in striking down the liberties of the people; or they may resist, and sustain the constitution, or perchance erect a throne, and place upon it the young Count of Paris, son of the Duchess of Orleans. The other nations of Europe may quietly see the work go on, or may be kindled by it into a flame. But whatever the result may be, we have confidence that it will eventuate in the overthrow of tyranny, and in the downfall of that false church of which Pius IX. is the head, which stands so obviously in the way of the peace and freedom of the world. God is arranging the changes which are occurring upon the earth, and ordering them to his own glory; and political men are only the instruments in his hands of bringing about his great designs. Nations are marching and countermarching according to his pleasure, and among them he is turning and overturning, that his Son may reign from shore to shore and from pole to pole.

Before closing what I have to say upon France, allow me to utter a word upon a point in relation to which my statements may appear irreconcilable. I have said

[1] France has submitted.

that the French were a gay, excitable people, ready for revolution and riot, and yet I have remarked, that while in Paris I did not see a drunken man, or witness, by night or day, one scene of disorder. The explanation which I would give to the general and universal quiet of Paris, in a time of peace, arises from the efficient regulations of the police. Paris is full of spies and secret officers, who check the least appearance of tumult. They are on every corner, in every lane, under every tree, in every building, and effectually overawe the people and keep them quiet. But this check is removed as soon as signs of revolution appear. The policemen are frequently the instigators of violence, or if they cast their influence on the side of order, the men and women who an hour ago feared them, now have gathered strength and numbers, and are able to defy the police and all their regulations. This single fact will explain why a people so naturally excitable are kept quiet and orderly in the metropolis. There occurred, on the 4th of July last, a singular instance of "French liberty." A gentleman had invited the Americans in Paris to assemble, and in a quiet manner celebrate with him the day. A French band was in attendance, and during the evening was requested to play the "Marseillaise Hymn," which had been prohibited by government. The soul-stirring strains floated out upon the air of night, and were caught by the secret police, who rushed in and scattered the band, and all the French visitors and attendants. Some one arose and said, "The police may prevent a French band from playing the hymn, but they cannot prevent American citizens from singing it;" and merry voices, in good round Saxon speech, sung it through, to the consternation of the landlord, and the indignation of the police.

The scene is represented by one who witnessed it as giving any thing but an idea of liberty. We wonder not, when, by the order of Louis Napoleon, the French lie which has hitherto appeared conspicuously upon the public buildings — "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*" — was painted out and erased, that the Red Republicans should wander about chalking where the words had been, "*Infanterie, Cavalerie, Artillerie.*"

We bid adieu to Paris — to its palaces, its triumphal monuments, its gay scenes, and its fading glory. We leave it with the conviction that it will never be a genuine republic until its infidelity and its Romanism give place to purer and more truthful dogmas. One of the most eloquent of orators of that convulsed and bleeding nation understands this, and in his truthful sentences we read the cause of the sad downfall of the land of glorious Lafayette. Lamartine, in one of those sublime ascents in which we admire scarcely less the beauty of the language than the noble utterance of the melancholy truth which it teaches, presents a powerful and painful contrast between the dying words of the Puritans of England and America and the sensualists of France.[1] In the godless lives and deaths of the actors in France, the world reads a lesson, and discovers why the republic was so soon stranded. Louis Napoleon is no improvement on Mirabeau, Danton, Marat, and Robespierre; his republic — O mercy! — must result like theirs. We listen to the orator.

"Washington and Franklin fought, spoke, suffered, ascended, and descended in their political life of popularity, in the ingratitude of glory, in the contempt of their fellow-citizens — always in the name of God, for

[1] Bien Publique.

whom they acted; and the liberator of America died confiding to God the liberty of the people and his own soul.

"Sidney, the young martyr of a patriotism guilty of nothing but impatience, and who died to expiate his country's dream of liberty, said to his jailer, 'I rejoice that I die innocent towards the king, but a victim, resigned to the King on high, to whom all life is due.'

"The republicans of Cromwell only sought the way of God, even in the blood of battles. Their politics were their faith, their reign a prayer, their death a psalm. One hears, sees, feels that God was in all the movements of these great people.

"But cross the sea, traverse La Mancha, come to our times, open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul; that his name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist when she recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France. The victims only have a God; the tribunes and lictors have none.

"Look at Mirabeau, on the bed of death. 'Crown me with flowers,' said he; 'intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music.' Not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony. Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and sibyls. Not a glance towards heaven! Only one word for the earth she was quitting — 'O Liberty!'

"Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet; the only hymn, the Marseillaise.

"Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cool and indecent pleasantry at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last thoughts of this dying man, on his way to the last tribunal.

"Hear Danton, on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity — 'I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep.' Then to the executioner — 'You will show my head to the people; it is worth the trouble.' His faith, annihilation; his last sigh, vanity. Behold the Frenchman of this latter age!

"What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister — death — itself recalls neither the threatenings nor promises of God!

"The republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty won by so much heroism and so much genius has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory. All ended in a soldier and some apostate republicans travestied into courtiers. An atheistic republicanism cannot be heroic. When you terrify it, it bends; when you would buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immolate itself. Who would take any heed? the people ungrateful, and God non existent! So finish atheist revolutions!"

XX.

SOUTHERN FRANCE.

We turned our backs on Paris, one bright and beautiful day, glad to escape from the endless round of vain and frivolous amusement to the quiet scenes and cool breezes of the country. The ride from Paris to Chalons takes a long day, and lies through a country finely diversified — now passing long rows of women toiling like slaves in the field, now through tunnels miles in length, and anon driving across beautiful vine-covered plains. On Sunday, the day before, a part of the road had been opened for the first time. Louis Napoleon — then the republican president, now the military despot — had made a speech, and signs of the festival, such as flags, wreaths of flowers, evergreens, and mottoes, were seen all along the way. We had all kinds of company — women, with bags containing bread, meat, and wine; jabbering Frenchmen, who kept up a conversation delightfully unintelligible; children, who felt it duty to cry half the way; and a few men who used an honest tongue. We arrived at Chalons, a town of about fourteen thousand inhabitants, at eleven o'clock at night, and forthwith crowded into an omnibus, which, after an unusual amount of scolding, fretting, snapping of the whip, rolled to a dirty hotel, where we stopped for the night, and at length grumbled ourselves to sleep.

Early the next morning, we took a little dirty steamer, which would not be tolerated on the Hudson, for Lyons.

The boat started early, and breakfast was to be taken on board, and, very soon after starting, we went down below, where congregated as filthy a company as could be found in Naples. We asked if we could have some breakfast, and were answered in the affirmative.

"Well, we will have some beefsteak."

"It finished," was the consoling reply.

"Well, we will have some bacon."

"It finished."

"A cup of coffee, then."

"Coffee all finished."

Thus we went on asking for one article after another, to each of which the provoking reply was given, "It finished," with the utmost coolness. At length, we learnt that every thing was *finished* but some hard rolls, a little butter which tasted of garlic so strongly that we could not eat it, and a cup of what was called "tea," and which tasted like herbs — say burdocks, steeped in salt water, and sugared with snuff.

The sail down the River Saone is very beautiful, and the scenery all along the banks is most delightful, though, perhaps, not equaling the castle-guarded Rhine, which every traveler wishes to see. High hills, covered with vines, cultivated to the very summit, and sloping beautifully to the river; fine villages, sleeping on the shores; little boats gliding up and down; steamers now and then sweeping by, and rippling the waves to the flower-fringed bank on either side, — all render the voyage one of uninterrupted pleasure.

At the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone lies the old town of

LYONS,

where we stopped over night. I was agreeably disappointed in the appearance of this place. It is a well

located, cleanly, and pleasant town, and my remembrances of it are most agreeable. We wandered into the old cathedral, a monument of an expiring faith, saw some fine churches, bridges, and public buildings, and here obtained our first view of the majestic Alps, and old, hoary Mont Blanc, with its summit covered with eternal winter.

Lyons has two hundred thousand inhabitants, many of whom are engaged in the manufacture of silk, an establishment for which we had the pleasure of visiting. I could but mark the common courtesy of the people of this town, as we moved about from one object of interest to another. We called at a large store, and inquired where we could find a silk manufactory, and how we could obtain admittance. The gentlemanly merchant, though his shop was full of customers, not only gave us all the information we requested, but sent a clerk to show us the way through the long, narrow streets, and introduce us to some persons who would admit us to what we wished to find. The town is well garrisoned, and from the hights on the west formidable fortifications look down with frowns upon the people. The two rivers are spanned by beautiful bridges — suspension, cast-iron, and stone.

Leaving Lyons, we take the steamer again, and sail down the Rhone, passing beneath the very bluffs from which the pious Waldenses, the humble followers of Peter Waldo of Lyons, were cast in the fury of persecution. In imagination, I could see these devoted people assembled in the glens, and catch, as we glided by, the smoke of their fires and their shady forms. Swelling from devout lips came rolling down their sublime song, which now rose in wild and thrilling cadence, and anon seemed to die away amid the lofty

hills. And there is seen an armed band winding up to the secret place, with stealthy steps and slow, to do there, amid the followers of God, a work of death.

All along the banks of this river are old Roman remains, some of them in a tolerable state of preservation. As we approach Avignon, the seat of the popes when they were banished from Rome, and where their old palace, used for a prison, still stands, we pass under the Bridge of the "Holy Spirit," — the somewhat inappropriate and singular title of the longest stone bridge in the world, — built six hundred years ago, the first bridge ever thrown across the Rhone. It has twenty-six arches, and is the noblest structure of its kind in France.

We stopped an hour in

AVIGNON,

one of the most barbarous places I was ever in. The curse of the popes seemed to rest upon it. There were more officious porters and hackmen at the landing, more officious landlords waiting to take advantage of our ignorance, more crying children in the streets, and more filthy, wretched habitations than I ever saw in any one place in so short a time; and of all the towns and cities which I visited, of but one other have I brought away an impression so unpleasant as of this. Other travelers speak very well of Avignon; but my impression was, that if half of the people could be shut up in the old Popish palace, and the other half could be set to work cleaning the streets, it would be a passable town.

At dusk, we left Avignon in the cars for

MARSEILLES,

where we arrived at ten o'clock. As we neared the town, we secured our first view of the Mediterranean

Sea, spread out nobly beneath a pale moonlight. We soon found ourselves at the Hotel des Emperors, where our accommodations were as fine as could be obtained at any public house in Boston. We, according to the common usage, hired our apartments, and took our meals when and where we wished. At this hotel, as at all others, no man pays for more than he eats. If he sits down to the table, and eats a simple breakfast, he is charged accordingly for each article, and not for his breakfast as a whole. This plan enables a traveler to regulate his expenses according to his means, and is very favorable for any one who is disposed to be temperate and economical.

We here made the acquaintance of our consul, Mr. Hodge, who took great pains to render our stay in the place pleasant. Our representatives abroad are not always agreeable men, and the attention of government should be turned to the conduct of some of its officers on the continent. They are sent out to protect American citizens; and they do give protection with a vengeance. Contrary to law, many of them force the traveler to pay an exorbitant sum for an examination of his passports, and, instead of rendering him any assistance, are perfect plagues. The whole passport business is a shameful humbug. I took with me one of these documents, signed by the present secretary of state, which I supposed would carry me through; but the powers that be care no more for the name of Daniel Webster than they do for David Crocket. Some forty and more consuls, police officers, and understrappers persisted in writing their jaw-breaking names upon it, for which they charged me from one franc to ten francs each.

We were, however, received by Mr. Hodge with the greatest kindness, and every facility given us to see the

town to the best advantage. The gentlemanly officer came to our hotel with the latest New York papers, pointed out the places to be seen, gave us instruction as to our future course, and really conferred upon us a great favor. All our countrymen speak of Mr. H. in terms of approbation, and I am convinced that he is one of the few men who represent America in distant nations to the general satisfaction of travelers. Had Horace Greeley, who was so plagued with his passport all through Europe, visited Marseilles, he would have found, in our consul there, one whose urbanity and good nature go far to make the American in a strange land value and admire the government to which he owes his allegiance. Mr. Hodge is apparently about sixty years of age, frank and courteous, of great conversational powers, dignified in his bearing, well acquainted with the wants, condition, and prospects of the country to which he has been sent, and the hour spent with him is fresh and fragrant in my memory.

Marseilles has the most *outlandish* appearance of any city to which I had arrived. In the streets there was a promiscuous commingling of all nations. Here were the turbaned Turk, the unchristian Jew, the wandering Gypsy, the polished Parisian, the austere Englishman, and the inquisitive Yankee, coming and going on this great broad road from London and Paris to Naples and Rome. As you move about the narrow streets, your eye every where rests on strange sights. Here a milkman moves along the streets with his cows and goats, stopping at each door, and drawing milk enough for the family within; and they are sure that no water has diluted that. There men and women are sitting by their door steps burning coffee and chocolate nuts, to be used by themselves, or sold to others. Here fine flower

markets are held in the public streets, and there rich stalls of delicious fruit tempt the taste of the passer by. Priests and nuns are moving about, the former sleek and well fed; the latter, pale, modest, and saintlike.

On a high hill on the south of the town, looking out to sea, is a chapel dedicated to "Our Lady," which is a curious thing in its way. It is founded upon the ruins of a temple of the ancient Druids, and was built six hundred years ago. It is small, dark, and dingy, and is evidently not designed for public worship. It is now full of votive offerings, which hang there as the evidences of a perverted religious sentiment. Sailors when in danger at sea, and men and women when sick at home, make vows to the Virgin, and when they recover, or are delivered from peril, whatever it may be, are accustomed to bring some offering to this chapel. These offerings are of small value, and have reference and allusion to the peculiar circumstances in which the person has been placed. Here are many pictures — some representing a shipwreck, some a sick bed, some one scene, and some another. They are in value from five cents to five dollars. Here also are models of ships; strings of beads; crosses; clothing which persons had on when saved from danger; crutches which were used by the lame before their recovery; wax and stone hands, feet, and arms, contributed by persons who had lost such limbs, but whose health was restored. Some of these articles are very old, and some date as far down as the present year. On the chapel is a bell, beautifully chased without, and weighing twenty thousand pounds. The tongue is eight feet long, and must weigh near half a tun. From the flat tower of this chapel a fine view is obtained. On one side is the town, with its red tile roofs, public buildings, churches, and its narrow, wind-

ing streets; beyond, imbosomed in rich foliage and shady trees, are scattered on the hillsides six thousand country seats of the more wealthy people; and behind all are the bleared and cloud-capped mountains. On the other side is seen the beautiful Mediterranean — first, the docks, old and new; then the harbor, in which is the island where is the prison in which Mirabeau was confined in his youth by his austere parent, which confinement made him the ferocious man that he was. Beyond stretches the boundless blue, and we were told that on every clear day we could see out forty miles, which statement you may credit if you please. The harbor was covered with neat gondolas, with fancy awnings, and lazy occupants lounging in the shade, while out to sea were seen the larger vessels, the full-rigged ship, and the puffing, bustling little steamers.

On Sunday, I embarked for Naples on board the Ercolano. I was somewhat reconciled to the necessity of sailing on that day, from the fact that I could spend the time as profitably on the deep as on the land, amid the parades of soldiers, the firing of cannon, and the ringing of bells. The first sound I heard in the morning was the discordant echo of the drum, and the last which fell on my ear, as we faded from the land, was the boisterous shout of sailors on the wharf. So, muttering as well as I could, and to the best tune I knew, —

> "Thy temple is the arch
> Of yon unmeasured sky;
> Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
> Of grand eternity," —

I saw the busy seaport losing itself in the dim and misty distance.

I was amused now and then in noticing the habits of

the people. As we left the landing, a pleasant scene took place between some friends who had come down to see others off. When the intimation was given that we were about to start, these French people fell to kissing each other indiscriminately, fathers saluting sons, and mothers embracing daughters, brothers bringing their huge beards together, and a universal smacking taking place. Though I confess such a scene to be not exactly to my taste, yet I looked upon it as a beautiful exhibition of affection and regard, much better than the want of respect which is so often found among relatives and friends among us.

We had on board the Ercolano two full-grown, completely blossomed white friars, the first genuine ones I had seen. I had noticed monkery and priestcraft in Paris, but it was evident that the two fat, lazy, careless creatures we had with us trained in a company different from any I had seen. They were on their way to Rome, and one of them was the superior of his order, and was distinguished from his fellow by a ring, engraven with some cabalistic character, which he wore upon his finger. In other respects they were attired alike. They had on wooden sandals; white flannel trowsers of the coarsest texture and the most careless cut; a walking cloak, or chemise, or gown, which reached to the feet, of the same material; a rough leather belt around the body, to which were hung a few beads, a wooden crucifix, a small wooden skull, and a few other meaningless trinkets. On the head was a black nightcap, or something which would answer for it, covering a shaven crown. They seemed to be men of little energy or character. A blank, fadeless look, and an indifference to every thing around, seemed to characterize them, and they were objects of pity and contempt.

The sail down the Mediterranean is delightful. At one time, high hills and bluffs project out into the deep-blue wave, and then come sloping banks, at the base of which little towns and villages cluster, and whose sides are covered with verdure. On some of the hills can be seen the ruins of ancient fortifications which have fallen into decay, and which declare to the stranger the lessons of his own frailty.

Our passage down was rendered pleasant by the formation of new acquaintances, as we had on board several Americans and Englishmen with whom we had not met before. The time passed away in animated discussions upon various subjects, and those of us who loved the sea were not overjoyed when our steamer approached the land.

XXI.

GENOA.

After a passage of twenty-two hours, we entered the harbor of Genoa, and shot up towards the town, which is situated on the side of the hill, in a semicircle, forming a beautiful amphitheater of palaces. At a distance, the town looks small, and one would hardly imagine that it contained one hundred and fifteen thousand inhabitants, crowded into its toppling dwellings, which are piled story upon story, until they seem almost unable to stand alone. Passing around the light-house, we lay under the guns of the battery two or three hours, while some useless formality about our passports was taking place, when the *gens d'armes* graciously permitted us to land, extorting from us a fee, of course. We at length escaped from *gens d'armes*, tide waiters, commissioners, valets, and beggars, and reached the Hotel de la Ville, which was formerly a palace, built in Tuscan style, with a rough stone basement, upon which rose an elegant structure, to the hight of some five or six stories.

It was *fête* day when we arrived, and the lads and lasses were all out, arrayed in holiday attire. The latter were neatly dressed. The headdress was especially beautiful and becoming. It consisted of a thin white crape or muslin scarf, thrown over the head, falling

down upon the shoulders, and reaching nearly to the feet. These pretty women were moving through the streets, hanging on the arms of gayly-dressed soldiers, who are paid only a few cents a day for their services, or riding with fast horses along the crowded thoroughfare, and presenting a spectacle at once unusual and animating.

The churches of Genoa are very superb, and are filled with all sorts of trumpery, from the bones of a dead dog to a marble Beelzebub. The old cathedral is built in alternate layers of black and white marble, and is an interesting, though not a beautiful building. Here the superstitious Catholics claim to keep the bones of John the Baptist in a little chapel, under a marble sarcophagus. The bones are in an iron box, enclosed in another of marble. I ran my cane through a hole in the box, but could feel nothing like bones, nor could I start the old saint into life again, though I conjured him to speak. A great amount of money is raised upon these bones once a year, when they are taken out and a frolic held over them. In this cathedral is kept a dish, probably of glass, which the monks say is formed of a single emerald, called the *Sacra Catino.* Some affirm that it was presented by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon; others declare that it was the dish in which the paschal lamb was put at the great feast; and others still assure us that it was the dish in which Joseph of Arimathea caught the flowing blood of Jesus as he hung upon the cross. What nonsense!

Over the door of one church I saw the unhallowed inscription, "*Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana perpetua.*" The streets were filled with priests and friars, black, white, and gray, dressed very much like those we saw on board the steamer, but more filthy, many of them

barefoot, and contrasting strongly with the well-fed, portly priests, with their nice black robes and cocked hats.

Genoa has been called the city of palaces, and these are all open to public inspection. Strangers from every clime wander through halls still elegant in their desertion, and beautiful in their decay. Any person may rent a palace at a less cost than he can hire a decent tenement among us, and beggars now tread where nobles used to live.

We tried to inquire about Christopher Columbus, but were only laughed at for our pains. Nobody seemed to know him, or to be familiar with a name which is associated with the greatest nation in the world, and which is respected by every man of science and erudition. A few only in that city know that that name is connected with an enterprise more honorable than the most glorious victory ever won upon the fields of blood.

The people of Genoa are very fond of amusements. Feast days and festivals occur so often that one can hardly keep the run of them, and operas and concerts are in full blast through most of the year. A recent tourist[1] relates a circumstance to show the fondness of the Italians for music and mirth, which he himself witnessed in the opera. Clara Novello, the prima donna of the season, was singing and acting, when, in the pit and directly before the stage, "a man was suddenly seized with convulsions. His limbs stiffened; his eyes became set in his head, and stood wide open, staring at the ceiling like the eyes of a corpse; while low and agonizing groans broke from his struggling bosom. The prima donna came forward at that moment, but

[1] Headley, Letters from Italy.

seeing this livid, death-stamped face before her, suddenly stopped, with a tragic look and start, that, for *once*, was perfectly natural. She turned to the bass singer, and pointed out the frightful spectacle. He also started back in horror, and the prospect was that the opera would terminate on the spot; but the scene that was just opening was the one in which the prima donna was to make her great effort, and around which the whole interest of the play was gathered, and the spectators were determined not to be disappointed because one man was dying, and so shouted, 'Go on! go on!' Clara Novello gave another look towards the groaning man, whose whole aspect was enough to freeze the blood, and then started off in her part. But the dying man grew worse and worse, and finally sprang bolt upright in his seat. A person sitting behind him, all-absorbed in the music, immediately placed his hands on his shoulders, pressed him down again, and held him firmly in his place. There he sat, pinioned fast, with his pale, corpse-like face upturned, in the midst of that gay assemblage, and the foam rolling over his lips, while the braying of trumpets and the voice of the singer drowned the groans that were rending his bosom. At length, the foam became streaked with blood as it oozed through his teeth, and the convulsive starts grew quicker and fiercer. But the man behind held him fast, while he gazed in perfect rapture on the singer, who now, like the ascending lark, was trying her loftiest strain. As it ended, the house rang with applause, and the man who had held down the poor writhing creature could contain his ecstasy no longer, and lifting his hands from his shoulders, clapped them rapidly together three or four times, crying out over the ears of the dying man, 'Brava, brava!' and then hurriedly

placed them back again, to prevent his springing up in his convulsive throes. The song ended, and the *gens d'armes* entered, and carried him speechless and lifeless out of the theatre."

I slept one or two nights in Genoa, or tried to sleep. The hotel was a perfect bedlam; the streets were full of all sorts of noises; and in the house opposite the narrow passage was kept up a constant jabbering, which reminded me of the hideous jargon of the North American Indians, and more than once did I dream of the scalping-knife and the tomahawk, and start up to hear the merry laugh of a dozen young creatures, who, a few feet from my window, in the next hotel, were shouting, screaming, yelling, and dancing with all their might. When the people of Genoa sleep I do not know, but presume, from what I saw, that they are quite successful in turning night into day.

XXII.

LEGHORN — PISA — CIVITA VECCHIA — BAY OF NAPLES.

We took the steamer from Genoa one evening, at six o'clock, with the fair prospect of a dreadfully unfair night. The winds howled; the sky was dark and overcast; and the waves rolled and tumbled, dashed forward and backward, rose and fell, as if angry with themselves and the little puffing steamer which was endeavoring to struggle through them. Directly over the cabin, in which about thirty of us were pent up, were six horses, which kept up a continual kicking within a few inches of our aching heads. Once, during the night, the stalls in which they were confined gave way, and the affrighted animals went capering about the deck, to the consternation of the passengers below, who knew not the cause of the commotion above. The whole company, with a few exceptions, sprang up, supposing we were going to the bottom; and as they huddled together near the door, jabbering in five or six different languages, the scene was indescribably ludicrous. Order was at length restored, the horses were captured, and the steamer, in due form, went bustling into Leghorn about sunrise. At the Hotel San Marco, we found one John Smith, who served us with a decent breakfast, after which we walked about the town. Leghorn is a dull place, the stores and houses all bearing marks of decay. Business seems to be stagnant and dead, and we moved about amid deserted habitations and silent streets.

About twelve miles from Leghorn is Pisa, a town of much interest, containing about twenty-nine thousand inhabitants, out to which we went in the cars. The town was preparing to celebrate the day of its patron saint, which is the 16th of June. A grand illumination was to take place, and such preparations, on a scale so grand, I never saw before. The saint to be celebrated is San Ranieri, who died 1356. He lived a vile and wicked life, abandoned by God and all things good. Before his death, however, he became an example of piety. We wish we could say as much for all the canonized saints. He was indefatigable in his labors for the poor, and died respected and beloved by all. The preparations made to celebrate this day were fine. Every house seemed to be covered with framework from which floods of light were to blaze out.

The great objects of interest are the cathedral, baptistry, leaning tower, and Campo Santo. The cathedral is one of the most elegant in Italy. The doors are of massive bronze work. The interior is of alternate layers of black and white marble, giving it a unique appearance. The dome is finely frescoed, and fine paintings adorn the walls. In the nave hangs suspended a chandelier, once beautiful, but now black and time-worn, and suspended from the center of the dome above by a black, dirty rope. This chandelier suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum, which has since been applied to so much advantage to the world. The pulpit is of ancient order, and is a superb structure of richly-carved marble; and the whole church is wealthy with paintings, mosaics, and sculpture. It is in the form of a Latin cross, and is bedecked with ornaments magnificent and costly. Candles burn on the altars, and music echoes along the deserted aisles. As

we entered, a monk, with his face covered with a black nightcap, with holes for his hateful eyes to glare out, came to beg, and, in a piteous, whining tone, entreated us to give something to the *church.*

Near the *duomo* is the baptistry, which was built in the eleventh century. It is a large building, in the form of an immense dome, which rises to a hight of one hundred and seventy-nine feet. The external and internal appearance of the structure has great effect. The pulpit is a hexagon, and rests upon nine pillars, and is covered with basso-rilievo work. The basin is in the middle, and is large enough for ten or fifteen persons to occupy at one time. The whole appearance of the basin and the building gives unequivocal evidence that immersion was here performed. The same remark may be made of the baptistry at Florence, which is constructed on a similar plan.

Close at hand is the wonderful leaning tower, which has seven bells, and is two hundred and seventy-eight feet high. We ascend by a winding staircase, and from the top enjoy a fine prospect of the surrounding country. The deviation is from fifteen to eighteen feet; and as I stood looking down, the danger of falling appeared so great, that I was glad to descend as soon as possible. One naturally clings to the rail of the gallery as he looks down from the dizzy elevation upon the earth beneath, which seems to be passing from under him. Whether the tower was built as it is, in a leaning position, or whether the foundations have settled, is a matter of question, nor can an examination settle the point. I incline to the latter opinion, which accords with the view taken by most travelers.

This group of buildings, with the Campo Santo, forms one of the most interesting objects of study and

interest that can be found in Italy. The leaning tower is in itself a wonder, and the whole group, where millions of dollars have been expended, deserves a visit from every person who goes within a hundred miles of the spot.

Returning to Leghorn a while, we wandered about, and at length went down to the steamer, determined never to set foot on the soil of that place again. The ways in which the people contrive to get at the pockets of the traveler are legion. You are compelled to pay as you enter the port, and as you leave it; as you go to a hotel, and when you come away, shaking off the dust of your feet. You can neither eat, drink, or sleep, walk, or play, without being charged for it. Contrary to our expectations, we were thrown into this place again, a while after, and took breakfast at Hotel du Nord, where we were detained, abused, fleeced, and, at length, fed. Before we went away, the keeper of the hotel, or rather a servant, for the keeper was a woman, requested us to write some recommendation in his commonplace book, that he might show it to other American travelers who should happen to fall into the hands of the official and unofficial plunderers of Leghorn. This was too much; and one of our company sat down and wrote the following lines, to which we all appended our names: —

Five strangers, from a foreign shore,
Took breakfast at Hotel du Nord;
Our names, which may be found below,
Our homes and destination show.
We've had our trials and vexations,
Delayed by Tuscan regulations.
Taxed, cheated, foiled at every stage,
Scarce can we contain our rage.
Patience; a few short months, and we
Shall hail a land of LIBERTY

We gave the book to the servant, who could not read a word of it, and, supposing it to be, instead of the truth as it was, a lying compliment to his house, done up in poetry, and signed by five respectable names, took it with a profusion of bows and nods, unintelligible thanks, and gracious smiles.

Leaving Leghorn, after our first visit, we set sail for Civita Vecchia. As we went out of the harbor, a boat manned with galley slaves rowed across our bows. There were fifteen of them, chained together, and to the boat. They were dressed in red flannel frocks, and wore caps of the same material. They were all murderers; and it would be interesting to converse with them, and draw out the personal history of each, and learn how, step by step, the amiable and virtuous young man descended from respectability to the daring deed for which he wears the chain and lives in prison.

CIVITA VECCHIA,

the next town at which the steamer stops, is one of the most disagreeable in Italy. I said there was one place worse than Avignon; this is it. We were not allowed to land on our way down the coast, but unfortunately went there on our return. We arrived in a diligence from Rome about midnight, and pursued our way to the Hotel Orlando, the best in the place, but wonderfully poor at that. We found all asleep; but, by storming the citadel, we at length aroused the inmates, who came down to us grumbling and scolding in a most furious manner. By dint of Italian, French, English, and Cossack, we finally made them understand that we wished to go to bed; but for a long time it remained doubtful whether we should succeed. Antonio called to Alfieri, and Alfieri shouted to Scipio

and Pompeius, and they together ran after Signore, who came, at length, and put us four into two as dirty chambers as was ever the lot of unoffending travelers to fall into. However, we had each a bed, minus sheets and pillows; and, as the insides were altogether too bad, we threw ourselves upon the outsides, and in a moment were as comfortably asleep as filth and fleas would allow. We might have remained asleep about ten minutes, when a disturbance in the entry gave signs of an assault upon our dormitory. A violent pounding upon the door was heard, and a man and woman, in an unknown tongue, demanded admittance. What was to pay we did not know, and, for a while, we let them work. But it was "no go," and my companion, in no enviable mood, sprang from the bed, exclaiming, "I'll know what the matter is!" and, throwing open the door, he confronted the servants, with sheets and pillows for our beds. Giving them a good round scolding, of which they understood not a word, he shoved the door in their faces, turned the key, and threw himself upon the bed, which creaked and groaned beneath the burden, while the discomfited servants went away puzzled to know why Signore should wish to sleep in a bed full of fleas without sheets.

In the morning, our baggage was examined by the custom-house officers. Mine passed without much trouble; but a friend had in his trunk an oration which he had delivered a while since in New York, before some society that requested its publication. The official found a copy of this printed document, and thumbed it over a while without being able to know whether it was incendiary or not. His eye was attracted by the word "Society," on the title page, and his mind conjured up some terrible danger in having

that little pamphlet in a man's trunk going through Italy. Thus he detained us an hour or two, when he told the owner to call at the police office at a given hour,—I believe the next day,—and he could have his book. But we declined waiting so long; and for aught I know, the authorities of that abominable place are gravely investigating the contents of my friend's oration up to the present time.

Pursuing our way down the Mediterranean, we at length arrived at Naples. We were called up at sunrise to gaze upon the finest prospect ever presented to mortal sight. We had passed a troublous night. Nameless insects had been disturbing our dreams, and it was with unfeigned delight that we heard the cry, "All up! We are entering the bay." I went on deck; and though I had expected a beautiful view, the reality more than equaled the idea which I had pictured to my imagination. The full, yellow moon was setting behind us, in the dim and shadowy west. On one side was Naples, and all around the watery amphitheater were stretched goodly cities in one continuous and unbroken course. In the background towers Vesuvius, the object of deepest interest, like a giant amid its rocky compeers, a dim and indistinct cloud hovering around its summit. The first view of Vesuvius was not what I had imagined; and Rev. Mr. ———, at my side, exclaimed, "What a cheat!" and turned away, half vexed that the old mountain was not bellowing, and thundering, and pouring down its torrents of lava upon the plains below. We were all unprepared for its quiet, modest, inviting look, though we might have expected it. But as we gazed, the peak seemed to rise higher, the cloud appeared to expand, and in a little while, with the slight aid of imagination, I confess I

had the Vesuvius of "the books" before me, and was disappointed no longer.

The Bay of Naples, gazed upon from the sea, or from the surrounding shores, is an object of great interest; and long we stood enraptured with the charming arrangements of nature and art. The beauty of the bay arises from a variety of circumstances. Its form is regularly curved, and all around are shining palaces, looking down upon its shores, and off upon its waters. Behind the towns and villages, the hills and mountains rise abruptly, and seem to stand as high towers charged with molten torrents, which they are ready to pour out upon the surrounding country.

On reaching the harbor of Naples, we were perplexed a while with the inconvenient and unnecessary arrangements of the port. Every thing seems to be designed to extract money from the traveler, and delay him in his journey. The landlords and the police seem to have entered into copartnership to pillage the purses of all who wish to enter the city. We escaped, at length, from the "port plague," and soon found ourselves in a comfortable hotel, where the gentlemanly proprietor used every endeavor to render our visit agreeable.

Naples has about three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and is a very fine city. On approaching it from the sea, one would hardly imagine how many human beings are huddled together. The streets are narrow; the houses rise story on story, until they lose themselves from the view of the gazer, and both streets and houses are crowded with as miserable and dirty a class of beings as can be found in Italy. The lower order of Neapolitans are very meanly clad, and approach a step nearer barbarism than any I had

previously seen. The men wear a coarse crash shirt, with coarse trowsers, which are tied around the waist with a cord. An old straw hat completes the rig. The legs and feet, from the knees downward, the arms, from the elbows, and the shoulders, brown and sunburnt, are generally uncovered. As to shoes, they are a luxury or a superfluity which the poorer people seldom indulge in. The women dress correspondingly, and are seen moving through the streets singing, with loads upon their shoulders which would almost break the back of a donkey.

The better class, however, dress very neatly; and on gala days the crowded streets present a gay and brilliant spectacle. The soldiers in uniform, with waving plumes, and the young women, with their muslin scarfs, and gay, laughing features, give a showy appearance to the whole town.

I found a home for a few days at "Hotel de New York," my windows looking out upon the mountain and the bay. Hour after hour have I sat and gazed upon that fine sheet of water, terminated on the right by Cape Misenum, and on the left by Cape Minerva, and closed in and guarded by the Island of Capri, while a succession of hills sloping to its shores forms what the Neapolitans call the "water crater."

The city of Naples is twelve miles in circuit, with ample fortifications; three hundred churches; forty asylums for the poor and orphans; with a vast variety of objects connected with the past and the present, to interest the traveler, and make him feel that the sentiment of the Neapolitan enthusiast, who exclaims, "*Vedi Napoli, e poi mori*," is not altogether a vain boast, or a mistaken idea, as we shall find in a few succeeding chapters.

XXIII.

RAMBLES AROUND NAPLES.

HAVING secured lodgings in the city, we engaged a *valet de place*, who told us to call him Joseph, and went out to explore the old ruins in the vicinity. The city was very gay and cheerful, it being the feast day of some saint, whose name and virtues I did not learn. The streets were full of people, and it was with some difficulty that we threaded our way out into the country. The festivity of the occasion brought out in squadron the famous Italian lazzaroni, who met us at every step, and ran along after us, sometimes for miles. This class of persons are a great source of annoyance to travelers. They rush out from the roadside, men, women, and children, uttering the most piteous cries, and hold up a torn hat or a filthy hand to receive the penny which you throw into it. Of all the specimens of humanity I ever saw, these were the most miserable. Deformed, crippled, bleeding, they were at once the most disgusting and pitiable creatures imaginable. Suffering and dying by the wayside, they cast imploring looks and utter imploring cries to every traveler. No human heart can withstand the appeals made by these objects of destitution and want. But while many are really needy, the great mass are undeserving of charity. They are strong men and women, who might work if they were disposed, but prefer to practice imposition upon the stranger. They perform all

kinds of tricks to secure a little money, and are ready to steal at the most favorable opportunity. We saw blind beggars who could see if a piece of foreign money was given them; cripples who could run faster than our horses while there remained the least chance of their receiving a gift; dumb men who could curse you in two or three different languages if you refused to aid them.

Escaping from these, and riding by the palaces of the king, the theaters, and several noble buildings, we leave the city by the grotto of Posilippo, a road dug out under a mountain, half a mile long, one hundred and fifty feet high, and wide enough for three carriages to drive abreast. It was hewn out at an immense expense of time and labor, and was probably the work of slaves; perhaps of the early Christians, who, incurring the displeasure of the pagans, were sent here to toil and die on the public road. As we entered the grotto or tunnel, a hermit rushed out, an odd-looking, dehumanized being, who besought charity. We gave him a contemptuous look, and drove on.

Emerging from the grotto, we ride through a country which bears various marks of volcanic influence. Hills have been cast up rudely by the wayside, and mountains overhang which look as if they had recently been disgorged from the bowels of the earth. The ruins of houses which have been shaken down by eruptions appear along the way, broken aqueducts and baths, and all the evidences of spoiled art and ruined luxury. On the side of one of these volcanic hills we saw at work, hewing stone, a party of convicts, clad in thin blue clothes, with a chain passing from the waist to the foot. These convicts are not obliged to work. They receive pay for what they do — five or six cents

a day. Those who are laborious and diligent are released, about one fourth of their time being remitted. Thus, if a man is sentenced for twelve years, he not only receives his wages, but is liberated at the expiration of nine years. A guard of soldiers were stationed over them, so as to render escape impossible.

After an hour's ride, we arrived at the ancient town of Puteoli, where Paul tarried seven days, when he was on his way to Rome. The old Bridge of Caligula, now in ruins, remains, and the pier at which Paul landed is pointed out. The path which led to the Appian Way, and that famous old road itself, are visible. I seemed to dream, to be so near scenes and places consecrated by their connection with the labors and sufferings of the great apostle to the Gentiles. The interest felt in palaces, cathedrals, and volcanoes died away when we arrived amid the memorials of the servant of Jesus.

Passing through Puteoli, we rode along the borders of Lake Avernus, surrounded by forests in which Strabo says the Cimmerians, a race of fortune-tellers, lived in caves never lighted by the rays of the sun. On the banks is the Temple of Apollo, where Æneas went to consult the sibyls and the gods; and the forest behind is that in which he found the golden branch. The lake is small, its noxious gases said to be fatal to the respiration of birds, and its depth eighty-five fathoms. It is a very respectable frog pond, and is more romantic in the lays of the old poets than in any reality.

We went down into Sibyls' Cave, which retreats from the shores of Averno, and enters the bowels of the mountain. Leaving the glorious sunlight, the clear air, and the beautiful scenes of nature, we took torches made of hemp, rosin, and tar, four feet long and two

inches square, and descended through a long, dark passage, begrimed with soot and smoke, slimy and slippery, damp as death, and hissing with reptiles. This long passage leads to the Chambers and Baths of the Sibyls, which were once dry, and beautifully decorated and frescoed. By a late irruption, water has been let in to the depth of about two feet. We were forced to explore these chambers on the shoulders of men. Several hideous, dirty, filthy-looking old fellows had followed us some miles for the purpose of taking us in; and when we had reached the water, we mounted each the shoulders of a cicerone, and on we went. The scene was a most laughable one, and, withal, somewhat serious. The waters splash, as the men pass along; the torches gleam and cast out an unearthly light; our human horses keep up an incessant sound, half way between a snort and a groan; and the caverns below us seem to echo with the music of the sibyls, whose beautiful forms have departed, but whose spirit voices seem to linger in their ancient halls. I do not wonder that one traveler who went in in this way began to "imagine that he was sitting astride the devil's neck, and being borne along the road to the infernal world."

Our friends at home would have enjoyed the spectacle, could they have stood in the Sibyls' Chamber, and seen us enter—Mr. ——— dragging his legs in the water, and Rev. Dr. M. striking his nice white hat against the smutty ceiling, until it was nearer black than white, each holding on to the grizzly hair of the animal we rode, expecting every moment he would stumble and pitch us we knew not where.

Having reached the chambers, we reposed a while where once Nero came to see the sibyls; then remounting, we soon found ourselves again in the world, safe

escaped from Tartarus, well satisfied with our ride and with what we had seen. The men who had run after our carriage, and had carried us down into the cave, demanded only a few cents for their labor, which we cheerfully paid, though I freely confess that riding *such* horses is not to my taste.

Leaving the lake, we passed on to the Baths of Nero, where a rude old man, stripping off his clothes, descended ninety feet, by a winding passage, and came back covered with perspiration, and fainting with exhaustion, bringing a bucket of boiling water from the boiling springs, in which we cooked an egg. We could not enter ten feet without being driven back by the sulphureous heat which is emitted by the volcanic elements below. Two or three rooms remain, and exhibit traces of former beauty and art; but the whole grotto now bears more of the appearance of being the cave of some frightful hag, who lives upon the fears of others, than the royal baths of a great emperor.

Moving on, we came in succession to the Temples of Diana, Mercury, and Venus, which are now in ruins, and have few traces of their former magnificence. The capille de Venus, or "Venus hair," is creeping over the broken walls, and covers the spot where once stood the altar. The green lizard and the asp have made their abodes here, and the hollow echo of the past comes back from the walls and broken domes. We reach next the Baths of Venus, which retain more of their original beauty, and which, with the spacious anterooms, are covered with bass-reliefs and frescoes of much perfection.

We next reach the immense reservoir connected with the Julian Port. This vast relic of Roman times was built to supply fresh water to the fleet which anchored

in the bay. The water was brought from the higher land, and here reserved until it should be needed. The arches of the reservoir are supported on forty-six immense pillars, and the whole structure must have required a great amount of labor and time. In this vicinity are the Elysian Fields and the River Styx, immortalized by Virgil, and so often sighed over by romantic young men, when they begin to read the classics.

Nero's prisons are also near. They look like the bloody monster — fit memorials of his fiendish cruelty. His baths, hot and cold, were not enough to wash his stains away. We reach the entrance of the prisons, or Hundred Chambers, as they are called, by a long, narrow street, in which half-naked men and women are at work, play, or asleep, lying down on the side of the way, with pigs and dogs, defying you, in many cases, to tell which is man and which is beast. The prisons are under the spot where once stood the villa in which lived Julius Cæsar, and in which Nero killed his mother, like the fiend he was. It does not remain to perpetuate the memory of the wrongs committed in it; they are recorded on the pages of history. We entered several of the chambers. They are about eight feet wide and twenty long. A passage leads from these prisons, which are wholly under ground, to the sea, through which prisoners were taken, and cast down, mangled and torn, into the waters beneath. The very walls seem to sweat blood, as we passed from dungeon to dungeon, unadorned by a window or inlet for the fresh air, and lighted only by the flambeau carried by our guide. Criminals and Christians, confined for vices and virtues, have died here, and these walls have echoed with curses and prayers.

As we came down the hill, we stopped a while to rest at the door of a tolerable-looking house, and in a moment were surrounded with women and young girls. I counted twenty-one at a time, varying from ten to ninety years of age. Their object was to beg, which they did in an unknown tongue. One or two young girls went away and brought us simple bouquets of flowers, which they wished us to purchase. These bouquets were of the rudest character, and some of them as unsavory as mullen. When we left, two young creatures ran by the side of our carriage nearly two miles. One of them was begging for my handkerchief, which I certainly should have thrown to her, had I not been so far from another, and the day was so hot, that such an article was indispensable. She was a dark-complexioned, black-haired creature, with eyes fit for a princess, which sparkled as she ran along the road, casting up the dirt with her bare feet, and tossing back the hair from an intellectual forehead.

On returning towards Naples, we visited several ruins at Pozzuoli — the ruined Temple of Justice, with its marble pavements, its broken columns, forty-two of which were from the land of mythology, the large basin yet remaining in which the blood of human victims was caught, its arena and its marble seats almost as perfect as ever. The Temple of Neptune, a vast edifice, gives one a good idea of an old Roman amphitheater. Its form is oval, and the walls rise ninety feet from the level of the arena. Seats are all around, rising one above another to the top of the wall; and a canvas was stretched over the whole, for a roof to protect from the sun. Twelve thousand persons could be seated with ease, and perhaps many more. In vaults below were cells and dungeons, in which men and beasts

were kept preparatory to the gladiatorial exhibitions. On a slide, or elevator, they were lifted up into the arena, and man and beast stood face to face. Many a Christian has been torn to pieces on this pavement, while his death cries have furnished amusement for the degraded people. The very cell in which St. January, the idol of the people, was chained, is pointed out, and the pillar, now fallen, is shown us. Every cell has some tale of horror to unfold, and every pillar yet seems to groan beneath the silent inscriptions which are upon it.

Leaving old temples, all in ruins, of the description of which you may already be weary, we come to Lake Agnano, a sheet of water about three miles in circumference, situated near Pozzuoli. The lake is in the bed of an extinct and settled volcano, and the waters are very deep. At every eruption of Vesuvius, these waters rise and fall, showing a connection with the awful doings of that volcano, though it is between twenty and thirty miles distant.

On the shores of the lake are several grottoes, which are objects of considerable curiosity. One, the Cavern of Charon, now the "Dog Grotto,"[1] derives its name from the fact that dogs are here made the subject of a curious experiment. In this cave, a vapor rises from the ground which is fatal to life. A torch brought into contact with it is immediately extinguished, and a dog bound and thrown upon the ground will die in two minutes. The dog that was put in on the occasion of our visit remained about eighty seconds, and was, at the expiration, unable to rise. A pistol, loaded in the best manner, would not discharge itself when held near the ground.

[1] Grotta del Cane.

Near by is an "Ammonia Grotto," or a cave in which ammonia gas rises from the ground. The earth is cold, and yet an intense heat arises from it; and, though no draught of wind can be perceived, one feels all the heat and gentle influence which are derived while standing over the register of a large furnace. The effect of inhaling the gas is highly exhilarating, and one would soon become intoxicated, as with opium or ether. When I came out, my head felt dizzy, my feet light, and for a moment they seemed debating whether they should not exchange places with each other; but the fresh air soon decided in favor of the old way.

On the shores of this lake are sulphur baths, where one needs no fire to keep him warm. The apartments are small, rude, and covered with incrustations and saline deposits, and are formed by the sulphureous gases, and it was not difficult to imagine how soon a confinement in one of them would scorch the rheumatism out of a poor man's limbs, or sweat the palsy out of his painless sides. The idea, however, of "taking a sweat" in one of the drawing-rooms of Mount Vesuvius is somewhat novel. The region all around is volcanic; and, in many places, the earth is so warm, that, a few inches below the surface, the hand cannot be laid upon it. There are also old Roman remains, which yet linger to tell the story of the past.

As we rode into Naples, after a visit to Agnano, we saw a novel and characteristic exhibition of the Catholic religion. Just on the outskirts of the city, a wooden cross, with a representation of our Savior hanging upon it, was set up. The whole figure was exceedingly rude and uncomely, and looked like any thing but the Savior of the world. A priest was on a little elevated platform beside it, declaiming vehemently, and frequently

pointing, with a look of rage or sorrow, to the crucifix. As his speech went on, two monkish-looking creatures were handing round the plate for the carlines. The people were uncovered, and the rude rabble who swept by took off their hats, and murmured some word of approbation, as they passed. The two monks stopped all who were willing to contribute; and if begging is any evidence of devotion, they were eminently pious. With long faces, they moved about among the crowd, thrusting the plate into the eyes of every one who looked as if he was the possessor of a single piece of money, uttering a sort of whine, which evidently was meant for an expression of religious fervency. Our guide uncovered his head as we passed, but told us, when we were out of the way, that he had no faith in that scene, though he acknowledged himself to be a devout Catholic.

XXIV.

THE CHURCHES OF NAPLES.

When Sabbath dawned upon us in Naples, the question arose, "What shall we do, and where shall we go?" and, after a consultation, we concluded to spend the day in visiting the churches and cemeteries — about as good use as we could make of the Lord's day in such a city. The churches here are finer than those we saw in Rome, with a few exceptions. They are spacious and splendid, filled with costly ornaments, and glittering with the wealth of ages. The effect, as we entered the Church of the Jesuits, was almost overpowering. On an altar near the door was stretched a wax figure, which was laid out in lifelike resemblance of the Savior. The head was covered with thorns; the blood was oozing from the side; and around, above, and beneath flashed out a hundred lights upon the dim shadows of the church. The sacrament was being administered by a priest who was arrayed in most costly robes. Around the altar were about two hundred persons, who were on their knees. A golden plate was handed to one, who held it under his chin while the wafer was laid upon his tongue. When he was sure that the article was safe, the plate was handed to the next person, and so on. Crowds were coming and going all the time, and when one priest became weary, another took his place. All around the church were confessionals, in which were kneeling penitents

engaged in devotional exercises. I noticed here that no woman came to the sacrament with her head uncovered. If she came in with uncovered head, as was frequently the case, having on no bonnet, she threw her scarf or handkerchief over her head while kneeling at the altar. Forty-six Jesuits are said to be in attendance upon this church all the time. Their cloisters are near at hand, and they live in idleness and crime.

The next church[1] we visited — no matter for the name — was founded by Charles of Anjou, and is one of the finest I saw on the continent, and is under the care of the monks, who have a convent adjoining. The eye could turn in no direction, from the pavement beneath to the ceiling above, without resting on marble, silver, or gold. Ten thousand men could move about with ease beneath the bending arches and along the spacious nave. It contains two pillars, of white marble, brought from Jerusalem by the crusaders; splendid tombs, in which repose the ashes of several of the princes of Arragon. Behind the great altar, separated by a door from the church, is the chapel of the convent. The door is iron trellised work; and we were allowed to gaze through upon the nuns, who were at their devotions. They were all clad in neat, Quakerish dresses, and looked modest and pious. They seemed to be of all ages, from the pale, delicate girl of sixteen, to the thin, wrinkled old lady of eighty years. The services in this church were very captivating. Three monks were singing; and such power in music I never heard before. Awe seemed to pervade the heart, as the streams came echoing back from the resounding aisles,

[1] Santa Chiara.

like the harmony of heaven. It is only when we follow these monks into the sacristy, and see them there, that the delusion dies away.

Leaving this splendid edifice, we entered another nameless chapel,[1] where we found several works of art which draw much attention from strangers. Here we found the "Dead Christ," a statue of the Savior reposing in death after his crucifixion. At his feet lie the spikes, the hammer, and the thorns. Over the form is thrown a delicate veil, so thin and gauzelike that we can seem to see the perspiration upon the body. The illusion is complete, and the beholder instinctively reaches forward to remove the covering from the face. This exquisite work is as large as life, and is carved from one piece of marble. The monk who opened the doors told us a monkish story, something as follows: An English noble wished to purchase this piece of statuary, to remove to England, and offered for it its weight in gold and silver, in equal proportions, but was refused.

In another part of this chapel, which was originally dedicated to Diana of the Ephesians, is a statue of Vice, covered with a rope network, which he is endeavoring to tear off, in the doing of which he is assisted by an angel. As I approached the figure, the illusion was so complete, that I seemed to be able to put my hand beneath the network, which appeared to be separate from the person. A globe and some books are beside the statue, all of which are carved from one piece of marble. On the pages of the open book was the following appropriate inscription — Nahum i. 13: "For now will I break his yoke from off thee, and

[1] Santa Severa.

will burst thy bonds in sunder," with others from the Bible and from the Apocrypha.

Opposite the figure of Vice stands Virtue, as delicately carved, but the design is not so clear and striking as its opposite. Behind the altar is a piece of statuary representing Christ giving sight to the blind. It is of one piece of marble, and is fifteen feet high and eight feet wide, and is an object of study and admiration to the Christian and artist.

Hurrying out of this chapel, we went into a church which had once been used as a pagan temple, and around which yet lingered the memorials of paganism. The altar was covered with vases of silver flowers, six feet high. Paintings and sculpture were displayed to advantage. One fine painting represented the burial of the apostle Paul. He was dressed in ecclesiastical habits, and several shaven-headed monks were putting him into a splendid coffin. If Paul had known that he would have fallen into the hands of monks after his death, I doubt whether he would have said, "To die is gain."

We next came to an edifice which our guide called the Church of the Black Prince; and, before I came out, I thought he was correct. A monk met us at the door, and took us around among the bowing worshipers, to show us the pictures and statues. He made more noise and talked louder than his brother priest who was at the altar. We followed him, clattering over the marble pavement, stepping over the legs of the kneeling penitents, clearing as well as we could the rich dresses of the ladies, and behaving as well as we could under the circumstances. We went into the sacristy, behind the altar, where is an ivory crucifix six feet high and one foot wide, several fine paintings by

the old masters, and boxes and drawers for the robes of the priests. As well prepared as I was for any display of duplicity on the part of the priests, I was surprised at the want of gravity and decorum of these men, when, as their work was done, they came into the sacristy to exchange their gewgaw garments for the robes of the monks. The whole appearance of things in this church was bad. Vice seemed to sit throned in priestly robes; the church was a playground; the priests actors and showmen. Pagan idolatry was out shone by Papal pride. I saw an altar boy dipping his bread in a basin of consecrated water, and taking up the sacred fluid, and drinking it from his hands. There was not even the show of decency on the part of the priests, and a company of low actors in a theater dress-room could not have exhibited less signs of piety.

We next went to the cathedral. This structure appears more modern than many others, in consequence of having been repaired. It was formerly a pagan temple, and near the door at which we entered was an urn which once contained the blood shed in sacrifices. This church is the center of Papal influence in Naples. The principal object of interest is St. January's Chapel, which is a small room, separated from the nave by a brass gate, which, we were told, required the labor of two men forty-five years to build it. The interior of the chapel is very richly finished; the dome small, but very superb. The altar is of gold and precious stones, and nothing but a *fee* will uncover it. In the sacristy are kept forty-six silver busts, as large as life, of St. Antonio, John the Baptist, and others. These busts belong to other churches, and on the various feast days are carried out in procession. Behind a statue of St. January is an oratory, where a golden bust of the saint

and a bottle of his blood are kept. It was told us that, when St. January was killed for his love to Jesus, a woman caught his blood, and preserved it. A part of the blood was taken to Spain, and the remainder to Naples. The portion brought to Naples was bottled, and, with the golden bust which contains the skull of the saint, or somebody else, is shut up in a silver tabernacle. The bust is separated from the blood; and it was told us that, when the skull and the blood are brought into contact, a miracle is produced. The coagulated blood liquefies as soon as it is brought to the bust. The dead skull owns the dry substance, and responds to its appeal. The miracle is performed three times every year — the first eight days of May, the first eight days of September, and the 16th of December, which is the annual feast day of the saint. Our profane eyes were not allowed, of course, to see this sacred blood, which is guarded with great care. There are two ponderous locks to the tabernacle; one key is kept by the bishop, and the other by the governor of Naples; and if one lock is picked, the other remains safe. The whole chapel is full of relics and statues of great worth, and must have cost an immense sum of money. The gate alone cost about thirty thousand dollars, or thirty-two thousand ducats. The high altar, an immense block of porphyry, with cornices of silver inlaid with gold, and the paintings, many of which are by the famous Domenichino, must have been purchased at a vast expense.

I presume we might have seen other relics, and perhaps witnessed some of the miracles, if we had been willing to have paid the price. The Italian priests will perform almost any miracle, if you will pay them enough to rig out the machinery. Money is the key

which unlocks the doors of churches, shows you the way into convents, makes you acquainted with priests, and takes you into every place of interest; and I doubt not some of the monks would undertake to procure you some of the veritable blood of our divine Savior for a good round sum.

It is a wonder how so many men of apparent goodness and undoubted scholarship can be deceived by the priests and monks. Their tricks and artifices are so shallow, their miracles are so absurd, their pretensions are so preposterous, that we, who have been educated under the influence of the Bible, fail to see how intelligent men can be so blinded. The delusion of the people is a striking illustration of the influence of early education and the force of long-standing usages and precedents. Well, mind must wake up ere long. God speed the day!

XXV.

CATACOMBS — CEMETERY — TOMB OF VIRGIL.

The catacombs are the sepulchers of ages, and one trembles as he enters the dim and dark vestibule. These catacombs are dug out under hills, through rocks and ledges, and extend into the country for miles around. They are excavations, made at first, probably, for the sand and stone which were taken out, and at length were converted into sepulchers, and finally were the abodes of darkness to which the afflicted Christians fled in the times of bloody persecutions. The main entrance to the catacombs is reached by passing along through a pile of buildings used for charitable purposes. On one side of the street or passage is an institution for aged and indigent men, and on the other a similar charity for orphan girls. These men and girls are let out for service sometimes, but more generally as mourners at funerals. They are employed in great numbers to weep, and wail, and groan, in which delightful work they succeed after a short course of instruction. On such occasions, the men are dressed in a peculiar uniform, consisting of a blue cloak and mourning hat. They carry a halberd and a small banner, with the coat of arms or the name of the deceased upon it. The girls are designed for nuns on their becoming of sufficient age, but are often sold by the church to make wives for those who cannot secure partners in any other way. A rich gentleman

sees and fancies one of these girls, and the church, ever ready to line her coffers, consents to let her go for a consideration, which varies according to the ability of the person to pay. At the entrance of the catacombs is an arch, in which are ancient frescoes painted several hundred years ago, and representing scenes in the life of St. January. One of them represents his martyrdom, and the Neapolitan woman is seen with a bowl in her hand, catching the blood as it falls from his wounds.

The catacombs are in three stories or stratums, hewn out of the rock, running under the whole city, and extending as far as Pozzuoli. All along these arched subterranean passages are niches cut in the walls, just large enough for the corpse, whether it be man or child The ceilings are adorned with mosaics and frescoes. Some of these are pagan and some are Christian, teaching the lessons of several different ages. Little monuments, with inscriptions, one to the god of gardens, are set up here, and they seem to speak and live as the red glare of the torch falls upon them. Joseph told us that one of the passages had been explored twenty-nine miles, which may possibly be true. These tombs, now decaying, filled with bones and ashes, have melancholy tales to tell as the stranger goes down into them. They have been used alike, in times past, for prison, sepulcher, temple, and palace. Kings and slaves have fled to them; pagans and Christians, in turn, have sought this refuge — a refuge which the boldest dare not invade. Here has been heard the groan of the murdered victim, and anon has the song of Jehovah's children made the very walls give back sweet music. Beneath these dim arches men have bowed in hopeless despair, and here have they turned with love and reverence to

the mighty Maker of us all. It required no effort of imagination to bring back old scenes; and while I stood in the flickering light of the torch, which, as the guide moved on, now seemed to blaze out with supernatural brightness, and anon to die away as if about to go out, I heard again the cry of the disciples as they came rushing on, followed by the hounds of Nero and his bloody minions. It became louder and more terrible as rank after rank of the followers of the Nazarene threw themselves, covered with blood and dust, into the dens and caves of the earth. Down they rushed into deeper darkness, where no sun could pierce the gloom. Then heard I, too, the wild psalm, chanted in an unknown tongue by those strange choristers, as they found themselves in a place where none dare follow them. It came in stronger, wilder, and more sublime strains, echoing along the walls, and breaking on the ears of the pursuing soldiery, who thronged around the mouth of the passage.

From these burial-places of the past, we pursued our way to the new cemetery of Naples, as near as I could judge in the north-east part of the city. Here a beautiful lot of land is laid out, with great neatness and regularity, for burial purposes. It is so unlike our cemeteries, that a description may not be uninteresting. It was laid out several years ago, in the time of the plague, when burials in the churches and in churchyards were deemed dangerous. It is located on an elevation, from which is obtained a very fine view of Vesuvius, the broad, beautiful Bay of Naples, and the surrounding country. Each of the churches in the city, or the most distinguished of them, has here a chapel designed for burials. Any person paying a yearly fee to the church can be buried in one of them

when he dies, and have a number of masses said for the rest of his soul. The chapels are small, say fifty feet square. In the center is a deep vault, and along the sides are burial-places. When a man dies, he is brought here and buried, and a mark set up to designate his grave. Men are allowed to sleep here fifteen months, and children seven months, when they are dug up to make room for others, and their bodies cast headlong into the vault beneath, where they are consumed by quicklime. In the walls of the chapels are a large number of niches. A wealthy person can purchase one of these niches, which is just large enough for the entrance of a coffin: this is put in, sealed up, and a marble slab placed over the spot, to tell whose bones are concealed and plastered in there. These bodies are never removed; but the exorbitant price demanded of the purchaser prevents all but a limited number from enjoying the benefits of the place. The Catholic who pays an annual sum to the church will also have his funeral expenses borne, and forty or fifty hired mourners will howl around his grave, and hypocritical priests will come and perform mass over him.

There are also deep vaults, capable of holding thousands of bodies, in which persons who do not fee the church are thrown, without burial service or priestly chant. The largest of these vaults has one hundred and eighty-three openings, and one of these is thrown up every two days, and all who are brought are cast down, and lime thrown upon them, where they speedily decompose. No mode of burial could be more terrible than this. No hymn is sung, no prayer is offered, no service is said; but, like a brute, the noble creation of God is cast into a pit, which seems like the yawning mouth of hell, and there consumed. The progress of

civilization is always attended with care for the burial-fields of the dead; and the higher the refinement, the more delicate and chaste will be the expressions of interest in the remains of a perishing humanity. The brutal habit of the Neapolitans, with ground enough to bury millions, seems to me to savor much of the barbarism of the dark ages, and I turned from the pit with horror.

The cemetery also contains garden lots, in which bodies can remain fifteen months, when they are dug up and thrown into the vaults. Thus multitudes in Naples know not where to find the bones of father or mother. In their grief they have no tomb over which to weep, but every idea of the dead must be terrible in the extreme. The body is cast headlong into a pit, and is consumed by quicklime, while the soul is sent to a purgatory dependent upon the prayers of the priest and the alms of surviving friends. I can see the Catholic religion trifling with the living with some degree of allowance; but the idea of such horrid mummeries over the souls of the dead, who are in God's hands, when penance and Popery, mass and monkery, are alike unable to affect them, is one which is abhorrent to every principle of our nature. Twenty-five monks attend this burial-place, keep it in order, and do as much work as one American could easily perform. They live in an adjoining monastery, and employ their time in saying masses for the dead.

In another part of the city is the tomb of Virgil, which we visited one morning at sunrise. It stands over the entrance of the grotto of Posilippo, in a spot to which the ashes were removed by Augustus. We pushed our way out of the city, up the hill, passing through an unpoetical old gate, into a garden fragrant

with flowers, and shady with fig, chestnut, and palm trees, to a little arch-like building about twenty feet long and fifteen feet wide, over which the ilex tree, so loved by Virgil, casts its shadow. The garden in which the tomb is was once a Protestant burial-field, and a few of the broken tombs still remain. The ashes of Virgil have been removed. The urn which once stood in the center of this rude apartment is also gone, and the old cave alone is seen, with a marble slab erected by a foreign prince, to tell where once the ashes of the poet reposed. The Catholic church can afford to decorate the tombs, and build marble monuments over the resting-places of monks and villains; but a name known to the world, associated with works read by every scholar in every land, is allowed to remain unhonored. And we thank them for it. A friar, with his holy water and his wooden skull, at Virgil's tomb, would excite the indignation of every one who had read the works of Virgil. His writings are his sufficient memorials, and he can afford to do without a splendid sarcophagus.

To life in Naples there is no harmony. The widest extremes meet, and wealth and poverty are strangely mixed together. The indolent, filthy habits of the people, the wretched lazzaroni, the stupid monks, all render the place disgusting and odious. That it is beautifully located, that it has fine palaces, that it is richly adorned by every work of art, all admit; but all these will not counterbalance industry, temperance, frugality, domestic government, cleanliness, and happiness. The soft Italian skies, and the highly-finished Italian palaces, are worth but little, under such a government, to people with such habits. The cold, stormy climate of New England, whose bleak hills are snow-covered and

not vine-clad, is more inviting than the voluptuous ease and indolent refinement of Naples. To me there is but little poetry in temples dedicated to Mercury, Venus, and Bacchus, now broken down and filled with serpents and reptiles; in palaces, at the doors of which women sit in filth and wretchedness, raking out the matted and tangled hair which grows upon the senseless pates of each other; in riding on the shoulders of greasy, dirty men, into the caves which, if we may believe the poets, the beautiful limbs of the sibyls were wont to repose; in nightly assassinations and daily debauches; in the dirty feet and shaven crowns of the friars; in bright-eyed daughters of Italy who do not know their own mother tongue; in the streets where flowers and filth, fruit and folly, are seen in delightful kindred, and where one third of the people we meet remind us of the plague in pantaloons, and the small-pox in the unwashed chemise of the maiden. Poets may breathe their tender lays, and with professional license portray Naples as one of the outposts of paradise itself; but to me it will be associated with a fallen, degraded, dishonored, enslaved, and besotted people.

XXVI.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

I HAVE wandered in melancholy spots, where tears were man's most appropriate offerings; I have seen the tombs of Columbia's most honored dead, shaded by evergreens, and mourned over by the drooping branches of the weeping willow; I have moved amid the charnels of those whose names yet live in our most delightful recollections; I have crossed the ocean, and stood in the old Abbey of Westminster, where, amid the faded wreaths of poetry, the scattered laurels of ambition, the broken scepters of royalty, Death sits, a tyrant on the throne of skulls, sporting with the plaything MAN; but nowhere have deeper streams of mournful thoughts poured into the mind, than when listening to the eloquent teachings of the past in the deserted streets of death-smitten Pompeii. Here are a nation's sepulchers — the palaces of its senators and the hovels of its slaves, all buried in a single night, and forgotten for centuries.

Pompeii lies north-east from Naples, at a distance of about twelve miles, and at the time of its destruction was a considerable city. It was noted for the beauty of its dwellings and the intelligence of its people. To it philosophers resorted, and men of the schools made it their abode. It was a wealthy city, and in easy elegance lived its voluptuous inhabitants, the slaves of

sensualism and dissipation. Beyond general facts, but little of its history is known; and the remains which are now being exhumed are proving false many of the opinions of historians and antiquarians.

The city was partly shaken down by an earthquake, A. D. 63, but the enterprising inhabitants soon repaired their shattered tenements, and erected their theaters and halls of justice with more beauty and elegance than before. But their work was vain. A few years rolled on, and a more general destruction occurred, and the history of Pompeii came to a sudden and terrible end. A. D. 79, the surrounding hills gave evidence of convulsions. The lakes and ponds in the neighborhood were affected. They rose and fell; retreated from the shores, and anon dashed up again upon the banks. Strange, unearthly sounds, like the rumbling of a thousand chariots over hollow pavements, were heard. Now and then, an opening chasm, emitting sulphureous clouds, which hung like a sable pall over the doomed city, would be seen; and at intervals a jet of flame, thrown into the air, would fall just without the walls, as if the mighty powers below were at play with the fears of men. The people, alarmed for the moment, soon returned to their pleasures. The theater was thronged, and the places of amusement found many attendants. The busy crowd hurried to and fro, engaged in the various purposes of life. The priests of Isis and the followers of Jesus met each other in the street, and the music of the temple was echoed back from the walls of the theater and the gates of the forum. The approach of danger only sharpened the appetite and increased the desire for enjoyment; and while the volcano was preparing to bring its artillery to bear upon their habitations, they were shouting over the wounded

gladiator, and singing bacchanalian songs in the temples of their divinities.

But at length the hour came; and from the summit of the mountain flashed terrific lightnings, forked and fiery, and forth came a shower of ashes which darkened the sun; a torrent of water came down boiling upon the plains below, and a more fearful stream of molten matter, which directed its course towards the villages and towns which yesterday resounded with shouts and songs. The scene must have been one of indescribable and awful grandeur. That old mountain quaking and trembling, and belching forth huge masses of rocks and scoria, which, dashing against each other in the air, scattered into fragments, and, falling upon the beautiful villas in the neighborhood, set them on fire; the streams of boiling water and sparkling cinders, mingling and falling heavily upon the house tops and in the streets; the changing character of the whole scene, from lurid brightness now to dense and dismal darkness then; the long, hurried procession of slaves, with torches and treasures, hastening with their masters down to the sea; houses reeling and falling, crushing to pieces the fugitive in his wild flight; nobles and beggars alike asking for aid in vain; the wild outcries of the followers of Jesus, who imagined that the day of doom had come, and were uttering notes of warning; the pillage of houses vacated by their owners, by men who were unterrified by the convulsion of the world; and all the fearful phenomena of nature which that day were witnessed by the flying sensualists of Pompeii, — must have thrown over the whole an aspect of unutterable terror, equaled by nothing in the history of the world since the flood and the conflagration of Sodom.

A true and accurate narrative of the burial of the

two cities has been given by the younger Pliny, in a series of letters to a friend. They were written in answer to certain questions which were put to him in relation to the death of his uncle, Pliny the elder, and portray the scene to our minds with great distinctness and probable truthfulness. In one of these letters, he says, —

"Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for, if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance, — notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works, — yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal works will greatly contribute to eternalize his name. Happy I esteem those to be whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents, in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands, and should, indeed, have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was, at that time, with the fleet under his command, at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud, which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had

just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and, after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study. He immediately arose, and went out upon an eminence, from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not, at that distance, discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine tree; for it shot up to a great hight in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches, occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself, being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner. It appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house, he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the immiment danger which threatened her; for, her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea. She earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical he pursued with an heroical turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board, with an intention of assisting not

only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain, that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice stones, and black pieces of burning rock. They were likewise in danger not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return again, to which the pilot advising him, 'Fortune,' said he, 'befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus.' Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for, though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet, being within the view of it, and, indeed, extremely near if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation. He embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits; and, the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready, when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or, at least, (what is equally heroic,) with all the appearance of it. In the mean while, the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed

out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages which the country people had abandoned to the flames. After this, he retired to rest; and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for, being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out. It was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress, they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two — a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out, then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them. It was now day every where else; but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night, which, however, was in some degree dissi pated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go down farther upon the

shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea; but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drank a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was laid for him, when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up, with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead — suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor, having always had weak lungs, and being frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time, my mother and I, who were at Misenum —— But as this has no connection with your history, so your inquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death: with that, therefore, I will put an end to my letter. Suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter and a history, between writing to a friend and writing to the public."

In answer to another letter from Tacitus, requesting still further details of the terrible catastrophe which destroyed so many human lives, and buried so many cities in the ruins, Pliny writes again, as follows: —

"The letter I wrote you concerning the death of my uncle has roused, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers surrounded me during that dreadful scene.

'Though my shocked soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.'

My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies which prevented my going with him until it was time to bathe; after which I went to supper, and from thence to bed. There had been, for many days before, some shocks of an earthquake, which the less surprised us as they are extremely frequent in Campania; but they were so particularly violent that night, that they not only shook every thing about us, but seemed, indeed, to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court, belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was, at that time, but eighteen years of age, I knew not whether I should call my behavior, in this dangerous juncture, rashness or courage; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author. Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered; and though we stood upon open ground, yet, as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without great and certain danger. We therefore resolved to move out of town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and as, to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own, pressed in great crowds around us on our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots

which we had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated backward and forward, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth. It is certain, at least, that the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with an igneous, serpentine vapor, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger.

"My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do. As for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible. However, she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her; and, taking her by the hand, I led her on. She complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantities. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we yet had any light, to turn out of the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path, when darkness overspread us — not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights extinct. Nothing there was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, some for their parents, others for their hus-

bands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together. At length, a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be the forerunner of an unusual burst of flame, as in truth it was then the return of day. However, the fire fell at a distance from us. Then again we were enveloped in darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged, every now and then, to shake off; otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. At last, this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object which presented itself to our eyes seemed changed, being covered over with snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night, between hope and fear, though, indeed, with a much larger share of the latter; for the earthquake still continued; while several enthusiastic people ran up and down, hightening the calamity by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and which still threatened us, had not thought of leaving the place till we should receive some intelligence from my uncle."

The first traces of the buried cities were discovered in 1738, by Charles, King of Spain, who conquered Naples, and made Portici, a town which is built upon the ruins of Herculaneum, his residence. In sinking a well, three statues were found, which led to explorations,

and resulted in the discovery of the long-buried city. In 1750, Pompeii was discovered, after having remained concealed from view nearly seventeen centuries. Herculaneum was buried by the lava storm, which poured along the streets, deluging the houses, consuming the verdure, and overwhelming every sign of life and beauty. Owing to the fact that this city was destroyed by lava, but few excavations have been made. The work is so slow and tedious, and requires so much labor and expense, that but little has yet been done. A goodly town is also built upon the spot, and the habitations of the living rise upon the tombs of the dead.

With lighted torches, we went down the rocky pathway into an old theater, which has been partially exhumed, and which still shows us the magnificent proportions and splendid decorations of this temple of pleasure. Beautiful houses have also been discovered, in which works of art in a state of wonderful preservation have been found, and brought forth from their rocky sepulchers to become the study of the antiquarian, and the object of curiosity and amusement to the traveler. The most important discovery made in Herculaneum was sixteen hundred and ninety-six papyrus rolls, which were brought to light about a century ago. They are covered with inscriptions almost unintelligible as yet, but which may in future furnish important historical information to the scholar. The rolls are so charred, that thus far all attempts to unroll them have been nearly or quite in vain, only a small number of them being legible after the process is completed.[1] Some of the most noted scholars of modern times have been employed to interpret these literary remains, but with

[1] The authors of these works are Phanas, Colotes, Polystratus, and Epicurius, Philodemos, Demetrius, others.

no success that corresponds with the time, labor, and expense of the undertaking. All future excavations made here will be slow and tedious, and meet with every obstacle from the inhabitants of Portici, who are naturally averse to having the town undermined, and its foundations hewn away. What lies beneath, none can tell; what temples, what theaters, what exquisite works of art, what noble designs, what buried treasures, must long remain unknown. The work of destruction was not completed by one eruption. The stratified crustation shows that again and again the waves of fire have rolled over that doomed city, and the present quiet appearance of Vesuvius is no indication that lightnings will not again burst forth from its fiery bosom. The excavations now made only need a new earthquake to fill them up, and Portici only waits a new eruption to sweep its palaces away.

Pompeii was buried by a shower of ashes, and the work of exhuming it has been more speedy and successful. Thus far about forty acres have been dug over, and streets, dwellings, and public buildings are laid open. These ashes fell so fast that many had no opportunity to escape, or were buried in the streets as they were pursuing their way to the distant sea. Thus far some three or four hundred skeletons have been found, while countless others may yet be lying in those parts of the city which have not been disinterred.

The impression made upon my mind by a walk through the streets of Pompeii time can hardly efface. The pavements, the houses, the columns, as they were when, eighteen centuries ago, the torrent fell upon them, are on every side. The shops of the traders, with the signs still up; the frescoes on the walls, as bright and lively as ever; the mosaics of stone and

shell, clear and distinct; the various evidences of exquisite taste and finish, — all seem like a dream, when we are told that the hands that made them trembled in death before the crucifixion. The houses of Pompeii were generally of one story, or if a second story was erected, it was used for storage, or for slaves. A large number of apartments, halls, and open courts were on the ground floor, and frequently many of the rooms were entirely uncovered, and designed entirely for pleasant weather. The stranger, finding admittance through a spacious entry, (*vestibulum*,) would find himself in an open area, paved with marble or wrought in mosaics, from which, on all sides, are doors leading out into dining-room, (*triclinium*,) reading-room, (*tablinum*,) bed-chambers, and saloons for various purposes, in number and splendor corresponding with the taste and ability of the possessor.

We entered Pompeii by the famous Appian Way, and passed by the spot where the skeleton sentinel was found in his armor, standing at his post, having scorned flight, choosing to die in discharge of duty rather than leave the city unguarded; and also, near by, where a mother and her three children were found, the position of the group being such as to show that the last act of maternal love was an attempt to save the children at the sacrifice of her own life. We were pointed first to the house of Diomede, whose story poetry has woven into its song, and on which fiction has founded many a thrilling tale. The remains of this rich man's residence indicate that it was one of great splendor. In the now deserted halls were once heard the pattering feet of the dancers, and from the gay abode gleamed out at night the dazzling radiance of the festival. The house stands near the mountain, and was probably

buried as soon as any other part of the city. When it was disinterred, the remains gave vivid witness of the last scene in the awful play. It is evident that the occupants of the house, finding themselves cut off from flight, or supposing that the storm of fire and ashes would soon abate, retired to the subterranean passages below, with lights, and food, and wine, and there perished. Seventeen skeletons were found pent up in these vaults, whither they had fled for safety and protection — alas! their sepulchers. One of them was an infant, whose little form still clung in death to the bony bosom of her who gave it birth. Another was the little daughter of Diomede, the impression of whose rounded chest, made in the consolidated scoria, still is shown at Naples — the flesh consumed, but the bust remains to tell even the texture of the dress, as well as the finished beauty of the neck and arms. Two others were children, and when they were unburied, "some of their blond hair was still existent."[1] In the common fear, the usual distinctions of life were forgotten, and the mistress and her slaves were huddled together, distinguished, seventeen centuries after, only by the jewelry which still hung upon the stiffened skeleton of the former.

Diomede himself evidently made an attempt to escape, but was not successful. He was found in his garden with a bunch of keys in his hand, and near by him a slave, with some silver vases and several gold and silver coins. With what he could seize upon, the wealthy proprietor of the beautiful villa, attended by his trusty slave, left his family, who dared not follow him, and sought safety in flight, but only hastened his terrible end. His vast wealth, his humble slaves, his

[1] History of Pompeii.

offices and honors were not respected by the descending fragments of rock, some one of which probably struck him to the ground, and terminated his earthly existence. At a little distance from his terrified family he gasped away his breath, denied the consolation of perishing in the arms of those who loved him.

Near one of the gates in another part of the city, two men were found with their feet fast in the stocks. They were condemned to sit there a few days, but an awful Providence turned the sentence into one far more terrible; and there, for seventeen centuries, they sat, ere friendly hands came to undo the stocks and let them out. In that awful hour when the city was destroyed, no one remembered the imprisoned criminal. The burning cinders, the scorching ashes, and the boiling water fell upon them, rising now above the stiffened limbs, now to the armpits, now to the chin, now to the lips, until all was over, and their prison was their tomb. Their calls for aid none would heed. Their companions in guilt, their jailers, their judges had alike fled for safety, and none came to set them free.

Passing up the street from the gate is the house of Sallust, which was once a magnificent structure; and the remains still bear many marks of beauty and finish. The rich pilasters, the carved images, the pavements, and the walls still indicate the opulence of the former owner. The most remarkable thing about this and many of the other houses of the city is the unusual richness and freshness of the frescoes, some of which, though buried many centuries, seem as distinct and clear as if painted yesterday. Some forgotten and lost art is buried here; for scarcely would a modern fresco last so long under the most favorable circumstances; but these have resisted not only the streams of boiling

water and the showers of ashes, but also the steady, onward march of ages, which with ceaseless tramp have been wandering over them.

The house of Pansa is traced out, well arranged, spacious, and splendid, even in its ruins. The doorway still remains, with its beautiful Corinthian pilasters; and the interior of the house, though broken and defaced, has many marks of its former elegance. The mosaics which yet remain, when the dust is removed from them, are found to be very beautiful, and show a carefulness of design and correctness of finish which would do honor to the skill and taste of a later age.

The house of the tragic poet, so called, which was exhumed in 1824, is an object of great interest. The various apartments are full as the walls can hang with historical paintings. As the stranger crosses the marble threshhold and enters the hall, a chained fox dog, looking fiercely and preparing to spring, causes him almost to retreat in dismay. Farther on he sees various paintings, illustrating the customs and manners of the ancient inhabitants. The walls seem to speak forth eloquent words, and the longer one gazes, the more is he surprised at the accuracy of the work before him, and its wonderful preservation amid the changes of the past. Here is Jupiter wedding the unwilling Thetis to a mortal; the priests of Diana engaged in preparing for the human sacrifice; the great chariot race between the gods; the battle of the Amazons; and many others. Many of these paintings are being removed to Naples, where they are visited by thousands, who gaze upon them with wonder.

The houses of the great and little fountains, so called because fountains are the most prominent things found in them, and many others of persons known to have

been residents at the time in Pompeii, are pointed out to the traveler as he pursues his way along the tomb-like streets. The identity of these houses may be somewhat uncertain, and the paintings may not represent the scenes which they are now supposed to delineate; but this does not detract from the interest, or lessen the melancholy pleasure we feel in every object which engages the attention.

The shops are as interesting as the houses, and are more definite in their character. There yet remain some signs by which the different places of trade, and the various warehouses, are distinguished. Statues and paintings, illustrative of the different articles used, manufactured, or sold, and the different modes of operation, tell you where to find the shop of the baker and the house of the butcher. Three bakers' shops have been uncovered, in which are the ovens ready for use, the mills in which the grain was broken, the kneading troughs, the various articles used in the making of bread, and the bread itself, well done since it has been baking so long over the fires of the volcano. The bread, of course, and the baker's articles, have been removed to Naples, and are on exhibition there. The loaves are flat, baked in moulds, and some of them are stamped with the name of the maker. They vary in size, from six inches to twelve inches in diameter. The ashes in which they were burnt baked them to a crisp first, and then preserved them.

The shop of the apothecary, with all his implements, has been found in a tolerable state of preservation; and various other evidences of the trade of the city were found remaining when the excavations were made. These all show that the arts were more perfect in Italy, under the reign of pagan emperors, than under the

oppressive enactments of the pope. The course of the people has been downward for centuries. The public mind has been enslaved, the public conscience has been seared, and the public hand has been palsied. The sweet voice of music, and the more rude sound of the hammer, have alike been hushed, and the noble faculties of the artisan have been turned to the construction of infernal machines, to rack humanity out of the children of God.

Thus far I have spoken only of private residences and places of trade; but these are not of most interest. The public offices of Pompeii, which have already been uncovered, enable one to form the most correct estimate of the splendor of the city. The Temple of Isis, eighty-four feet long and seventy-five feet broad, must have been a structure of great magnificence. It is so perfect that the arrangement and construction of the building can be discovered with ease. The private staircases and the secret tabernacles, the vestures and the sacred vessels, have been found. The altars on which the human sacrifice was burnt, and the oratory in which his bones and ashes were put, have come down to our times. The Doric columns which once formed and supported the portico, the broken statue of the divinity, and the various adornments of the temple, have been examined and identified. Near the door of the temple was found a skeleton of one of the priests, drawn into the temple, perhaps for plunder, and perhaps for devotion, at the awful hour when the city was being overwhelmed; the ashes, pressing against the door without, rendered escape impossible. What were his feelings none can tell; but the position of the form shows that he struggled terribly for life. A hatchet was in his hand, and on the walls, one of which he

had beaten through, were marks where he had been endeavoring to cut his way out of prison, but in vain. The thick wall resisted all his efforts; the ashen rain fell faster; and the noxious gases, sifting into his narrow sepulcher, soon destroyed his life.

In another place, a priest was found sitting at the table eating. The remains of his dinner were before him. The remnant of an egg and the limb of a fowl[1] tell us on what he was making his repast. Driven in from more public duties, he sat down to eat, thinking the storm would soon cease. Now and then, as he hummed a low tune, or breathed a superstitious prayer, he looked out upon the mountain that thundered, lightened, bellowed, and blazed full before him, and wondered what new display the gods were about to make. And there he sat, the room insensibly filling up with the vapor, which soon destroyed respiration; and, bowing his head upon his hand, he fell asleep, to wake no more. The temple was soon covered with the ashes, which, forcing their way into the room, made a winding-sheet for the victim.

In another room, a priest was found with a handful of coin, which he had probably stolen in the hour when fear prevailed in every breast. Stopping to count his treasure, or to look for more, he stopped too long; and, with the spoils in his hand, he died. Other priests were found, enabling us to conjecture, from the positions in which they were, that death came very unexpectedly, while they were attending to ordinary duties. Who they were, and how they felt, none can tell; but when ages had rolled away, they were found in the temple of their idolatry, victims at an altar where they had often caused human blood to flow in torrents.

[1] Cleaveland's Visit to Pompeii.

The stranger visits in succession the Theater, the Pantheon, the Forum, the Senate House, the Temple of Justice, all of which are so far perfect, that the purpose for which they were used cannot be mistaken. They are generally built of brick, and covered with marble and stucco, and, in their day, must have been beautiful in the extreme.

The Amphitheater is a vast stone building, four hundred and thirty feet long and three hundred and thirty-five feet wide, oval in form, and used for gladiatorial shows. In the vaults below were kept the beasts and the unfortunate men who were compelled to meet them in deadly combat. A skeleton found near the Amphitheater is supposed to have been a gladiator who was in the arena at the time, or who was waiting for the storm to subside, in order that the assembly might convene. But he encountered a more terrible foe than the lion chafed and wounded. Death met him, and the gladiator fell in such a contest as he had never engaged in before. His weapons were powerless, his strength useless; and he lay down to die, with scarcely an effort to withstand the giant against whom he was contending.

The streets of Pompeii are generally narrow, some of them having raised footwalks. They are commonly paved with lava, and are well worn. It seems as if ages had roamed over them before they were buried up. You walk them, looking up now to stores, and then upon public buildings, remembering that here was found a skeleton crushed under a falling column, and there, under the ashes, were found a mother and her babe. The appearance of the city is much as one of our most beautiful modern cities would be, if, on some terrible night, it should be covered up by a shower of

ashes, stones, and lava, and, after a while, should be dug out and uncovered, and should be found with the roofs all broken in, the windows and doors gone or shattered, and the walls standing, with the stone fronts and fine columns, in many cases, uninjured. Something as one feels when he walks though a street the houses on both sides of which have been shaken down by a tornado, or swept by an extensive conflagration, leaving nothing but rocks and ruins, tenantless walls and crumbling remains, does he feel when pursuing his way through the streets of Pompeii. He does not wish to speak; the spirits of the past seem to be around him; he converses with forgotten ages, and leaves the spot saying, "I have seen a vision." Again and again does he turn back, gazing first on the destroyer, and then on the destroyed. Fancy again rebuilds the city, makes it active with life, and vocal with pleasure and industry. The Temple of Isis, of Jupiter, of Venus, the Forum, the Amphitheater, the houses of the noble citizens, are all as they were ere the terrible overthrow. He looks upon the mountain, which, while he gazes, becomes agitated and troubled. Down its sides flow torrents of lava; from its summit, around which shadows and specters dance, pour the shower of ashes and the tides of boiling water which fall on the city below. Consternation seizes the people. One loud, mighty cry — "To the sea! to the sea!" — arises from priest and poet, gladiator and senator; and out they sweep, masters and slaves, leaving behind them houses and lands, and, in many cases, sick and aged friends. Still he gazes; but the people are gone, the mountain is quiet, and nought remains of Pompeii but forty acres of ruins, and a vast pile of sepulchers, which are covered with the dust of eighteen centuries.

The articles of household furniture, and such like, are deposited in the Museum at Naples, and are rich in their variety. The building itself is a magnificent one, and its contents are all interesting as antiquities. We passed through some fifteen or twenty rooms and galleries, each one devoted to some particular collection of relics. Here are the rooms for mosaics and frescoes, filled with well-preserved paintings of men, birds, beasts, reptiles, graces, sibyls, angels, and devils which have been found in the exhumed houses; the statuary rooms, eloquent with the stately forms of kings, warriors, priests, and senators; the Egyptian rooms, with many a curious thing from the land of the Pharaohs, such as mummies, male and female, in the different stages of unrollment; the jewelry rooms, where are rings, pins, cameos, of all sizes, and of immense value, taken from the limbs of the skeletons found in the cities which Vesuvius destroyed; the room for cooking utensils, of all kinds, from a tin pot to a cook stove; and so on, to the end of the catalogue. Time would fail to describe the objects of interest which, after the burial of centuries, are here classified and arranged, to the amazement of all who visit the place. Here is the petrified body of Diomede; a statue found in the Temple of Isis; an alabaster jar of fragrant balsam, nearly two thousand years old, in a tolerable state of preservation, as it was taken from an apothecary shop; chandeliers from the house of Diomede; the ancient stocks in which the two skeletons were found made fast; the skull of the sentinel, in his rusty armor, as he was found at the gate, on duty still in death. Besides these, we saw eggs, meat, soup, bread, fruit of various kinds, so wonderfully preserved, that none could mistake them.

What new wonders will be discovered, what other skeletons will yet be found, what new revelations will yet be made, none can tell; but doubtless, as street after street and building after building are uncovered, new developments will be made, and new light thrown upon the dark history of the past. The articles already disinterred teach us the perfection to which the arts were carried by the ancients, and show us a remarkable similarity in many of the household utensils of the past and the present times. I regard the day spent in visiting Pompeii, and the night previous, which was employed in climbing the sides of Vesuvius, as the most remarkable of my whole tour. The scenes witnessed are the greenest and freshest in my remembrance, and doubtless will be the last which will be obliterated from my memory. I seem still to walk the streets of Pompeii, and gaze upon the relics of the past.

XXVII.

VESUVIUS, THE DESTROYER.

This mountain is thirty-six hundred and eighty feet high, and for ages has been the scene of violent convulsions, which have increased in frequency with the lapse of time. The first of which we have any authentic account is that which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. This was followed by other and less destructive eruptions in 203, 472, 512, 685, 993, 1036, 1306, 1631, 1730, 1766, 1779, 1794, and more frequently during the present century. Some of these have been very violent and destructive, and have carried terror through all the towns and cities which lie scattered around its base. That of 1794 shook down and overwhelmed the houses of Torre del Greco, a town of some twenty thousand inhabitants; that of 1822 sent forth such showers of ashes, that they were flying for more than a hundred miles, and the sun was darkened at noonday the region round about. Almost every year, the mountain shows some fearful signs and utters its terrific anathemas.

We set off to visit it, one night, about midnight. As we took our places in the carriage, a fine balloon, splendidly illuminated, ascended from a distant part of the city, like a globe of fire burning over our heads a while, and was finally lost in the clouds. It was sent up in honor of some saint; but we enjoyed it as much, as we rode along, as if it were a tribute of

respect to our worthy selves. We drove as far as Portici, where we exchanged our carriage for horses. I had never rode horseback an hour in my life; and the idea of climbing up the side of the mountain in this way did not please me. However, the *gentle* horse was given to me, and I mounted with some forebodings. Neither of us could boast of horses; for five such looking creatures are seldom brought together; but as they were the best we could get, we started in sing*ular* file, Joseph leading off. We had driven out about a quarter of a mile, when the animal I rode, without cause or provocation, in as fine a street as ever was, plunged headlong upon the pavements, sending me sprawling upon the stones, to the great amusement of my companions. I succeeded in getting up myself, with a bruised knee and an aching head; but my horse, gentle creature, waited to be helped up. We finally got him upon his feet, when I persisted in exchanging with the guide, who was riding a nice little creature, and which, after a deal of scolding, he gave up. I mounted, and found my condition vastly improved; and we again set forth. For some time, the ascent was gradual, the road winding and wide, passing along by cultivated fields and rich orchards; but as we approached the mountain, these evidences of fertility were exchanged for a state of indescribable barrenness. The beds and fields of lava, now spread out as if leveled by the hand of man, and anon rising in dark red walls on every side, cast a dreary gloom over the whole prospect; and we were glad to stop, now and then, to gaze down upon the beautiful spectacle below, which stretched itself from the foot of the mountain to the shores of the Bay of Naples. Still on we went, by the Hermitage and the Observatory, up into more desolate

fields, where not a green spot nor a single vine appears to relieve the eye or detract from the desolate scene. There are some places, however, on the sides of the mountain, where grows a vine of the grape of which a wine is made called *Lachryma Christi*, or the "Tears of Christ," which is said to be very delicious, and which is sold at a very high price. Up higher we ascended; our poor beasts picked out their way amid the fallen blocks of lava, now leaping across ravines, and then rubbing their sides against the torn and ragged masses, until the bridle became useless, and we gave ourselves up to the instincts of the animals on which we rode. About three hours after starting from Naples, we arrived at the base of the cone, and fastened our horses in the crater of an extinct volcano, or rather an old crater of the still trembling and fiery Vesuvius. And now commenced our toils. The cone is desperately steep, and we were obliged to clamber up over rough, rolling pieces of lava, which are set in motion as the foot treads upon them, and frequently three steps are taken backward where one is set forward. For a while, we toiled up the steep without assistance; but, at length, we called to several men trained to the work, who started with us from the base of the cone, who handed us leather thongs, one end of which was fastened to their own shoulders. Accustomed to climbing, they moved on rapidly, and gave us much assistance. The tedious work lasted an hour, when we found ourselves at the summit, and standing on the verge of the terrible crater, just as the sun arose in all its beauty, and poured a flood of golden light over the mountain and the surrounding scenery.

At a distance, Vesuvius looks like a sugar loaf, with a small flat surface at the summit, from which a cloud

of smoke is continually ascending. On reaching the apex, we find that what appears to be a level plain is a tunnel-shaped crater, with its yawning mouth about one third of a mile across, and verging to a conical point in the center. The morning was a very fine one for our view, as we stood on the east side, and looked across the crater towards the west, which was considerably higher. The ground under our feet was hot, and little crevices were emitting steam and smoke. The beds of sulphur, spread out all around, look pleasingly fearful; and the idea of the thin crust giving way, and letting the traveler down into the ever-churning vortex below, will enter the mind, and haunt it with forebodings of no very agreeable character. As we stood there on the verge of the crater, the deep below sent up its clouds of mist and steam, which now ascended towards heaven, and now, hovering over the mountain, completely enveloped us in the sulphureous gases. We gazed down into the awful cavern from which have poured forth, in days agone, the desolating stream which has carried terror to defenceless homes and stricken hearts. The appearance of Vesuvius now is different from what it was when by it Pompeii was destroyed. It changes its form with every passing age, and spreads wider the barren covering upon the surrounding country. Strabo, in his time, speaks of the volcano as rising behind the beautiful cities on the shores of the sea, "well cultivated, and inhabited all around except its top, which was, for the most part, level, and entirely barren, ashy to the view, displaying cavernous hollows in cineritious rocks, which look as if they had been eaten in the fire, so that we may suppose this spot to have been a volcano formerly, with burning craters, but extinguished for want of fuel."

But now, instead of being cultivated and fertile, the sides of Vesuvius are desolate, and the red masses of lava have a cheerless appearance. Far down the mountain, these fields of rough, uncomely pieces of lava, lying as they fell when the mountain was convulsed, are absolutely forbidding and painful. Previous to the destruction of Pompeii, that city stretched nearly up to the summit of the volcanic mountain. Beautiful villas were seen far up the wooded sides, looking down with smiles upon the habitations below. But now the villas and towns seem to be retreating as far as possible from the destroyer, and shrinking away from the base of the terrible engine of destruction. As we stood upon the verge, or walked around the crater, we cast stones into the abyss, which, rolling down the sides, gathered great velocity as they went, and tumbled into the cavern below. From the time they disappeared until we ceased to hear them strike, and rattle, and rebound, with a sound as of breaking glass, we counted eighty seconds.

We took our breakfast on the summit of the mountain. Our guide had brought with him some eggs and other articles of food, which we devoured with an excellent appetite. Our eggs we cooked in one of the little veins beneath our feet. With a cane, the soil was opened, and the eggs put in and covered up, and, in a few minutes, were taken out well roasted, and ready for our rocky table. While we were taking our singular meal, our guide related to us an account of a visit made by him to Vesuvius, some years since, when it was in a convulsed state. He acted as guide to a party of scientific gentlemen, who were engaged in philosophical investigations. When they arrived near the crater, they found several parties who had repaired to the spot for the same purpose. For some days, the

signs of an eruption had been visible; and, as they drew near the summit, the very earth seemed ready to open and let them fall into its bowels. For a while, they enjoyed the spectacle with no apprehension of danger, though the experienced guide urged them to descend. At length, a few puffs of smoke, as black as midnight, followed by a stream of fire, with the sound as of breaking thunder, issued from the mountain, and the lava, scoria, and ashes fell all around them. Three were smitten down at once, one having the flesh stripped from one side of his body almost entirely. Then began a disordered retreat, in which eleven persons were killed. They commenced the descent upon the broken, rolling pieces of lava, and soon falling headlong, and tumbling over and over, were found below, mangled and dead. This tale added, if possible, to the awful emotions with which we gazed down into that lake of liquid fire, which had burnt there for ages in its exhaustless dominion; and as we turned our eyes downward towards the fearful cavern, on the rim of which we sat, we almost expected to see it send forth its tide of burning ruin upon our own heads.

A traveler visiting Vesuvius when it was more agitated than when we saw it, says, —

"It was a marvelous scene, that vast black valley, with its lake of fire at the bottom, its cone of fire on the top. The discharges were constant, and had something appalling in their sound. We were almost too much excited for observation. Now we looked at the cone of green and gold that sank and rose, faded and brightened, smoked or flamed; then at the seething lake; then at the strange mountain of lava; then at the burning fissures that yawned around. There were yet some remnants of day; a gloomy twilight, at least,

revealed the jagged rim of the valley. Down we went, down, down, to the very edge of the boiling caldron of melted lava, that rolled its huge waves towards the black shore, waves whose foam and spray were fire and flame! An eruption evidently was preparing, and soon indeed took place. We missed the sight; but what we saw was grand enough. A troop of heavy black clouds was hurrying athwart the sky, showing the stars ever and anon between, 'like a swarm of golden bees.' The wind roared and bellowed among the lava gullies, while the cone discharged its blocks of burning lava or its showers of red sparks, with a boom like that of a bark of artillery."

Another, giving a description of the mountain when in a more terrible state of convulsion, writes, "I was watching the motions of the mountain from the mole of Naples, which has a full view of the volcano, and had been a witness to several picturesque effects produced by the reflection of the deep red fire which issued from the crater and mounted up in the midst of the clouds, when a summer storm, called here a *tropia*, came on suddenly, and blended its heavy watery clouds with the sulphureous and mineral ones, which were already, like so many other mountains, piled over the summit of the volcano. At this moment, a fountain of fire shot up to an indescribable hight, casting so bright a light that the smallest object could clearly be discerned at any place within six miles or more of Vesuvius. The black, stormy clouds passing over, and at times covering the whole or a part of the bright column of fire, at other times clearing away and giving a full view of it, with the various tints produced by the reverberated light on the white clouds above, in contrast with the pale flashes of forked lightnings that

attended the tropia, formed such a scene as no power of art can describe."

Having viewed this grand work of nature, we descended from the fiery mount. The same distance which required the laborious climbing of an hour, we accomplished in less than seven minutes. We went up over rough, rolling stones; we came down in a vein of ashes. Convulsed with laughter and shouting to each other, we descended nearly ten feet at a leap, sinking in the soft, flowing ashes as if it were light, drifting snow, raising a cloud of dust, and setting the yielding body in motion all around.

The traveler looks back to the toilsome journey up the sides of that quaking mountain with real delight. It forms an epoch in his life, to which he looks back as he grows old. The view which he obtains, whether the furnace is sending out its tides of lava, or whether it is in a quiescent state, gathering by a momentary slumber fearful powers for a new outbreak, he can never forget. It is so unlike any other object on which he can gaze, and withal so terrible, that he carries to the grave with him the acquaintance which he has formed with the rumbling, churning, smoking, storming pit, down into which no traveler has descended and returned again to tell the story of its fiery mines, which age after age burn on, supplied with fuel from the hand of God, and fanned by revolving systems.

And there they will continue to burn as age after age rolls away, and from time to time will flow forth the tide of fire, which will pour itself down upon the beautiful plains below, causing the inhabitants to fly in terror from the homes which they have decorated, and

the graves over which they have wept, to find shelter and repose in villages beyond the reach of Vesuvius and its waves of ruin.

How poor, weak, and mean do the noblest works of art appear, in contrast with the magnificent works of God! The glory of Westminster Abbey and St. Peter's dwindles away when compared with the ever-churning volcano, and the snow-covered ridges of mountains. Man is dumb, art is speechless, when from the open lips of nature God utters his voice. The creature is lost — he forgets himself; while high as the heavens, and broad as the universe, is God, towering over humanity, yet reaching down to it; above all art, yet encouraging it; superior to all science, yet the Author of it. Such is nature! such is God!

XXVIII.

THE ROME OF THE CÆSARS.

There is yet a magic in the name of Rome, though its ancient glory has departed. Around that word clusters all that is noble and generous in republican government, all that is illustrious in wealth and power, all that is captivating in human greatness, all that is degrading in cruel persecutions, all that is dishonorable in treachery and usurpation, all that is base in duplicity and crime, all that is contemptible in wretchedness and ignorance, and all that is devilish in pagan idolatry and Papal superstition. Pure Christianity, military greatness, imperial despotism, and Popish absurdity have in turn swept across the seven hills, and chased each other along the banks of the yellow Tiber. From the death of Romulus, its founder, to this hour, Rome has been the center of the world — the object of interest and expectation, and in turn alike the friend and foe of man.

We arrived at Rome, on our way from Naples, just at nightfall — fit time to enter a city whose sun is well nigh set. Long before we arrived, the dome of St. Peter's was seen looming up before us, like a vast bank resting against the sky; and as we thundered along the road towards it in a lumbering diligence, conversation was suspended, and each one of our company, busy with his own thoughts, strained his eager eyes to distinguish in the distance the Eternal City.

> "Ah, little thought I, when in school I sat,
> A schoolboy on his bench, in early dawn,
> Glowing with Roman story, I should live
> To tread the Appian . . . .
> . . . . or climb the Palatine,
> Long while the seat of Rome!"

We arrived at length, and after being defrauded by custom-house officials, passed through the Porta Cavalleggieri, — where the French suffered so dreadfully in their attack on the city a few years ago, and at which they entered with the most terrible loss, — leaving St. Peter's to the left, rolling down the hill, across the Pons Ælius, under the very shadow of the castle of St. Angelo, over which the Roman flag was flying, but beneath which French soldiers were leaning on their arms, the masters of the city, and the rulers of the pope himself. We found lodgings on favorable terms at a hotel in Via della Croce, and in a few hours were comfortably at home, engaged in making our plans for a general survey of the city.

Rome is located in the midst of the great Roman Campagna, on seven hills. The Tiber divides it, and flows in its sluggish course through its very midst. The best view is obtained from the tower of the Capitol, on the Capitoline hill, from which the other six, the Quirinal, the Viminal, the Palatine, the Aventine, the Esquiline, and the Cælian are all in view. The Capitol seems to divide what are called the old and the new cities. We look out from the elevation in one direction, and at our feet is the old Roman Forum, stretching away from the slope of the hill to the Palatine; conspicuously in front are the ruins of the old Temple of Saturn and the House of Concord; the Arch

of Septimius Severus, in a good state of preservation, and covered with bass-reliefs;

"The nameless column, with a buried base;"

the pillars of the Temples of Minerva and Romulus; the winding Via Sacra, the favorite walk of Horace, the world-renowned Way, trod by emperors, warriors, and priests; the old Coliseum, looking like some gigantic citadel, covered with the moss of ages, and gazing down with frowns upon the surrounding city; the Arch of Titus, with bass-reliefs representing the conqueror's return from Jerusalem, bringing with him the consecrated vessels of the Jewish temple; and numberless other relics of the dead and buried past.

On the other side, the new city lies spread out before the eye. The Corso, black with the passing multitudes; the Tiber, winding its way upon its noiseless course; the domes of churches and the roofs of convents; and, back of all, the form of St. Peter's, rising in its vast proportions and beautiful architecture, while all around is stretched the desolate Campagna, like a plain of death, thick with malaria and contagion. Far off in one direction are the mountains, whose sides are adorned with villas, vineyards, and tombs; away in another direction rolls the blue sea, whose melancholy moan seems to come borne upon every breeze, as if sighing the fall of mighty Rome. My object now is to describe briefly some of the ruins in the old city — the Rome of the past.

I begin with the Coliseum, the grandest monument of ancient Rome, which was built in the first century, for gladiatorial purposes. At its dedication by Titus, thousands of beasts were sacrificed, and for ages the arena streamed with human blood. Like other amphi-

theaters, it is oval in form, surrounded by walls, four stories high, supported by huge columns, and forming splendid chambers and galleries, which have now fallen into decay. The whole structure covers six acres of ground, and the outer walls rise to the hight of one hundred and fifty-eight feet, and would contain nearly ninety thousand persons as spectators, leaving an immense arena for the cruel combat. A part of the walls have been thrown down, and the building has been robbed of its decorations, to increase the glory of the new city. Though crumbling to pieces, it speaks of its former beauty and grandeur, and tells its horrid tales of assassination, cruelty, and blood from every fallen pillar and every broken arch. As I stood in the center of the arena, beside a rude wooden cross, which has been erected by Papal priests, and which if any one shall kiss, an indulgence of two hundred days is granted to him, I seemed to see the flitting shadows of the early Christians who wrestled here with wild beasts, and fell martyrs to the rage of pagan idolatry. Here suffered, in this way, the illustrious Ignatius, the venerable Bishop of Antioch, who loved, and was familiar with, the apostles. Hated for his sublime faith, he was torn from his faithful church, and escorted to Rome. To his brethren he sent, from the very jaws of death, a comforting message. "Let fire and the cross," he wrote, "let companies of wild beasts, let breaking of bones and tearing of members, let the shattering in pieces of the whole body, and all the wicked torments of the devil come upon me, only let me enjoy Jesus Christ. All the ends of the world, and the kingdoms of it, will profit me nothing. I would rather die for Jesus Christ than rule to the utmost ends of the earth. Him I seek who died for us. This is the gain that is

laid up for us. My love is crucified." He was condemned to die by the beasts, and, calm and saintlike, was led into the arena. He looked upon the gathered thousands without resentment, and upon the ferocious beasts without fear. With an eye upturned to heaven, he advanced towards the lion, who sprang upon him; and soon his course was ended. Two of his deacons, who had followed him with tears from Antioch to Rome, gathered up his bones, and carried them away, and laid them down at the feet of the saints. Other noble and devoted men have suffered in this broad arena, and here sealed their devotion to Christ with their own blood; and now it stands crumbling to pieces, the wonder of the world. As you enter it, and stand amid its broken ruins, the oft-repeated prophecy will be remembered,—

> "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls, the world."

This vast pile, in its decaying grandeur, is an illustration of the present condition of Rome; and one half of the prediction has been more than verified, and the decay of Rome has more than kept pace with the demolition of the Coliseum. The old gladiators are gone, and this, their battle field, still remains in the hands of Papal priests, one of whom preaches every Friday on the spot where once his brethren were thrown to the devouring beasts. His rude pulpit stands, and around it, once a week, the people gather to hear the word of God where once howled and raged the inhuman conflict. I wished to visit the Coliseum in the night, but did not. The words of Byron haunted me; and oft repeating them, I longed to obtain the same view which enabled him to give, it is said by

some, the most correct and just description of this ancient pile ever written.

"I do remember me that, in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night,
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome.
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch dog bayed beyond the Tiber, and,
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Began and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon; yet they stood
Within a bow shot where the Cæsars dwelt;
And dwell the tuneless birds of night amidst
A grove which springs through leveled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths.
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiator's bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection;
While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
Grovel on earth, in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old —
The dead, but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

From the Coliseum we turn to the Circus ruins, of which there are several, still showing that performances were held in them which had a charm for the people

of Rome. They are now divested of all their elegance, and some of them are only rude mounds, where the dust of ages has been collecting. The Circus Maximus, which lies in a hollow between two of the hills on which Rome was built, was of extraordinary beauty and elegance, twenty-one hundred and eighty-seven feet long, nine hundred and sixty feet broad, and capable of seating two hundred thousand persons. It was used for chariot races, and the various other performances of the Circus. The immense assemblies which gathered here and in similar places, rising rank above rank, gave Paul the idea which led him to exclaim, "We are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses!"

The Circus of Maxentius, more perfect than the one just referred to, was also a noble structure, and its ruins are the study of the present age. There still remain the entrances, the apartments for the chariots, the seats for the nobility, and even the balcony of the emperor. Near by is the Temple of Romulus, the whole group forming a most interesting object of study and contemplation. There are also other structures of the same kind, more or less decayed, showing that the Romans, in their palmy days, were fond of feats of agility and strength; and well if, in our age, the circus was confined to these healthy and reasonable amusements. They could be encouraged and patronized without danger. But whoever seeks this kind of diversion now, instead of witnessing the manly and honorable competition of the charioteers or flying horsemen, accompanied with patriotic speeches and songs, will have his eyes saluted with disgusting sights, and his ears poisoned with low and disgusting sounds, from which a Roman would have turned away with a blush of shame. The Circus of the first century was more

reasonable and virtuous than its filthy namesake of our own age.

The old Palace of the Cæsars is on the Palatine Hill — a monstrous mass of ruins, through which, as one walks, he sees the lizard creeping across the pavement where once Augustus, Tiberius, Nero, and Titus trod, and where, for centuries, imperial power held its sway and kept its throne. These ruins seem only to tell of past greatness and perished glory. Enlarged and beautified by numerous emperors, it became one of the largest palaces in the world, stretching off in one direction towards the Capitol, and in another towards the Coliseum, until its ruins show that a small city could have been built within its walls. Gardens and vineyards flourish over the broken piles and the ruins of fallen arches, and the feet of strangers wander where once royalty lived and flourished. The outlines of this overgrown structure are now very indistinct, and can hardly be traced out. The hand of Time is rapidly effacing them, and the bounds set by Nero and Caligula to their royal residences soon no traveler will be able to find.

The Golden House of Nero still lingers to tell of the extravagance and ambition of its founder, and a visit to it furnishes a good lesson to any one who is willing to learn. In these halls, now lonely and deserted, the monster lived and reveled in his iniquity; and the very walls seem to cry out against his crimes. His name is associated with all that is brutal and depraved in man. At the early age of seventeen, he poisoned his friend,[1] and then, to accomplish his ambitious purpose, murdered his mother.[2] His instructors[3] he also

[1] Britannicus. [2] Agrippina. [3] Seneca and Lucan.

barbarously murdered, to gratify his revengeful spirit. His wife[1] was divorced by him for natural causes, in which she was entirely guiltless, and shut up on the Island of Pandaleria, where he visited her, and compelled her to open her veins and let out her blood. Another of his wives[2] he also killed, to rid himself of her reproofs, given fearlessly, on account of his many barbarities. To gratify a wanton caprice, he set fire to his own capital, and laid the blame at the door of persecuted Christians, and caused them to be slain by thousands. Conceited as he was cruel, he went to the stage as an actor, made some attempts at the composition of music, and died, the object of contempt and abhorrence, a self-murderer, he having committed suicide, to escape the vengeance of his indignant people. And here stands his Golden House, shorn of its beauty, but not of its impressive eloquence, and its lofty power to curse the memory of its insatiate founder.

Out a little distance from Rome, on the Appian Way, is the Grotto of Egeria, to which the emperors and senators of Rome, weary with the cares of state, loved to resort, to drink the waters of the celebrated fountain, and enjoy the society of wanton women. Here, says tradition, came Numa to consult the nymphs, and here he paid his devotion to the God of Water, whose recumbent form, broken and wasted, still remains. The grotto is a rude room in the side of the rock. The walls were once frescoed, and give some evidences of former beauty. Moss and evergreen cover the marble pavements and hang from the ceiling. The fountain, God's work, still gushes up as bright and sparkling as ever, while man's work has gone to ruin and decay.

[1] Octavia. [2] Poppæa Sabina.

Near by is the Temple of Bacchus. Converted from its pagan use, it is adorned with the fixtures of a Catholic church. There still remain about it the evidences of its former devotion to debauchery and crime. Retired from the highway, the old pleasure seekers came hither to enjoy a season of dissipation in the temple of the divinity who was supposed to look with pleasure upon their excesses. The building is rectangular, surrounded by marble columns; and Pope Urban, who converted it into a Catholic temple, spoiled half its beauty when he gave it to a religion as senseless and abhorrent as paganism itself. All around Rome are the temples of the old heathen worshipers, dedicated to the various gods of mythology. On the "Ship of the Tiber," an island in the river which derives its name from its form, Æsculapius has his altar, around which tradition has hung a hundred fancies; the Temple of Nerva, between the Roman Forum and Trajan's Place, has left its ruins; temples to Venus and Vesta, Jupiter and Saturn, Remus and Romulus, the sun and the moon — some in a tolerable state of preservation, and some leaving scarcely a trace behind; some standing alone, isolated and dismal, others crowded in between modern structures, overbuilt, and fitted for the Papal worship, — meet the stranger on every hand, and speak to him of the buried generations who erected, embellished, and enjoyed them.

Several noble arches still stand, forming gateways for the city, or commemorating some splendid victories achieved by heroes long ago. They were the pride of ancient Rome, and draw to modern Rome a multitude of strangers. The Arch of Drusus, out on the Appian Way, was first erected, and has stood so long, that the inscriptions which once the Romans read upon it old father Time has obliterated. The Arch of Constantine,

built by Trajan, and recast by him whose name it now bears, is covered with elegant sculpture, representing scenes in the history of the empire, and must have been erected at an immense expense. The Arch of Septimius Severus, erected by bankers and brokers to perpetuate the memory of one who in the councils of their nation befriended their interests, a structure massive in its appearance and bold in its design, stands in the Velabrum. The Arch of Titus, commemorating the destruction of Jerusalem by the emperor, and erected by the senate as a token of their respect to his bravery, is covered with bass-reliefs representing the overthrow of the holy city, and the return of Titus laden with the spoils of conquest. Of all the triumphal arches this is the most magnificent, and appeals most directly to the heart of the Christian, as it furnishes him with an eloquent witness to the truth of prophecy. Other arches rise in beautiful order, as the still standing monuments of the greatness of the now dead and perished emperors.

The baths of Rome furnish an idea of the immense wealth and prodigality of the old Roman monarchs. Those of Caracalla cover an area of a mile in circuit, and the ruins which remain are still grand and beautiful. The fine mosaic floors, on which are piled the fallen pillars; the exquisite carvings, broken pieces of which are scattered about, speak volumes as to the former glory of the place. Any description of the ruins would not equal the reality, or give an idea of their vastness and beauty; and as we stand beneath the arches, or tread the marble pavements, we can hardly resist the conviction that these immense walls and towers were erected by a race having greater resources than our own.

The baths of Diocletian, of Agrippa, of Constantine, of Titus, are but little inferior to those of Caracalla. After the lapse of centuries, they attest the glory of the race of sovereigns by whom they were built, and are grand and glorious even in their decay.

The best preserved building which may be said to belong to the Rome of the past is the Pantheon, which was erected twenty-six years before Christ, by Agrippa. It is situated in the herb market, and is one of the finest proportioned and most elegant buildings, as far as architectural taste extends, in the world. The ornaments and statues which are found in St. Peter's are not here, but a grand design and a noble execution speak out from these walls, which have stood the shock of centuries unmoved. It was originally a pagan temple, as some suppose, and was dedicated to Christian worship by Pope Boniface IV. When we entered it, one afternoon, a service was in progress. Thirty-four priests, gorgeously dressed, were making the walls echo with their chants and songs. One miserable-looking woman was kneeling in the center of the building, with a child crawling at her feet, and about a dozen other filthy-looking Italians were scattered in various parts of the room, on little benches which were set against the walls. The woman clapped her hands and responded; the priests sung and prayed as valiantly as if fifty thousand were present, while the rest looked on with the most perfect indifference. The Pantheon is a rotunda, with a fine dome, having a portico, said to be the most perfect ever known. The building was originally profusely ornamented, but the adornments have been removed to decorate the tombs of apostles and popes, and to beautify the palaces of the present degenerate race of Romans.

What most interested me here was the tomb of Raphael, the celebrated painter. His bones slumber beneath a dome which his genius assisted to decorate, and every man of science who enters the edifice will inquire for the spot where they repose, guarded by monks, but inherited by decay. Around him slumber many of his fellow-artists, who have acted their part, and sought the oblivion of the grave.

The famous Mamertine prisons are objects of great interest. They are beneath the surface of the earth, directly under the Church of St. Giuseppe, and consist of two large chambers, one directly under the other. A flight of some thirty steps leads us to the first chamber, which is about thirty feet square. The chamber below is somewhat smaller. Into this lower room the prisoners were formerly lowered through a hall in the ceiling, and allowed to perish most miserably. The light of the sun never penetrates that dark abode; the walls drop filth, and the floor is thick with a black, dirty mud. In this awful prison Jugurtha was starved to death, living six days without food. A base usurper and a bloody tyrant, he expiated his many crimes in this place, his army of ninety thousand men having been slaughtered around him by the Romans. Here, too, Sejanus, the follower and friend of Tiberius, was executed. Crafty and ambitious, he used every means to remove all obstacles to his progress in the favor of his royal master. He even imprisoned the son and many of the nearest relations of the emperor, who finally became suspicious of him, and brought him before the senate, which convicted him. He was hurried away to the Mamertine prisons, and strangled without mercy. Here, also, we were told by our *valet* that Peter was confined by order of Nero. In the

passage leading down is an indentation in the wall, resembling one side of a human head and face. This, we were informed, was an indentation made by the head of Peter as he went down into the dungeon, being pushed violently by the jailers. In the middle of the lower chamber is a pillar, to which the apostle is said to have been chained; and also a fountain of cold, delicious water, which is said to have been produced by miracle. The story is, that Martinian and Processus were led by the correctness of Peter's life, and the earnestness of his exhortations, to believe on Jesus. They became disciples of the Nazarene, and yielded their hearts to the new faith. One day, being in the dungeon conversing with the prisoner, whom they dared not release, they requested baptism at his hands. "There is no water," he replied; "and how can I do it without water?" "You can pray for it, and God will send it to you," they answered. The apostle fell on his knees, commended the converts to the grace of God, and prayed that he would furnish water for the baptismal service. When he arose, a fountain sweet and pure gushed up from the very spot which had been pressed by his knees, and they received the initiatory rite into the Christian church. This may all have been so, but we took the liberty to doubt it, admitting at the same time that the water was the best we ever tasted.

From these prisons, a passage leads into the dark catacombs of Rome. I wished to enter, and having done so, my friends closed the door; and though I knew I should soon be liberated, there came over my mind the most mournful feeling which I had experienced for years. A damp, cold chill sent a shiver through my frame, and as I groped about a moment

in the dismal darkness, a crowd of thoughts rushed upon me, such as I have seldom known. I seemed to have stepped down into the vestibule of death, and lost my connection with living men, and the mind rushed along the dark passage; and when the door opened, and I stepped out again into the prison and the torch-light, my spirit seemed to have lingered with the bones of martyrs in the mighty catacombs. Leaving the dungeon, we noticed a bass-relief representing Peter pouring water upon the head of the jailers, as they kneel before him. But, however much we may believe of these traditions, we know that Peter and Paul too were confined in these prisons — the former for the space of nine months, after which time he was taken out and crucified with his head downward. The spot on which the Vatican now stands is supposed to have been the scene of his awful martyrdom.

Not far from these prisons is the "Tarpeian Rock," or "Traitor's Leap," down which those persons condemned for treason were obliged to cast themselves. This rock derives its name from Tarpeia, the daughter of a Roman magistrate, who betrayed Rome, and, for gold, opened the gates of the city to the Sabines. They entered, and, instead of redeeming their pledges, they cast their shields upon her in derision, until she died beneath the weight. She was buried near the place, and the rock took her name. It is nothing more nor less than a high, rough, abrupt precipice, on the southern side of the Capitoline Hill, some seventy or eighty feet in hight. Condemned criminals were brought here, and cast down upon the rocks below; and, though this custom has expired, the "Traitor's Leap" is pointed out as one of the spots known and familiarized by its connection with the death of many a convicted felon.

I would not close this brief and imperfect account of the ruins of ancient Rome without a reference to the tombs of the now perished nobility of other days. And first we went to the tomb of the Scipios, out on the Appian Way — several subterranean chambers, over which waves a solitary cypress tree. We knocked loudly at a rough gate, which was opened by a gypsy girl, with a straw hat and a loose dress, none too long, — a perfect Bloomer, — who threw back the tresses of her flowing hair, which fell loosely upon her shoulders, and gave us candles, and ran singing along before us into the tomb of perished greatness. We groped our way along the hollow chambers, deciphering, as best we could, the inscriptions which identify the place, to the very spot where once the ashes of Scipio Barbatus, now scattered and lost, reposed in death. The very graves of the illustrious family have been robbed by the popes, to fill up the Vatican, and a gypsy woman and her daughter occupy the tomb itself. Time, the leveler of all things, the destroyer of man and his work, has been here, and with his breath scattered the dust of men who once lived in honor, but whose names are now almost unknown, and over whose sepulchers not a tear is shed by sage or poet.

The tomb of Caius Cestius, remarkable as being a pyramid, was to me an object of some interest. As the only pyramid I had ever seen, it claimed my attention, and was, perhaps, more observed on this account than from the fact that it towers over the remains of a tribune of the Roman people. It is built of tufa and brick, and is covered with marble slabs or blocks. It is one hundred and thirty feet high, and at the base is one hundred feet square. It contains but little room within, the walls being nearly twenty-five feet thick.

And yet I presume the dead care not what tomb encloses, or what monument rises over them. I presume that death is not sweetened by the reflection that a marble pyramid will rise over the stricken body, and ages will come to weep beside it. Here is a point at which ambition, pride, and honor die, and man is in all his weakness and his want.

I might take you to the tomb of Augustus, which has been used as a fortress, a theater, a temple, and a tower; to that of Bibulus, which, for nearly two thousand years, has been adorned and assailed in turn; to the Columbarium, where the dust of freemen and slaves mingles in a common urn, and the ashes of the humble and the proud alike await the shock of the last great day.

While viewing the remains of ancient Rome, the mind is irresistibly carried back to the times of the Cæsars, when the city was in its glory and prime, and when these ruins were fair and elegant buildings, exciting the envy and admiration of all nations. One cannot help contrasting the Rome of the past and the present; and as a view of the ancient magnificence of the empire rises before him, he feels a greater contempt for the weak and inefficient rule which has destroyed the beauty and corrupted the purity of the capital of the world. His soul rises against the prince who wears upon his head a triple crown, but whose heart beats not in sympathy with man.

But you have heard enough of this — enough of circus, forum, column, and temple; and we turn from them to another view of Rome, which we shall find more amusing, if not more interesting.

XXIX.

ANTIQUITIES — RELICS.

There is a class of objects which I scarcely know whether to call antiquities or not. They claim an age which carries them back to the time of Christ, but have an appearance suspiciously modern; hence I give them a place by themselves, between the Rome of the Cæsars and the Rome of the popes. Rome abounds with relics; and some of them are so curious, that a description of them may not be uninteresting. Connected with St. John Lateran, a church which will be referred to hereafter, is the famous *Scala Santa*, or Holy Staircase, said to be the identical stairs over which Christ descended into the judgment hall of Pilate. Whether the identity of this relic can be proved is a question. Proof does exist to show that the house was taken down and removed to Rome, and this spacious staircase would compare very well with what we may suppose Pilate's hall to have been in other respects. But, while the identity of the stairs is very apocryphal, the use to which they are put is very plain. These stairs now lead to a little Gothic chapel at the top, while another parallel staircase, separated by a wall, runs up on each side. There are twenty-eight of the holy steps, and pilgrims ascend them on their knees. The number who make the ascent is so great, that, a few years ago, it was found necessary to cover them with plank, lest the marble should be entirely worn away. One of our

company, for some reason, wished to climb up, pilgrim fashion, upon his knees; and at it he went. The day was warm, and our friend was corpulent; but he went at it like a martyr doing penance, nor did he pause until he was half way up, and only then to examine the stains said to be the blood of our Savior, which fell from his head when he was stopped by the mob. The rest of us went up one of the parallel staircases, and, arriving at the top, saw our devotional friend coming up upon his knees. We received him with shouts of sacrilegious laughter, when he, having purchased an indulgence for forty days, began wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and brushing his knees, as if anxious to shake the holy dust from his garments.

It was while ascending on his knees this holy staircase that Luther received a deep impression as to the corruption of the church of Rome. Desirous of obtaining the precious blessing promised to those who should make the ascent, he commences. One, two, three, four steps he has gained, when the word of God came thundering in his ears — "The just shall live by faith." He pauses, thinks, resolves, and, rising proudly from his knees, stalks down upon his feet, and rushes away. The work is done. The tie which bound Luther to Rome is broken; he is free; and the poor Saxon monk becomes the disturber of the world.

At the head of this staircase is a door, on the side of which is an indentation similar to that in the Mamentine prisons. We asked what it meant, and were informed that it was the door through which Christ passed, and that the indentation was made by his being violently crowded against the stone. We said that, if our heads should be knocked against such a door post, the indentation would be in the heads, and not on the stones.

"Yes," was the reply; "but your heads are not like that of Christ;" to which, of course, we assented.

We asked, "Where did you get the fact that the indentation was thus formed?"

"From history."

"What history?"

"The Bible."

This was conclusive, and we let it pass without asking in what part of the Bible the statement might be found, concluding that, if it was in the good book any where, it must be true.

At this very same place, we were shown many very wonderful things, such as the table on which was eaten the "last supper." It was of coarse wood, about three feet square; and, from the nail holes in it, I should judge it to have once been covered with cloth. There, too, is the mouth of the well at which Jesus sat with the woman of Samaria; the column of the temple which was split asunder when the veil was rent; the marble slab on which the soldiers cast lots for the garments of Christ; and various other objects of superstitious interest and regard.

In some of the churches, we were shown pictures painted by Luke, and others of the apostles; and from one end of the city to the other some relic is preserved to draw attention, and, what is of more importance, money — the cradle in which the Savior was rocked by his virgin mother; a remarkable stone, on which are the impressions of two human feet, said to be those of Christ, the stone being one on which he stood when he met Peter once in Rome, and said to him, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church;" a wooden figure of the infant Savior,[1] carved by a friar,

[1] Called the Santissimo Bambino, or Most Holy Baby.

who, having finished it, lay down to sleep. While dreaming of paradise, St. Luke came and painted his little image, which was made out of the wood of a tree found growing on the Mount of Olives. Henceforth the figure became possessed of miraculous powers to heal diseases; and such is its reputation in Rome, that it is said to draw a larger revenue to the church than is received from the contribution of the people. These, and many others as absurd and improbable, are presented to the traveler as the veritable relics. Most of them wear the marks of absurdity on the face of them. The prints of the Savior's feet on the stone are large enough for the feet of a giant, and the cradle in which Christ was rocked shows unequivocal marks of a late date. And yet the blinded and degraded people do not see them as they are. The priests tell them that this box was the cradle of Christ, that that picture was painted by Luke, that yonder image has the miraculous power of healing the sick, and they believe it all without hesitation. They do not allow reason to utter her voice; they stop not to inquire as to the probability or possibility of the thing, but rest their souls upon the mere tradition, which the priest, as ignorant as themselves, utters in their hearing.

And then, if the people had their eyes open, they could see that they are duped, even admitting that the relics are genuine. The use which is made of them is so absurd, the homage which is paid them is so ridiculous, that no reasonable man could endure it a single hour. All these relics are contrived as means to get at the pockets of the poor, and support a church in wealth and honor, while masses are starving. If the cardinals had human hearts, if they had not dehumanized themselves by their vows and vices, they would be

ashamed of themselves. They would refuse to spend millions in the adornment of the churches, while the bodies of men, the temples of Deity, are pale and thin from hunger and fasting. They cannot fail to see the universal misery and degradation of the people, as they ride out in their splendid coaches and enter their immense cathedrals. The voice of distress and the sound of anguish come home upon every blast, but they shut their eyes and refuse to see; they close their ears and refuse to hear.

But the hour of disinthrallment is not far distant. The tide is rising higher and higher, and the waves of popular clamor are beginning to dash around the thrones on which these tyrants sit, and they will fall. The day cannot be far distant. The knell of Rome is now being tolled by the great bell on St. Peter's, and present appearances indicate that Pius IX. may be the last pope who shall walk the chambers of the Vatican; or if not the last, one of the last.

XXX.

THE ROME OF THE POPES.

What is denominated the new city bears faint comparison with ancient Rome for extent, magnificence, and wealth. The number of inhabitants at the present time is only one hundred and fifty thousand, or less than five times as large as our own little city. Of this limited number, some fifty or sixty are cardinals, twenty-three are bishops, sixteen hundred and thirty-nine are priests, twenty-six hundred and twelve are monks, fifteen hundred and fifty are nuns, and eight thousand are Jews, who live in a quarter of the city appropriated to themselves. The government is a delightfully formed medley of religion and politics, the pope being alike at the head of church and state. A bench of bishops sit where once the senators and tribunes delivered their opinions and promulgated their laws, and every where, from the door of St. Peter's out to the Campagna, are seen the consequences of ignorance, misrule, and superstition.

The streets are generally narrow, filthy, and unpleasant, and the people bear no marks of their former glory. No one would pay a large sum now, or risk his life, to be called a Roman; for on the countenances of the poor, degraded masses there appears nothing but blind devotion to oppression. The spirits of the people have been crushed, the manhood of Rome has been destroyed, and we look in vain for the fine traits of

character which once distinguished that noble race. Had an American city the wealth of Rome, — her noble buildings, her rare collections of antiquities, her works of art, her classic ruins, and her rich store of memories, — it would become a very paradise, under the free and enlightening influences of our institutions. But a pall is over Rome; the frown of Heaven rests on the city of blood, and all her ancient grandeur and present wealth cannot raise her above the curse. Not much can be expected of a city, however wealthy, where newspapers are suppressed, and the press is under the ban of an unbounded censorship; from which not a single railroad goes out, north, south, east, or west; where freedom of commerce is not enjoyed, and man is an ignorant and besotted slave to a tyranny such as is known nowhere else in all the world. Not much can be expected of a people who give the children's bread to support an indolent and licentious priesthood; who rob themselves and defraud nature to decorate the tombs of dead ecclesiastics; who bow obsequiously at the foot of a throne which they know is red with blood and black with crime. St. Peter's Cathedral loses its grandeur when I see it filled with a starved and impoverished people, who rise from their knees and leave their devotions to beg a penny of the traveler who wanders up the sounding aisle. The Vatican has no power to charm, when from its windows I look out upon a swelling, heaving, surging sea of wretchedness, which the streets of Rome ever present.

But we will forget this a while, and wander about among the objects of interest which here abound. The great central object of attraction is the Cathedral of St. Peter's, which is supposed to be upon or near the spot where the apostle for whom it is named was buried.

It was at first an insignificant little chapel, which had more the appearance of a tomb than a temple. In the time of Constantine, this little structure was removed, and a fine church built on the spot, which in its turn gave place to the magnificent Cathedral. Any description of this immense building would fall so far below the reality, that I will not attempt it. It required more than three centuries to complete it; forty-three popes gave it their time and attention, and when finished, seventy millions of dollars had been expended upon it. It covers between five and six acres, (about two hundred and forty thousand square feet,) and is kept in repair at an expense of about thirty thousand dollars annually. The best idea of the building will be obtained if you imagine an immense circular area enclosed with the finest colonnade in the world, the front open, and the rear filled up by the Cathedral. In this area two fine fountains are ever playing, and between them a column, surmounted by a cross, rises to the hight of a hundred feet. The colonnades are formed by two hundred and eighty-four columns, sixty feet high, covered with spacious galleries. These form a magnificent entrance to the church, bending around the visitor as he advances, impressing him with an idea of strength and dignity. The front of the church is somewhat marred by a façade, which hides the proportions of the building, and but poorly compares with the architectural design of the monstrous dome. Passing between marble figures of Peter and Paul, we enter the church, and pause, almost overpowered with the effect produced. The colossal statues, the vaulted roof, the spacious aisles, the hurrying priests, and the wonderful dome, all produce in the mind a feeling of awful sublimity. The best idea I can give of the immense size will be conveyed

to you by the simple statement that twenty such churches as our own could be placed, steeples and all, within the walls of St. Peter's, and the area would not be full. Beneath the dome the monument on Bunker Hill could be placed, and a steeple tall as ours added to that, and then they would not reach the dizzy hight. The hosts of Rome cannot fill the church; when all turn out and flock by thousands, priests, soldiers, and people, and all enter the temple, thousands more might gather there with ease. The form of the structure is that of a Latin cross, and in the center stands the high altar, beneath the dome, and over the ashes of St. Peter. The immense size of the church does not appear at the first; it requires time to recover from the surprise, and you must survey with a leisure eye the wonderful proportions. One becomes almost angry to see such a hollow performance in this cathedral. He is vexed at the improbable stories which are told him. He feels that they are out of place in the magnificent work of art, and has no patience with the guide who relates them as Scripture facts. Here, in an oratory, is kept a napkin, with which a weeping woman wiped the tearful, bloody face of Christ, when he was going to the cross. On this piece of cloth are still seen the stains of blood. During the holy week this sudarium is shown to the gaping people, by men who must know the imposition they are practicing. In another oratory is kept a piece of the true cross. A wonderful thing that "true cross" must have been; for the true church, the infallible church, have pieces enough of it laid up to build a ship; and what is somewhat curious, it is one kind of wood in one place, and another sort in another place; showing, if all these be veritable pieces of it, it must have been composed of some dozen trees. But

the people never think of these things. The priest or the pope tells them so, and they ask no questions, cherish no doubt, express no unbelief. In another place is the head of St. Andrew, or a skull which is said to be his. Some few years ago, this relic was stolen, and the pope went into mourning on its account. He offered a large reward for its recovery. When stolen, it was covered up with jewelry of great value. The thief took off the jewels, and threw the worthless skull away. He was a wiser and a better man, perhaps, than the pope, who valued the skull more than its adornments. It was found, and great joy manifested at its recovery. Bells were rung; the monks of the neighboring convents turned out in solemn procession; the cannon of old St. Angelo thundered over the Tiber; and the pope gave to the people an extra benediction.

Here, too, is the old bronze statue of Jupiter, which has been christened by one of the popes[1] as St. Peter. He is sitting in a chair, with one of his feet extended, the toe of which has been completely kissed away by the multitudes who visit the place. One of our little company, anxious "to do as the Romans do," as far as possible, performed the voluntary service with the utmost gravity, while another, who seemed to have less reverence for the heathen god, looked at the feet with the comical query, "I wonder if St. Peter had corns."

The most noble conception of the Cathedral is obtained by ascending the dome. A broad, paved, spiral staircase leads up so gradually, that most of the distance could be accomplished on the back of a donkey. The summit is obtained at the expense of weary limbs. We reach the galleries within the dome, and look down

[1] St. Leo.

upon the priests and worshipers below, who all seem like children. Still higher, it becomes difficult to distinguish them as human beings. From the outer gallery, beneath the cross, a noble view is gained of Rome, the old ruins of the past, and the broad Campagna, stretching away in the clear distance. Looking down in front of the church appear the piazza, the fountains, and the obelisk; on the left stand the Vatican and the pope's palace; on the right, the famous Inquisition house; before you rises old St. Angelo; along flows the Tiber, on its banks churches, temples, and ruins. We entered the ball, where we might have stowed away a dozen of us without much inconvenience.

We were there upon the 20th of June, which is celebrated as the anniversary of the pope's coronation. On this day, he gives to all poor persons who come to the Vatican a half Paul (about four cents) each, for the relief of their wants. Thousands come from the region round about, traveling for miles to gain from his holiness this pittance. As we looked down from the dome, we saw the poor wretches — men, women, and children — crowding into the Vatican by regiments. We inquired if the pope gave the money with his own hands, thinking, if he did, we would call and claim his charity, that we might bring home the piece as a memento of the old man. We were, however, informed that Pius IX. never did such dirty work as giving money to the poor with his own hands. We were, however, disposed to thank him for giving it at all. This little piece of money is given for every child or member of the family; and many mothers we saw with one, two, three, or four babies, often borrowed for the occasion — good Catholics, indeed, but ready to cheat the very vicegerent of God himself.

During the annual religious festivals, the Cathedral is illuminated in a most splendid manner. The whole structure is so lighted at night as to show the proportions of the building, with each pillar and projection, so that the whole appears to be one mass of fire, blazing out, hour after hour, with great architectural precision, a palace of flame, the admiration of thousands who have traveled far to gaze upon it. This grand exhibition is commenced at dusk, by the lighting of about six thousand lanterns, formed of white paper, so as to give the effect of a white light. This is called the Silver Illumination; and while it continues, the building seems to be one sheet of silver, glistening in some supernatural light, and shining on, hour after hour, with a subduing aspect. At nine, the Golden Illumination commences, when about one thousand more lights, made of tar and other inflammable materials, are made to flash out at once, changing the whole appearance of the scene. In the midst of this flood of light, the Cathedral stands, one mass of fire, yet unconsumed. The bright light reveals every column, crevice, window, and door, and the church stands like a mountain of fire, surmounted by a cross which now seems lost in the clouds, and anon stands out with great distinctness. All night it burns and blazes there, while none in Rome thinks of sleep. The scene is too exciting; and, till the last light goes out, in the dim gray of the morning, the Pincian Hill is covered with a dense mass of spectators. More than three hundred lower themselves upon that mighty dome, and hang there amid the fire, periling their lives for the generous compensation which they receive. This grand illumination we were not fortunate enough to see; but, from the description of it given by Romans, it was easy to imagine its grandeur.

From St. Peter's, we pass to a rapid description of a few of the other most important churches, among which is St. John Lateran, which is famous as being the first Christian church in Rome, the edifice having been built in the fourth century, by Constantine, who assisted in laying the corner stone with his own hands, day after day performing, as a religious duty, work which usually devolves upon the servant and the slave. Here the pope is always crowned immediately after his election. Here, too, have been held five general councils — the first summoned by Calixtus II., who presided in person. Three hundred bishops sat in solemn debate; and one of the results was the celibacy of the clergy. This council convened in 1123. The second was in 1139, and was presided over by Innocent II., and resulted in the condemnation of various heresies. The third was in 1179, and Pope Alexander presided. This council opened the floodgates of persecution upon the pious Waldenses, and let loose upon that unoffending people the hounds of death. The next, in 1215, was called by Innocent III., and contemplated the crusade upon the Holy Land. The last was in 1512, called by Julius II., to settle schism and agitation, which broke out in the church, and threatened the quiet and security of the pontiff himself.

I here attended a service one Sunday afternoon — I believe the celebration of high mass. It was expected that the pope would be here in person; but illness prevented, and the service was performed, I was told, by the celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti, who is said to be the best linguist in the world. The whole scene was a most ridiculous one. A procession was formed, composed of soldiers with glistening arms, monks with lighted tapers, and a dense crowd of people of all ranks

and conditions. The cardinals, most of them venerable-looking men, who should have despised such folly, were present, dressed in their blood-red habits; the bishops, less gay and gaudy, and the priests, in solemn black, made up a very imposing spectacle. The service at the church consisted in getting up and sitting down, chanting and praying, bowing and kneeling. The common people appeared to be quite interested in it; but it seemed to me that the better portion looked on with contempt. I noticed an aged cardinal, whose name I could not learn, who sat with his stern eye wandering first on the ecclesiastics, and then on the people. There was a contemptuous smile which seemed to speak volumes; and the longer I gazed upon him the more did I feel that he regarded the whole display as an imposition, permitted for a selfish purpose — perhaps, in his estimation, a necessary purpose; and how this well-educated class of men can feel any thing but contempt for a large part of their foolish rites none can tell. Were they ignorant, as are many of the nuns and friars, they might be duped and blinded; but they are men of science and cultivation, and must know the fraud which is being practiced upon the people.

Connected with St. John Lateran is a noble baptistery which was built in the time of Constantine. A basaltic vase shows that it must have been used for immersions; and it is asserted by the church that in it Constantine himself received the holy rite, which may possibly be true. This is the basin in which Rienzi, in a moment of sacrilegious fury, immersed himself, to show his contempt for sacred things. The priests tell us that his subsequent misfortunes were sent as a punishment for his unholy conduct.

Almost all the churches of Rome have about them

something interesting and superstitious. The Church of the Capuchins[1] has deep vaults which are filled up as a burial ground. The earth in it was brought from Jerusalem, and is held sacred by the monks. The vaults consist of an aisle and six little chapels, or niches, about ten feet wide, eight feet high, and six feet deep. These niches are arched, and resemble niches in a wall. When a monk dies, he is buried here, and is allowed to rest beneath the ground a while, when he is unburied, clad in the very same habit which he wore in life, and laid out in state a while, when the bones are taken to pieces and scraped. They are then piled up in fantastic order. These vaults, on entering them, give a most singular effect. The arches are all lined with bones; skulls are laid up in piles; while the small bones are formed into crosses on the walls, and even the chandeliers in which hang the lamps which illuminate the aisle are of these parts of the human body, tastefully framed together. Skeletons sit astride piles of skulls, or hang suspended from the wall, while hands and feet, long and bony, seem to reach out in every direction. The monk who went down with us into this place of skulls — this Roman Catholic Golgotha — seemed to take great pleasure in the idea that he should, at one day, slumber in these vaults, and be used up in this singular manner.

Back of the church are the cloisters of the friars, into which we entered. The cells are about six feet square. The monk sleeps on a hard board; no bed, no mattress; a single woolen covering only keeping the rough wood from a contact with the body of the sleeper. A rough table, a bench, or chair compose the furniture of the room. On the table, in one case, we

[1] S. Maria della Concezione.

saw a loaf of bread, some burnt coffee, and, on a little shelf, a few books. The friars of this order wear a woolen habit, no stockings, vest, nor underclothing of any description. They eat little meat, and live by charity, and their reputation for sanctity is very high. They are of all ages, from the young man just entering life, to the old man in his dotage. Our guide said that, but for his wife, he should enter this monastery, and avowed his determination to do so when his wife should die. He seemed to have a most profound respect for these men; and when we left, he humbly turned and kissed the hand of the dirty, ignorant fellow who had led us about.

Many of these monks take ecclesiastical vows from indolence. Being unwilling to work, they enter some monastery, and spend their lives in begging. Indolence is written on their faces, and ignorance stares out in an idiotic look. Others enter in times of deep affliction, when the ties which bind them to earth are severed. They feel that earth has few joys for them; and, as their graves are not ready for them, they enter into these living tombs, and abjure society, and all that makes up honest social life. Others are forced here by crime or want, and by the various sins and miseries of life.

We found the churches of Rome full of images, statues, and paintings, some of them of very great value. Immense sums of money have been spent by successive popes upon religious edifices. We rode out, one day, to San Paolo. The ancient church was built many centuries ago, over the spot where St. Paul was supposed to have been buried, and had scarcely a superior in the world. In 1824, it was consumed, during some repairs which were being made upon it. The

work of rebuilding was immediately commenced, and for years has been in progress, requiring millions of money. When this church is completed, it will be a most magnificent structure. Along the nave rise forty pillars of gray granite, while waiting to decorate the altar are two Egyptian alabaster pillars, of colossal size and extraordinary beauty. In the walls are to be set two hundred and fifty-eight portraits of the popes, from Peter down ward. They are transferred from canvas to mosaic, and are about six feet in diameter. Though years have already been consumed upon this building, years more must elapse before it will be complete. Millions have been spent here, and millions must be lavished ere the dedication can take place.

And what renders this waste more censurable is the fact that the church is out some distance from the city, on the Campagna, where even the monks cannot live but a part of the year, and where the edifice can be of no benefit to the suffering people. On our return, our guide stopped and said, pointing to a tree by the wayside, "Under that tree, Peter and Paul parted a while before the latter was put to death. 'Go,' said Paul, 'to Rome — go, founder of the church and friend of God!'"

From the Church of St. Sebastian, a passage way leads down into the catacombs of Rome. They are irregular, unlighted, winding passages, extending far under the houses and churches of the city. They yet contain the bones of the dead, and were doubtless the abodes of Christians during the times of cruel persecutions.

Hour after hour, day after day, and indeed month after month, may the stranger wander about among the churches of Rome, finding some new object of interest

and study wherever he goes. Beautiful statuary, finely finished paintings, and other evidences of taste and art, draw more admiration than the hypocritical service which is chanted at the altar.

From the churches we proceed to the Vatican, the residence of the pope, where is treasured up the lore of centuries, and which is the most wonderful palace in the world. It stands in a fine position on the left of St. Peter's, and communicates with the Castle of St. Angelo by a covered gallery. It has eight grand staircases; two hundred of less size and elegance; twenty courts, and four thousand four hundred and twenty-two fine apartments. These apartments are filled with every thing valuable in the fine arts, and every thing beautiful in works of taste. Here the galleries extend for miles, the building itself being one thousand one hundred and fifty-one feet long, and seven hundred and sixty-seven feet wide. Here dead marble speaks with a living voice, and silent painting and lifeless canvas teach eloquent lessons. It would be useless to enter into any detail of the works of art which are stored in this noble edifice. Here, among the paintings, is the great masterpiece of Raphael, the Transfiguration, which has formed an object of just admiration from the day of its execution, and which, after his decease, was hung over his corpse, and worshiped by bowing, superstitious throngs. Other works by the same hand attest the perfection of his art. The Conversion of St. Jerome, by the talented Domenichino, like a living scene looks down from the wall, and whoever gazes upon it breaks out in admiration. The Crucifixion of St. Peter, by Guido, is so true to nature and so just to art that tears of sympathy steal unbidden down the cheek, while you almost believe that the dead canvas

feels the dreadful pain. Hundreds of others, challenging your warmest approbation, before which crowds gather, and which inferior artists are endeavoring to copy, assure you that months could be spent here in most interesting pursuits.

Other doors open, and you stand before the famous Laocoon, copies of which are found all over the world; the world-renowned Apollo Belvedere; the Sleeping Cleopatra; the Belvedere Antonius, before which stood one of the greatest artists[1] of the world, declaring that he derived from it all the conceptions of the beautiful which he ever had; the Torso Belvedere, the work of a noble Athenian,[2] and admired by artists and emperors; and all the endless display of statuary, wrought by men of all climes and ages, from a broken figure to a perfect form. You pass from gallery to gallery, now amid the productions of the sea, and then amid the trophies gathered from the air; now wandering amid the relics of Egypt, and anon admiring the classic representations of Greece.

These public apartments of the pope's palace are shown, without a fee, to all who choose to examine them. The library is not large, but well selected, and unlike any public library I ever saw, the books being concealed from the gaze of the passer by by wooden doors, profusely ornamented. There are some choice volumes here, and many manuscripts of great value.

The pope has his private apartments, and on the day of our visit he had held a consultation with the cardinals, whom we saw driving away in great state, gazed after and admired by the people, ay, *and hated too.*

Here at the Vatican is also the Sistine Chapel, or

[1] Domeni'hino. [2] Apollonius.

the private sanctuary of the pope. It is a dingy hall, and celebrated mostly for the great painting of the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo. The painting, which is a noble conception and a glorious execution, is much defaced by time and the smoke of candles. It is sixty feet long and thirty broad. The dead are seen rising from their graves — the good and bad; the angels winging their way from the hights above, and sweeping to the depths beneath; the anguish of some and the joy of others; all stand out with striking effect. The great artist has borrowed his idea from the Scripture representations of the last day, and has made a picture worthy of his immortal genius.

The pope's chair of state is a plain affair, on a semi-circular elevation, and we sat down in it without deriving any pontifical virtue from the act. In this chapel Pius IX. says mass for the living and vespers for the dead; here he blesses plumes and belts, hats and swords, and does a hundred other silly things

"Which children love and fools admire."

The Capitol, on the Capitoline Hill, is visited not only for the view from the tower, of which I have spoken, but for its galleries of painting and sculpture. The visitor passes up the hill by the old milestone of Vespasian, the bronze horse, — from which, on festive occasions long agone, water ran from one nostril and wine from the other, — and various other statues of merit and celebrity. The Capitol consists of three large buildings, forming a square open on the front, and filled with works of art and offices for men of honor and labor. As the stranger wanders through these halls, he will note the Bronze Wolf, —

"The thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," —

which Cicero has rendered immortal as his own name and works, and which suckled the founder of the great and glorious empire; the Dying Gladiator, as

"He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower;" —

the Venus of the Capitol, none too well veiled for common gaze; and many a form of beauty, which the artist's eyes never tire in beholding.

The old hoary Inquisition Palace is on the left of St. Peter's. What is in that terrible edifice can be better told by the miserable creatures who have escaped from its portals. What ingenious machines devised to torture man; what engines of horrid cruelty; what cells and dungeons; what living and dead skeletons; what chained wretches; what imprisoned priests, — none can tell, except it be those who are more conversant with that place of blood than any traveler is likely to be, unless he is found reading his Bible, or speaking of Jesus to a perishing sinner, or, like Daniel, praying with his windows open towards Jerusalem.

There are many other private and public places in Rome upon which I would be glad to dwell, did time permit. The old cloister of Tasso, with his papers and inkstand still remaining as he left them; (the old oak under which he sat has unfortunately been broken down;) the grave in which his ashes rest, and other scenes connected with his memory; the house of

Rienzi, the last of the tribunes, near the banks of the Tiber; the home of Raphael, where he dreamed of glory and success; and many others of great historic interest, — are all here, parts of mighty Rome, identified with its past and present history.

One spot I ought not to omit in this enumeration. It is the English burying ground, near the tomb of Caius Cestius. That sacred spot is unhonored by the Romans, for buried there are many Protestants, who have gone to the grave without any of the foolish rites of the Papal church, and of course under the curse of bigoted monks. But to the stranger, who knows not but that cemetery will be his own resting-place, the spot has a melancholy interest, and he lingers long amid the graves of heretics. There sleeps Shelley, the poet, whose heart would not consume, and on whose marble are words of truth and beauty. Another poet is here, who went to his grave young in life, and who, disappointed with this world, asked to have written on his gravestone, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." It is John Keats of the broken spirit. Richard Wyatt, whose skillful chisel on many a marble form traced lines of beauty, has a grave, shaded by flowers and the box tree; and all around, on tombs and urns, are English names, which, amid the uncouth appellations of the Italians, sound familiar, pleasant, and homelike.

We turn now from churches and palaces, prisons and tombs, to look at the people of Rome — from *things* to *men*. We know what the Romans were in other days, when no honor was greater, or sought more eagerly, than that of being a citizen of Rome. We know what they were when the eagle hovered over the imperial throne, and banners waved over conquering armies.

But how sadly does the present contrast with the past, and how few evidences of the former glory of Rome remain! No one would ever cross the ocean to see the Rome of the present; the dead past, lingering in crumbling ruins, is all that draws the traveler to that fallen city. Without the walls, misery, which knows no abatement, reigns. Wherever on the Campagna a hovel stands, it is seen to be tenantless, or inhabited by a most wretched inmate. In the villages through which you pass on your way to or from Rome, in either direction, you gaze out of the window of the diligence upon a set of barbarians, who no sooner see your head than they set up a clamor for money, from which you take refuge in some stable or dwelling, to the door of which you will be followed by a group of men, women, and children, whining piteously enough to move the heart of even the pope himself. When you enter the city, you find more culture and refinement indeed, but you do not lose sight of misery and degradation. They every where appear; and at every gate, alike of the Vatican and the Capitol, the Forum and the Coliseum, they stare you in the face and demand your commiseration. There seems to be little industry and life. The classes that draw most attention are the barefooted beggars, the bareheaded friars, and the barefaced soldiers. These are met in every street, in every church, and are as thick as the frogs and lice in ancient Egypt, and about as repulsive and disagreeable. Amid the schools and colleges of the Propaganda, the *people* are left in gross ignorance. The means of divine illumination are taken away, and the voice of conscience is completely hushed.

There are certain portions of the year when Rome may be said to be a gay city. This is during the

religious festivals, which continue a few months, and are conducted with great enthusiasm. The carnival, which continues eight days, and consists of a succession of masquerades, races, balls, and frolicks, is gay, magnificent, and foolish beyond description. The last two days bring out all the people of Rome, and thousands of strangers, who resort to the city for the purpose of seeing the famous sports. Three days are spent in a gay frolick between men, women, and children, in which they pelt each other with flowers, sugar plums, and other confectionery, until the Corso becomes a vast trough of roses and sugar, in which the people wallow, to their great delight. The Corso is the broad way, the great thoroughfare of Rome; and it is here that pleasure appears in its most attractive forms. Families lay aside their aristocratic pride, and ride out in their carriages; strangers hire less imposing vehicles; poorer classes on foot crowd the streets, while the windows, verandas, porticoes, and balconies are filled with the delighted spectators. The route of the procession is designated, and no tide rolls in an opposite direction. Especially in the Corso is the greatest care used to prevent tumult and accident. The carriages are filled with men and women, young and old, gay and grave, who are armed with baskets of flowers and piles of confectionery, which they throw at others whom they may meet in the street, in other carriages, on the sidewalks, and at the windows. The faces of the actors in this scene are generally masked, and grotesquely dressed, and present a singular appearance. As I did not witness this gay parade, the carnival having closed before my arrival in Rome, I will give an account of this scene in the words of Dickens, who, in a little

work[1] of his, has an amusing and laughable account of these eight festive days, in which he participated a few years since. He brings us into the Corso just as the sport is commencing, and we will follow his account of it.

"From all the innumerable balconies — from the remotest and highest, no less than from the lowest and nearest — hangings of bright red, bright green, bright blue, white, and gold were fluttering in the brilliant sunlight. From windows, and from parapets, and tops of houses, streamers of the richest colors and draperies of the gaudiest and most sparkling hues were floating out upon the street. The buildings seemed to have been literally turned inside out, and to have all their gayety towards the highway. Shop fronts were taken down, and the windows filled with company, like boxes at a shilling theater; doors were carried off their hinges, and long tapestried groves, hung with garlands of flowers and evergreens, displayed within; builders' scaffoldings were gorgeous temples, radiant in silver, gold, and crimson; and in every nook and corner, from the pavement to the chimney tops, where women's eyes could glisten, there they danced, and laughed, and sparkled like the light in water. Every sort of bewitching madness of dress was there. Little preposterous scarlet jackets; quaint old stomachers, more wicked than the smartest bodices; Polish pelisses, strained and tight as ripe gooseberries; tiny Greek caps, all awry, and clinging to the dark hair, Heaven knows how; every wild, quaint, bold, shy, pettish, madcap fancy had its illustration in a dress, and every fancy was as dead forgotten by its owner, in the tumult of merriment, as if

[1] Pictures from Italy.

the three old aqueducts that still remain entire had brought Lethe into Rome upon their sturdy arches that morning. The carriages were now three abreast; in broader places, four; often stationary for a long time together; always one close mass of variegated brightness, showing the whole street full, through the storm of flowers, like flowers of a larger growth themselves. In some, the horses were richly caparisoned in magnificent trappings; in others, they were decked, from head to tail, with flowing ribins. Some were driven by coachmen with enormous double faces, one face leering at the horses, the other cocking its extraordinary eyes into the carriage, and both rattling again under the hail of sugar plums. Other drivers were attired as women, wearing long ringlets and no bonnets, and looking more ridiculous, in any real difficulty with the horses, than tongue can tell or pen describe. Instead of sitting *in* the carriages, upon the seats, the handsome Roman women, to see and be seen the better, sit in the heads of the barouches, at this time of general license, with their feet upon the cushions — and O, the flowing skirts and dainty waists, the blessed shapes and laughing faces, the free, good-humored, gallant figures that they make! There were great vans, too, full of handsome girls — thirty or more together, perhaps; and the broadsides that were poured into and poured out of these fairy fire-ships splashed the air with flowers and bonbons for ten minutes at a time. Carriages, delayed long in one place, would begin a deliberate engagement with other carriages, or with people at the lower windows; and the spectators at some upper balcony or window, joining in the fray, and attacking both parties, would empty down great bags of *confetti*, that descended like a cloud, and in an instant made them as

white as millers. Still carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colors on colors, crowds on crowds, without end. Men and boys clinging to the wheels of coaches, and holding on behind, and following in their wake, and diving in among the horses' feet, to pick up scattered flowers to sell again; maskers on foot, in fantastic exaggeration of court dresses, surveying the throng through enormous eye-glasses, and always transported with an ecstasy of love on the discovery of any particular old lady at a window; long strings of *policinelli*, laying about them with blown bladders at the ends of sticks; a wagon full of madmen, screaming and tearing to the life; a coach full of grave Mamelukes, with their horse-tail standard set up in the midst; a party of gypsy women, engaged in terrific conflict with a ship full of sailors; a man-monkey on a pole, surrounded by strange animals with pigs' faces and lions' tails, carried under their arms, or worn gracefully over their shoulders; carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colors on colors, crowds on crowds, without end. Not many actual characters sustained or represented, perhaps, considering the number dressed, but the main pleasure of the scene consisting in its perfect good temper, in its bright, and infinite, and flashing variety, and in its entire abandonment, so perfect, so contagious, so irresistible, that the steadiest foreigner fights up to his middle in flowers and sugar plums like the wildest Roman of them all, and thinks of nothing else until night, when he is reminded that this is not the whole business of his existence."

At nightfall, the military clear the streets, and a race commences. Several horses, painted, numbered, and gayly adorned, but without riders, are let loose in the Corso, and dash along beneath the people, who gaze

down from every window and roof top with shouts and mirth. This senseless race is soon over; the horses plunge through the silk which is hung across the street to show where terminates the course; and a new scene commences. Carriages again fill the Corso, crowded with beauty and life. Each person has a lamp, and the frolic consists in blowing out each one the lamp of his neighbor, and keeping his own burning. The Corso becomes a cloud of fire, which shines out from many a torch and lantern. Red, green, blue, and many a gay color flashes on the sight, until the whole scene becomes one of bewildering beauty. We will trust to the same pen for a description of this brilliant scene.

"The spectacle at this time is one of the most extraordinary that can be imagined. Carriages coming slowly by, with every body standing on the seat or on the box, holding up their lights at arm's length, for greater safety; some in paper shades; some with a bunch of undefended little tapers, kindled together; some with blazing torches; some with feeble little candles; men on foot, creeping along among the wheels, watching their opportunity to make a spring at some particular light, and dash it out; other people climbing up into carriages, to get hold of them by main force; others chasing some unlucky wanderer round and round his own coach, to blow out the light he has begged or stolen somewhere, before he can ascend to his own company; others, with their hats off at a carriage door, humbly beseeching some kind lady to oblige them with a light for a cigar, and, when she is in the fullness of doubt whether to comply or not, blowing out the candle she is guarding so tenderly with her little hand; other people, at windows, fishing for candles with lines and hooks, or letting down long willow

wands, with handkerchiefs at the end, and flapping them out when the bearer is at the hight of his triumph; others hiding all their time in corners, with immense extinguishers, like halberds, and suddenly coming down upon glorious torches; others gathering round one coach, and sticking to it; others raining oranges and nosegays at an obdurate little lantern, or regularly storming a pyramid of men, holding up one man among them, who carries one feeble little wick above his head, with which he defies them all; beautiful women, standing up in coaches, pointing in derision at extinguished lights, and clapping their hands as they pass on; low balconies full of lovely faces and gay dresses, struggling with assailants in the street, some repressing them as they climb up, some bending down, some leaning over, some shrinking back; delicate arms and bosoms, graceful figures, gleaming lights, fluttering dresses; when, in the enthusiasm of the scene, and the fullest ecstasy of the sport, the Ave Maria rings from the church steeples, and the carnival is over in an instant — put out like a taper with a breath."

The carnival closes, and Rome settles down into a quiet state, and, instead of the Corso filled with a glad crowd of beautiful women and cheerful men, beggars, by legions, roam along the same way, cursing their very existence, and denouncing the cardinals as the authors of their misery. During the carnival, Rome is a sort of paradise — a heaven of gay pleasures; but when the carnival closes, hell begins, and the poor stricken objects of want and commiseration groan over their sufferings, and wring their hands in anguish. These festivals are held to cover up the wretchedness of the masses; but they cannot do it. They are the gossamer robes of pleasure, beneath which vice, crime, and wo appear uncovered and undisguised.

XXXI.

PIUS IX. AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

On the morning of the 1st of June, 1846, an old man died in the Quirinal palace. As soon as the event was known, one of the cardinals, Camerlinque, repaired to the palace, and went through the usual formality of striking three blows on the forehead of the dead man, and announcing officially to the people of Rome that "papa was surely dead." That old man was Mauri Capellari, on whose head the triple crown had been placed, and who had adopted the title of Gregory XVI. His death was not regarded as a great calamity. The character of the pope was such, that there was more joy than sorrow in Rome, when the tidings of his death were published around. His habits were loose in the extreme; and the well-known fact that on his elevation to the throne he fitted up splendid apartments in the Vatican for Cajetanina, the wife of an obscure barber, and her family, drew upon him the contempt of all decent people in the city. This barber and wife acquired so much influence over the old man, that they became the head of the state, and ruled the empire. That he was a man of notoriously intemperate habits was known in his lifetime to all Rome, and when he died few tears were shed for him, except by the wife of his friend the barber. So little was he respected, that ere his clay was cold, or the worms had time to perform their work, the people set themselves to getting up

caricatures of the man, setting off his well-known vices, and his incorrigible hatred to progress, and holding him up to the ridicule of his subjects and followers. Two[1] of these are amusing enough for us to mention The first represents the deceased pope knocking for admittance at the gates of Paradise.

"Who wishes to enter?" asks St. Peter.

"Gregory, your successor at Rome."

"But," replies St. Peter, "Gregory the Great died and came here a long time ago. Who are you that have taken his name?"

"Why, they called me at Rome Gregory Bevone," (Gregory the Tippler.)

"O, I have heard of you; come in."

The second is designed to take off the pope's objections to railroads and other improvements, and represents Gregory and St. Peter going together to Paradise.

The journey being hard and tedious for an aged man, he complains to St. Peter thus: —

"How is it, St. Peter, that our journey is so long? I did not know that Paradise was so far from the Vatican."

St. Peter replies, "If you had allowed the construction of railways and steamers in your states, we should have arrived long ago; but now you must stop for a while in Purgatory."

After remaining some months in Purgatory, where, (as the story goes,) he met his friend Daniel O'Connell, Gregory set out with St. Peter again on his eternal journey. Coming in view of Paradise, the pope asks St. Peter, "why the angels, and his last predecessors in the papal chair, did not come out to meet him."

[1] These pasquinades are given on the authority of Rev. John Dowling, D. D., History of Romanism, p. 653.

"Dear Gregory," replies St. Peter, "as for the popes, there are few of them in heaven, and the news of your death has not reached there, as it would have done had you established telegraphs, and granted the freedom of the press."

When the saint and the pope arrive at the gates of Paradise, St. Peter asks Gregory for his key, which after some time the pope finds and hands to him, but it proves to be the key of his wine cellar.

Presently St. Peter is admitted within the gates, but Gregory somehow is lost in the fog.

Leaving the dead pope, we turn to the living one, whose name is Giovanni Maria Mastai Feretti, who is of noble birth, being the seventh son of an aristocratic and titled gentleman, who had more dignity of rank than length of purse. The younger son, therefore, was obliged to enter the army or the church; and as the latter has less work and more pay, Mastai became an ecclesiastic. He passed through the various stages of preferment; was made an archbishop in 1829, and a cardinal in 1840. When Gregory died, the cardinals, according to the usual custom, shut themselves up, and proceeded to the election of his successor. Five days were spent in an ineffectual attempt to elect some one to lead the hosts of Rome; but on the sixth it was announced that Cardinal Feretti was pope, under the title of Pius IX. For a while the new pope, after his election, pursued a generous and liberal policy, which gave great satisfaction to the people, who illuminated the city, flocked around the palace, and shouted their praises to their new master; and when he rode out, they, in their enthusiasm, unharnessed the horses of his carriage, and, with glad songs, drew him themselves through the city. He dismissed from office the prime

minister of the dead pope, Cardinal Lambruschini, as base a tyrant as ever lived, and who was justly hated by the people; gave encouragement to several minor reforms; disbanded a foreign guard which had attended the court; uttered sentiments friendly to the freedom of the press; and, contrary to all precedents, preached in public after his august coronation. The Romans imagined that the hour of their freedom had come. They looked to the pope as their savior, and blessed the hand which had removed from the pontificate Gregory XVI., and placed Pius IX. upon the episcopal throne. But they were destined to a sad disappointment; and events were to prove that they had only exchanged one tyrant for another. The pope's reform measures did not meet with the approval of the church. The cardinals and priests began to whine and rebel; the Austrian government sent over its protest, and Prince Metternich, who is called by the patriots of Germany "Prince Midnight," commanded the Austrian ambassador to resist every innovation which the pope might make on long-established usages; a Capuchin monk made an attempt upon the life of Pius; two or three orders conspired against him; a deep plan was laid to slaughter all the liberals in Rome, and carry the pope to Naples; arms were found, and money was pledged to carry out the plot; and to crown the whole, the Austrian army began its march upon the city, and Pio Nono was driven to concessions which a pope never made before. These demonstrations forced backward the wave of reformation, and stayed the progress of liberalism, which were becoming so prevalent. The pope, alarmed for his head or mitre, soon began to retrace his steps, and it was not long ere he had undone all the good, and plunged into gross errors, which

armed against him the opposition of his subjects. They had tasted liberty; they had seen the dawn of a better day, and ardently desired to be completely free; and when the pope began to draw the reins, and issue his oppressive enactments, they rose up against him, until, on the 24th of November, 1848, the supreme tyrant fled from Rome in the jacket of a Bavarian slave, and found shelter from his loving subjects in the arms of Ferdinand of Naples, at Gaeta.

Time rolled on, and the legions of France thundered at the gates of Rome, broke down the walls, restored the pope, and to-day he keeps his seat through the influence of two hostile armies, whose cannon point towards the Vatican.

I was fortunate enough to see his holiness under very favorable circumstances; and though my admiration of the poor, foolish old man did not increase by the public exhibition which he made of himself, yet I was glad to be in Rome at the time. It was at the great festival of Corpus Domini, which is celebrated with great enthusiasm in all Papal countries. The origin of this festival is something like this: A nun, in the twelfth century, while gazing from the little window of her cloister upon the full moon, which was riding in the heavens above, saw in that luminary a gap or crevice. While she wondered what this could mean, a soft, mysterious influence stole over her senses, and a divine form appeared, and she was informed that the moon represented the church, and the gap was illustrating the want of some religious festival. She inquired what it was, and was informed that it was the adoration of the consecrated wafer. She was commissioned to announce this to the world, and to commence the celebration of Corpus Domini, or *Corpus Christi*, as it is

sometimes called. Pope Urban IV. set apart the Thursday following, Trinity Sunday, for the celebration, and down to this day it has been observed. Many curious miracles have been performed on that day, and in connection with the festival. One of these was some six centuries ago. A priest in Bolsena, who was somewhat sceptical in relation to the vision of the nun, was one day engaged in preaching his scepticism from the steps of the altar, when drops of blood fell upon his surplice, and stained it in a most peculiar manner. He tried to conceal the blood, but it would appear on the outside, however he might fold his robes. In wild affright, he fell down and confessed his sin, and threw off the fearful vesture. The robe is kept at Civita Vecchia, that miserable, dirty little town on the coast, and is shown at the annual festival with much carefulness.

Well, the morning of Corpus Christi day came, bright and beautiful, the Italian sky bending its soft arch above our heads as we went out to see the show. The streets were thronged with gay and animated crowds of people. French soldiers, in shining uniforms, were moving up and down the Corso; monks and nuns, friars and priests, wending their way towards the venerable and sacred edifice. Falling into the line of carriages, we crossed the bridge, by St. Angelo, and soon found ourselves in front of St. Peter's. We were fortunate enough to secure good seats under the colonnade, through which the procession was to pass. At eight o'clock precisely the stir began, the first rank emerging from the door of the Vatican just as the hour arrived. Down by us came a large number of French soldiers, with stern countenances, and looks as grave as if they were marching to the field of death; next, a company of the famous *gens d'armes*, with their long

swords clanking by their sides, and their iron heels echoing on the pavements; next, several hundreds of boys, who are being educated in the various Catholic schools and monasteries, wearing white robes, and carrying burning candles, and, as they moved on, sending out strains of music from their young lips, deliciously wild and discordant; next followed the friars, white, gray, and black, of all the different orders, with large wax candles burning in their hands. The appearance of these monks was any thing but pleasing. Were all our prisons raked over, or the ragged school of London searched, no company of men could be gathered who would exceed these in base looks and sinister expressions. There were but a few good-looking men among them. The wild eye of vice or the dull look of indolence characterized them all. Their heads were shaven, their beards long and dirty, their feet bare, and their robes ragged and filthy. As they moved on by hundreds, they made the colonnades ring with their sacred songs, which came pealing amid the majestic columns in a chorus wild and grand. All the time the bells in the city were ringing in many a chime, the cannon of St. Angelo were thundering over the Tiber, and military bands were sending their strains over the gay and brilliant city. Still on the procession came, each order of monks known by the different flags and devices which they carried. The order of San Francisco were the most miserable set of human beings I ever saw in ecclesiastical habits. Should they march up to the door of any one of our poorhouses, the first work of the keeper would be to souse them into water, and wash away their filth. The Augustine friars looked very well. They were clean and tidy, and appeared as if they were well fed. Many of them seemed to be fine singers, and

discoursed sweet music. Behind the friars followed the curates and priests of the churches in and around the city. These were better looking men, well dressed in black robes, and withal somewhat portly. Next, a higher grade of the clergy; then the senator of Rome, poor representative of departed glory, and with him the officers of state. These all passed along, with crosses, bells, banners, and all kinds of trinkets, and a louder blast of trumpets caused us to stretch our necks and strain our eyes for the next scene in the play, when, lo! a sort of baby training-cap, on a velvet cushion, made its appearance. It looked like the plaything which was put on Victoria's head in Westminster, years ago, a very pretty ornament for a gay, unmarried girl. Then followed another hat, still more gorgeous, and then a third, each of which is worn by the pope on certain occasions. The people reached up, gaped, stared, and looked wondrous wise, as these toys were lost in the distance. An hour was thus occupied, when the bell of the Cathedral announced that the pope was leaving the Vatican. He came on, preceded by his body guard of soldiers, dressed in a singular uniform, which gave them a most grotesque appearance. They wear steel helmets, with flowing plumes; frocks of blue, green, white, and yellow stripes; loose, flowing Bloomer trowsers, similarly striped; stockings striped likewise. They carry halberds, and are very dashy in their appearance, as you may imagine. Around the pope were gathered the cardinals, with blood-red robes, the most appropriate color they could wear. But the object of all interest was the pontiff himself, who was borne upon the shoulders of ecclesiastics of high rank. He rode in a car trimmed with gold, and decorated with spangles. Over his head was a canopy of gilt and crimson.

As this pretended successor of St. Peter rode along, with his head bowed over a golden crucifix, and his person covered almost entirely with drapery, the undulating motion reminded me of the awkward figure one makes when riding on the back of an unwieldy elephant. His holiness is a good-looking man, in the sixtieth year of his age, having been born in 1792. His countenance is mild, and has a benevolent expression. There appears, however, a want of life and character, and no one would mark him as a man of much ability and energy. In size, rotundity, cast of features, and general appearance, the pope resembles Dr. M. (though without the vivacity of countenance which distinguishes my traveling associate) more than any man I ever saw; and did not the pontiff have that dull, leaden look, and stooping carriage, which are not at all characteristic of my friend, one might be taken for the other. The Romans were often struck with the resemblance, and with a good-natured smile would look into the doctor's face, and twitter an unintelligible sentence, the only word of which we could understand was "papa."

But to return from our digression. The procession of boys and men, monks and priests, bishops and cardinals, singing and praying, groaning and shouting, moved out into the street, and up through the piazza, in front of the church, and into the sacred edifice, opening to the right and left, forming lines, through which the pope was to pass. Soon he came ambling along on his human horses, who were sweating beneath the burden. At the foot of the grand altar he dismounted, very much as a person pretty well frightened would clamber down from the back of an elephant. What took place at the altar I do not know. The pope

muttered; the people fell on their faces; the military men threw their arms down with a clash upon the pavements; the pope spread his hands, and gave a fatherly benediction; and men, women, boys, girls, priests, monks, cardinals, beggars, thieves, Italians, Germans, French, all began to rush out of the cathedral pell-mell, crowding, pushing, running, stopping, swearing, praying, all in one delightful jumble, the like of which I never saw before. Seeing his holiness making his way towards where we stood, we put ourselves in a position to secure a most favorable view of his countenance. When he arrived at the spot where we were, he was seized with a sudden spasm of affection; and turning square round, he spread his holy hands, and uttered an extra blessing on us poor heretics. I was grateful, not so much for the benediction as for the fine view of his sacred person.

With the crowd we rushed out of the church, and at the door met and shook hands with Rev. Mr. Barry, who had recently arrived from the Holy Land. The sight of a familiar face amid those strange scenes was truly refreshing; and though our interview lasted but a few minutes, it forms a little green spot amid the dashing waves of that tumultuous day.

In Rome, the Catholic religion is seen in all its power and glory, ay, and in all its weakness and shame too. There is no government here to interfere with the exercise of its functions; there are no heretical sects to deform its proportions, and hinder its advance. Here are its throne, its palace and its prison, its temple and its tower. Italy is a very paradise for monks, and if she is not cursed, it is not their fault. They swarm like locusts, eat bread which they do not earn, live in houses which they have not erected.

One of the most striking characteristics of Romanism, as it is seen in Italy, is *its unblushing absurdities.* Wherever you go, you meet with some marvelous story which bears upon its face every sign of falsehood. The religious observances are mixed up with the most disgusting nonsense, of which a reasonable man would tire in a single season; and these stories are told, and these services are performed, by men who know their perfect folly. The scene which I have described is one which cannot be reviewed without awakening in the mind a feeling of horror and contempt towards its principal actor. An old man bedecks himself in tinsel and gold, and rides abroad upon the shoulders of men, the representative of one who had not where to lay his head. The deluded people see him come, and fall upon their knees. The great God is forgotten; a mortal sits in his place. To man the prayer is offered; from man the blessing is expected; and the infidelity which wrapped the sun of France in clouds is not more blinded than the superstition of the worshipers of Antichrist.

The holy week is full of scenes which one knows not whether to consider most pitiable or ludicrous. With all gravity, ceremonies are performed in which the great and learned engage with apparent delight and devotion. One of these ceremonies is that in which the pope washes the feet of thirteen men, who represent the twelve apostles and the base betrayer. Thirteen men are chosen who will best represent the characters. Peter is personified by a severe, impulsive, energetic old man, with long, flowing beard; John, by a young, boyish-looking man, on whose fair face sit gentle benignity and grace; Luke, by a fine, intellectual, noble-appearing citizen; Judas, by a dark, sinister, malignant, scowling creature, who looks the very

picture of hate and revenge. Some of the thirteen look as if they were just from the fishers' nets, and some of them from the seats of the publicans.

With a little scented water, the pope goes through the form of washing their feet, and they all sit down to a table spread with food, and this false Christ attends them, and hands them the dishes with ineffable grace. This mock service is performed sometimes in the Sistine Chapel, and immense crowds assemble to witness it. The pope publicly assumes the character of an impostor, and the whole ceremony is well calculated to impress the mind with the utter absurdity and the unspeakable meanness of a church which will, in the midst of the light of our day, practice such a rite.

The empty form of climbing the *Scala Santa*, which is done by thousands of poor, wretched pilgrims, on their blistered knees, with the vain hope that it will ease the guilty conscience, and give peace to the troubled bosom, is also ridiculous. It is so unlike any thing which Christ ever enjoined upon his disciples, and so unlike any thing which he ever practiced himself, and is so senseless withal, that no one can see the devotees toiling up the steps without smiles at their folly.

Whoever lives in Rome a year will witness a round of folly which Boodhism never equaled. He will see the *Agnus Dei* borne from house to house, with the vain hope that it will save the sick and dying; he will attend the feast of the Annunciation, and hear the cry of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will to men;" he will hear and see the celebration of *Christi Missa*, or the mass which commemorates Immanuel's birth; he will go to the Sistine Chapel, and hear the wailings of the *Miserere*, as the thirteen emblematic candles are put out; he will hear all the bells in the city ringing and the

cannon of St. Angelo thundering over the Savior's resurrection; and will be called each day to celebrate the festival of some saint, to rejoice over the performance of some miracle, and exult in the triumph of some new superstition.

The absurdities of Romanism are seen also in the relics which abound in Italy, and the blasphemous use which is made of them in this and all other countries. One traveler, while going down into Italy, found, in the cave of some of the monks, an outline of the foot of the Virgin Mary, which was accompanied by the following curious document, which he translated for the benefit of heretics:—

"All hail, Mary, Most Sacred Virgin Mother of God.

"Correct measure of the foot of the most blessed Virgin Mother of God, cast from her own shoe, which is preserved with great devotion in the monastery of Spain. Pope John XXII. granted three hundred years of indulgence to whomsoever should kiss three times this measure, and recite the '*Ave Maria*,' which was also confirmed by Pope Clement VIII., in the year of our Redemption 1603. This indulgence not being limited, one can obtain, as often as he wishes, the aid of the Most Sacred Virgin. It can also be applied to spirits in purgatory; and, for the greater glory of the Queen of Heaven, it is permitted to take from this measure other similar measures, all of which shall bestow the same indulgence.

"Mary, Mother of God, pray for us."

Five or six years ago, in Treves, a German city, the Romish cause getting low, Arnold, the bishop, got an old piece of cloth, which he called the seamless coat of Jesus, and on various occasions multitudes came from all parts of the German states to see and worship this

interesting relic. The bishop held it up, the choir chanted melancholy lays. The whole throng fell down on their faces, and cried, "Holy coat, pray for us!" "Holy coat, we worship thee!" "Holy coat, thou art life!" "Holy coat, our hope, our hope!" The description given of this relic, by Catholics, is quite amusing.

One says, "Its thread is so fine, and so strongly blended, that the eye cannot see whether it is woven or wrought with the needle." Another says, "The eye can scarcely recognize the color; sometimes it is purple red, sometimes a beautiful blue; at other times it has the color of the yellow lily. An extraordinary emotion seizes those who look at it; sometimes they contemplate it with love; sometimes they suddenly look abashed, seized with fear and respect. It seems that a divine virtue dwells in this robe." "Masenius gives the exact measurement. It is 1m. 76 in length, 1m. 16 in breadth. On the top there is an opening to admit the head."

The history of this relic, as given by Romanists, is as curious as the description. It is like this: —

"At the crucifixion, the coat fell to the lot of a Roman soldier, who sold it to John and the women who were at the cross. It was thus concealed in the holy family and their descendants during the whole period of the persecutions, until its very existence became a secret. It remained hid for nearly three hundred years, until the ascendency of Constantine, when the Empress Helena visited Palestine in 326, searching for relics, to quicken the faith of proselytes at home. Among other discoveries, she brought from its concealment the holy robe without seam, the mystic symbol of the indivisibility of the church; and, on her return, is said to have deposited it in the church of Treves.

"To this period succeeds a chasm of eight hundred

years, during which the tunic was hidden from view. What became of it none can tell. It was not till the year 1196 that it was again discovered and exposed. It then remained hidden again until 1512, when it was exhibited at the request of the Emperor Maximilian. Since then it has been displayed nine times; the last time in 1810, for nineteen days, when two hundred and twenty-seven thousand strangers visited it. At each of these exhibitions, the most astonishing miracles, to which all the wonders of sacred story bear no comparison, were performed by the coat, all of which are exultingly recorded, and form a gross and revolting history of imposture and superstition. At times the robe has had great popularity as a relic: Pope Leo X. granted a plenary indulgence — that is, license to commit any sin they please — to all who should adore it."

The miracles performed by this coat, recorded by Catholic historians, are as follows: —

"The Countess Jane Drost Vischering had a painful contraction of the left leg, rendering the use of crutches necessary, which had existed for many years in spite of the best medical aid. She visited the cathedral, knelt before the tunic, touched it, and rose and walked off without her crutches, entirely free from her disease! Her crutches still hang in the cathedral as a testimony of her miraculous cure, and of the wonderful efficacy of the tunic!

"Matthew Weiler, a peasant, had been sick for two years, experiencing the most excruciating pains in the whole length of his left leg, which was in consequence contracted double. He was carried to the cathedral, and, while worshiping the tunic, felt a change in his limb, and immediately straightened it, and walked off like a grenadier! About the same time, a daughter of

John Schell, a child of twelve years of age, who also had a contraction of her limbs, came near the relic, and felt instantly her leg stretch out; and she walked away without her crutches or any support!

"Widow Catharine Petsch had a cerebral affection, which deprived her of the use of speech, and of the limbs of her right side, so that all sensibility was destroyed. This continued for five months. She also was carried in a state of insensibility to the tunic, and instantly, on reaching it, cried, 'O God! O Savior!' rose, completely cured, and left the cathedral without any support!

"Anna Josephine Wagner was cured of epilepsy by one single touch. Catharine Drolait, aged twenty-four, was cured of the palsy. She was carried to the tunic; and, according to the certified account, when she touched it, she cried out, with a loud voice, 'Good God! how that cracks in my knee!' and fell in a swoon, from which she awoke perfectly cured! Apollonia Porn, aged nine years, was cured of rickets on the 21st of September! A child, who had been blind of an eye by falling on a sickle, suddenly recovered the sight of the eye which was lost! Susannah Muller was cured of articular gout, which, for six months, had not permitted her to be an hour out of bed! Regina Morscheidt was cured of aphonia. James Heing, who had been made dumb by a fever, was restored."

It was the blind idolatry of the people who worshiped this old coat, which Arnold had stolen from the scanty wardrobe of some poor pauper, which stirred the heart of John Ronge, one of his priests, who, like Luther, rose up in indignation, and branded the church as an impostor, and Arnold as the priest of imposition

Were these relics reverenced by the poor, degraded

monks alone, we should not charge the church with absurdity on their account. But the seamless coat and the Virgin's slipper are shown by the bishops, and the exhibition is sanctioned by the authorities at Rome. At the very word of the pope himself, thousands fall down before the napkin, the cross, and the spear, which are preserved in St. Peter's, and the whole Papal hierarchy say "Amen."

One who was on the ground when the holy coat was worshiped, and who was acquainted with all the circumstances, gives a description of the interest taken in this imposition: —

"On the 18th of August, the Bishop of Treves performed mass in his pontifical robes, and afterwards exhibited the seamless coat. All the parishes in the city made a pompous procession. The civil and military authorities, the students of college, the school children, the mechanics, the tradesmen, all attended. In the evening the houses were illuminated. The soldiers were led by their officers before the relic, with their colors lowered. Three hundred prisoners asked leave to visit the holy garment, and they came with great gravity and compunction. During the whole exhibition, the cathedral was open from five o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night, and it was constantly filled with an immense crowd.

"Pilgrims came from all countries, chiefly from Germany and the eastern frontiers of France. They were for the most part peasants, who, with their vicar at their head, flocked to this pagan spectacle. The city of Treves presented during the exhibition a lively scene. In all the streets and public places, processions were continually passing. Ordinarily, the pilgrims marched two and two, and chanted a monotonous lit-

any. All the hotels were crowded. Extensive wooden barracks were erected at the gates of the city, and there, for a penny or two a head, the pilgrims found a little straw to lie upon. At two o'clock in the morning, the noise began again, and continued till a very advanced hour of the night. Playactors of all sorts established themselves at Treves; every day several theaters were opened to amuse the strangers. There were panoramas, dioramas, menageries, puppet shows — all the diversions which are found in France at fairs. Every where mirth and revelry abounded, wholly unlike the composed and pious feelings inspired by the performance of a religious duty.

"Let us now accompany the pilgrims to the cathedral. At the bottom of the nave, on an altar brilliantly lighted, is the relic, in a golden box. Steps placed at each side lead to it. The pilgrims approach, mount the steps, and pass their hand through an oval aperture in the box, to touch the coat of the Lord. Two priests, seated near the relic, receive the chaplets, medals, hoods, and other articles of the faithful, and put them in contact with the marvelous coat, because mere contact is a means of blessing. Objects which have thus touched the relic are consecrated, sanctified; they then become holy chaplets, holy medals, &c.; and after this ceremony the pilgrims go away rejoicing, thinking they have acquired the remission of all their sins. It is needless to say that this exhibition was distinguished by numerous miracles. Has not Rome miracles always at her service? Is not her whole history filled with striking prodigies?

"This exhibition, of course, brought a great deal of money to the priests. This is the true explanation of the riddle. It is estimated that the offerings of the

faithful amounted to five hundred thousand francs (one hundred thousand dollars) in the space of six weeks, without reckoning the eighty thousand medals of the Virgin, which were sold, and the profits from the sale of chaplets and other objects of devotion. Even now, in all the towns of France, the priests employ persons, particularly women, to sell at an exorbitant price a thousand petty articles which have touched the holy coat! such as ribins, bits of cloth, cotton and silk, some of which are shaped like the coat, besides crucifixes and images, in wood or in glass. The clergy have monopolized all the old rags of the neighborhood of Treves, and sell them for their weight in gold; and they find dupes weak enough to purchase these amulets! The product of this traffic, added to the offerings of the pilgrims, will be perhaps from one to two millions of francs."

Another striking characteristic of the Romish church is its *wretched intolerance.* This is not clearly seen in America, for here she has but little power, and thus far she has secured no hold upon native-born Americans. Any display of a persecuting spirit would destroy its own purpose, and defeat its own efforts. The priests practice their rites and exercise dominion only within their own borders. In England, the cloven foot is seen a little more distinctly, and the church is more arrogant and pretending. In France she takes still greater liberties, and since that monster of wickedness, Louis Napoleon, has trampled down the constitution, has established herself in her own peculiar way. But to know Romanism, one must see Rome; he must travel down through Italy, the seat and head-quarters of Popery, and learn what this false church is when uncontrolled by Protestant influences. He will find,

within the walls of the Eternal City, the press under restrictions unknown in any other city in the world, the Bible a proscribed book, the rights of conscience denied to man, and the whole people in the most abject slavery. He will find the dark, blood-sprinkled cells of the Inquisition, and the dungeons of old St. Angelo, full of prisoners confined for conscience' sake; and could he explore the cloisters of the monks and the deep places in private edifices, he would doubtless find traces of as foul a system of wrong as was ever known beneath the sun. The intolerance of the Romish church is seen in all her dealings with mankind. She has claimed the right to tread upon the neck of princes and kings; she has taught her disciples to break faith with heretics; she has refused permission for other religions to be taught in her dominions, and has at all times displayed a spirit of arrogance and oppression. At the present moment, many of her illustrious sons are exiles, wandering up and down the earth to escape the vengeance of the wily and crafty priesthood. A man cannot utter his opinions freely in Rome. The fear of chains and imprisonment is ever before him; and if, in an unguarded moment, he breaks forth in honest abhorrence at the crimes and woes which abound, a secret police hunts him out, tracks him to his abode, and drags him away, to torture or to death. I do not affirm that Pio Nono is wholly an intolerant man, or that every cardinal is an ambitious tyrant, or that every priest is a crafty villain. Pius is probably a kind, well-meaning, but weak and inefficient pontiff. His history proves him to be friendly to the minor reforms; and could he reign alone, he would doubtless do something to relieve the woes of his subjects. Some of the cardinals are worthy, generous-minded men, who

are wholly averse to oppression; some of the priests are honest, worthy, and perhaps I may say pious, striving to do good. I hope there is many an A Kempis and many a Fenelon yet left in Rome, who will forsake her altars when the cry is heard, "Come out of her, my people." But this pope is the head, and those cardinals and priests rule over an intolerant church. It lives by its intolerance; and when its intolerant spirit is gone or broken, there will be an end of the church. The pope cannot begin to reform without reforming himself out of the episcopal office. His throne is built on perverted justice and monstrous wrongs, and every blow he strikes for progress falls upon himself. I would give the pope all the credit which he deserves for his good intentions and his good moral character. He is not, as were some of his predecessors, addicted to vice of all descriptions, from the little petty acts of a friar to unblushing adultery and murder; but whoever hopes any thing from him for freedom, will hope in vain. There was a time when hope was kindled, and men turned to Pius as the political regenerator of Italy. A company of cosy old gentlemen in our country assembled and voted him a complimentary address, and in their enthusiasm dreamed that the long, dark night of Popish oppression was ended. But the pope turned the cold shoulder upon his new friends, and coolly informed the world, that whoever expected him to do any thing to curtail the power of the Romish see would be mistaken. From that time, Pio Nono has been rolling back the car of reform, doing penance for the few generous acts with which he commenced his pontificate, until he is nearly as much detested by all the patriots as was Gregory XVI. What he has not done which a tyrant is able and willing to do, no living man can tell.

He has condemned the right of private judgment; he has uttered his anathemas against Bibles and Bible societies; he has bewailed the writing and printing of books, and the progress of knowledge; he has declared that "beyond the Catholic church there is no salvation;" he has turned over all heretics to plagues of the body and torments of the soul; the saints he has shut up in prison, and haling men and women, he has put them to death. What more could a tyrant do than Pius IX. has done? His friends may urge that he is the blind tool of designing men, such as Lambruschini, and is forced into oppressive measures by his ambitious and intriguing cardinals; but there he is, sitting in the place of God, with his iron heel upon the liberty of conscience, the freedom of the press, and the Holy Scriptures; and the church sustains him. Not a voice comes out from the polluted lips of the Mother of Abominations in remonstrance. In England, Cardinal Wiseman and the apostate Newman defend him; in France, the Papal priests and presses declare that the holy father is right, and justify even the torture and murder of those who oppose his authority; in Germany and Austria, the most oppressive enactments of corrupt courts meet with a ready response; while in America, Bishop Hughes, at the head of his clergy, unblushingly declares that the pope is right in suppressing the Protestant religion in Rome, and that Protestants have no right to expect toleration at his hands; and Orestes A. Brownson, ready to plunge yet deeper than his priest into the pit of intolerance, styles the patriots of Italy who forced a constitution, such as it was, from the pope, and who were led on by such pure men as Mazzini, "the liberals," "miscreants," "spawn of hell," men who are "doing their best to

desolate Europe, and replunge the nations, civilized by Christianity, into the darkness of barbarism." He declares them to be "deserving of the execration of every man who has a human heart under his left breast." [1] Those who sympathize with these Italian patriots he styles "stupid dolts, who throw up their greasy caps, and cheer them on with loud hurrahs." He defends the Jesuits, that order of monks and priests who are feared and hated more justly, by all good men in Europe, than are the lazzaroni of the city or the banditti of the mountain. He stands up in our midst and ridicules our institutions, which protect him in his very abuse of them; he goes abroad and defames our society, misrepresents our conditions, and ridicules our laws.

The Catholic religion would be a most amusing play, were it not for its intolerance and persecutions. There is so much of it which is perfectly absurd and laughable, that one can scarcely feel serious while speaking about it. You have heard of the poor monk who had stained himself with fearful crimes, and who went to the priest to confess. As he approached the confessional, he said, —

"Holy father, I have sinned."

The priest bade him kneel before the penitential chair. The penitent was looking about, and saw the priest's gold watch lying upon the table, within his reach. He seized it, and put it in his bosom. The priest approached, and requested him to acknowledge the sins for which he wished absolution.

"Father," said the penitent, "I have stolen, and what shall I do?"

"Restore," said the priest, "the thing you have stolen to its rightful owner."

[1] Brownson's Quarterly Review.

"Do you take it," said the penitent.

"No, I shall not," said the priest; "you must give it to the owner."

"But," said the thief, "he has refused to take it."

"If this be the case, you may keep it," said the priest; and he absolved him from all his sins, and gave him the blessing; and the penitent went out with a clear conscience in his bosom, and *the priest's watch in his pocket.*

We are told an amusing story of a case of Popish juggling in Ireland, in which the church was completely outwitted. A man died, and his widow was told by her priest that his soul was in purgatory, and could be released only upon the saying of a number of masses, which he would do only on condition that she would give him her cow, which was almost all her living. For a long time she hesitated between duty to her children and the desire to release her husband from the flames of purgatory. At length, her love for her departed companion prevailed, and she ordered her two bright little boys to drive the cow to the house of the priest. As they drove her along, weeping over the sacrifice they were about to make, for they were poor, the priest tried to encourage them.

"Well done; you are good boys; drive cheerily, for your father's soul is out of hell, and the devil can never get him back again."

"Do you hear that, Jim?" said the older boy to his brother; "the priest says father is safe out of purgatory, and the devil can never get him back again; run along and head the cow, and drive her back, for all is right now."

Quickly the cow was wheeled about, amid the curses of the priest, and the boys drove her home again, to

the great delight of the mother, who, through the wit of her children, had delivered her husband from torment, and saved her property.

From the short stay which I made in Italy, and from the most authentic accounts, given both by Protestants and Romanists, of the condition of that country, I cannot but believe that the church has a weak hold upon the minds of thousands, who would cast away the chains which are on them, did an opportunity occur. Light is streaming over the dark walls of Rome, and illuminating the habitations of the people. The masses of the nation are ignorant, bigoted, and superstitious, and yet are open to conviction, to a greater extent than Papists in our land. Could light penetrate, they would hail it; could a fire be kindled, they would feel its warmth.

That Rome is ready to give up the Catholic religion, none would affirm; and yet a single newspaper, well conducted, a single Protestant church, with a pious preacher, a single missionary distributing tracts and Bibles from house to house, would, in five years, produce a change which would make the throne of Pius IX. tremble, and astonish the whole Christian world. I know of no spot in the world so favorable for the conversion of Romanists as Rome itself.

The church of Rome has not changed; she is the same now as she was in other days, when, at her behest, blood flowed in torrents. She is less open, more Jesuitical now than formerly, because she has less power over kings and emperors. But her bloody spirit remains the same. Not one of her acts of persecution has she disavowed; but, up to this hour, every scene of crime committed under her sanctity she has defended. When it was announced in Rome that the streets of France were deluged with Protestant blood, that wicked city

echoed with joy at the dreadful intelligence that the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day had taken place. So strongly did the *church* — O, shame! — commend this scene of crime, that a coin was struck, on one side of which was the figure of an angel, with a cross in his hand, and a sword, the emblem of persecution. Besides this, there are men, and women, and children wounded, weltering in blood, and all the dreadful appendages to this scene of wo, while over the whole is the inscription, "*Strages Huguenotorum*," (The slaughter of the Huguenots.) On the other side is the name of the pope who linked his title with the crimes of that terrible night — "*Gregorius XIII., Pontifex Maximus.*"

How, since then, has the church of Rome changed? Let us see. When the news of the famous *coup d'état* reached the Eternal City, and it was known that Louis Napoleon had broken down the constitution and the laws, that blood was flowing in torrents, that the Catholic church was laying her beams wider in the blood of men, — intelligence at which all the world but Rome recoiled, — that city was illuminated, Pius IX. said high mass, and a jubilee was held throughout the Papal dominion — the jubilee of hell, whose echo was caught up and rolled along our shores, and thundered forth in triumph from every church on which is seen the dead crucifix of Romanism. And if the work had been more complete, — if M. Coquerel and Adolph Monod had met the fate of Coligny, we might have had a new coin, with its terrible inscription, "*Strages Huguenotorum;*" and on the reverse, the portrait of Mastai Feretti, with his leaden look, and under it, or over it, his assumed title, Pius IX.

In this country, if we charge the church with intolerance, and cruelty, and absurdity, we are accused of

falsehood; but in Rome, a faithful minister could point to the Inquisition, and say, "There, in that edifice, are the evidences that your religion is not of God; there are the proofs of its hatred and revenge; there is the stupendous monument of its shame and crime." And not a man would dare say, "It is not true." He could point to the shameful lives of the popes; the unblushing licentiousness of the priesthood; the ignorant duplicity of monastic life; and say, "These are not of God; the religion which supports them is not of God." None could reply. These sober facts no sophistry can elude; and could they be shown up, and discussed by the people of Rome, who already know them, they would hurl the throne of St. Peter over into the Tiber.[1] And the day is coming. The eyes are already open which will see it. The present pope is not secure. Once he has been driven from the Vatican; and to-day is sustained in Rome by the bayonets of foreign armies.

The usurpation of Louis Napoleon, the "prince president," as he calls himself, has darkened the prospect

[1] A work, called Taxa Camaræ Apostolicæ, was some years ago published in Rome, and republished in Paris, Venice, Lyons, and several other Papal cities, in which were the fines demanded by the priests for absolution from various crimes. The work was published by authority of Pope Innocent III. The following is a specimen:—

	£.	s.	d.
For a layman for murdering a layman,	0	7	6
" him that hath killed his father,	0	10	6
" him that hath killed his mother,	0	10	6
" him that hath killed his wife,	0	10	6
" a priest or clergyman that keeps a concubine,	0	10	6
For him who, in a criminal cause, takes a false oath,	0	9	0
" a man or woman that is found hanged, that they may have Christian burial,	1	7	6
" a man to change his vow,	0	15	0
To eat flesh and white meats in Lent and other fasting days,	0	10	6
To go into a nunnery alone,	0	18	0
For the remission of a third part of one's sins,	7	10	0

How easily could a pious man show that such a system is an abominable outrage! Here it is a greater sin to eat flesh during Lent than to commit murder; to go into a nunnery alone than to commit adultery. O, shame!

of an immediate change, and strengthened the hands of the pope; but the "glorious time is rolling on," and the day cannot be far distant when the predictions of Scripture, with reference to the false church, must be realized. Her recent usurpations have weakened her cause in England, and opened the eyes of the people to her intolerant and aggressive spirit. Her triumphs in France will only give new power to the preaching of Protestants. While Adolph and Frederick Monod are allowed to preach in Paris, the night will not be very dark. In America, her converts are almost entirely from the ranks of the ignorant paupers who are being emptied upon our shores from the almshouses of Europe. I found, while in England and in France, that an idea existed that conversions were being made in intelligent families, and among men of office and honor, who are native-born Americans; but this is not a fact, as the statistics of Popery will show. Our country is, indeed, filling up with Catholics from foreign countries; but if I do not mistake, the American branch of the church will yet prove a most troublesome child for his ghostly eminence at Rome to manage. The Christian need not despair; God's hand is seen, and God's name is heard, in the changes and convulsions which are abroad among the nations; and if any great *gain* is made by his sovereign holiness, it will not correspond with the movements of the church of Rome for the last half century, which have been almost entirely backward. I cannot close these observations more appropriately than in the words of Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, addressed to a Papal missionary now in England: —

"One thing I will predict, from the signs which are multiplying around us: You may endeavor to warp the minds of your partisans from infancy; you may

exercise the influence of the confessional to prevent the study of the Bible; you may impoverish the education of those within your power; you may compress and chain down the minds of thousands and of myriads; but you will yet see such an insurrection of the Catholic masses of Europe against your priestly sway, that while you are arguing about 'the rock,' you will find your sandy foundations giving way; and while you are proving your possession of the 'keys,' your prisoners, despite of keys and bolts, will burst from your thralldom forever."

XXXII.

FLORENCE.

The hour came for me to leave mighty Rome, and all its scenes of glory and shame. I did not regret it; for that renowned city contains so many objects of disgrace and wo, so much over which a philanthropist can but weep, that I turned from its museums and galleries of art, with no prospect of ever beholding them again, without any feeling of sorrow. There is little in Rome congenial with my feelings; and I was glad to be gone. The palaces of the Cæsars and the tombs of the Scipios are there, indeed; but what of that? Like Egypt, when the ten plagues were visiting the city of the Nile, Rome swarms with filth, fleas, fevers, and pestilence; and where once captive princes walked in chains of gold, and emperors rode along in victorious state, hungry cardinals and a besotted priesthood roam; and on the throne once filled by proud Cæsar sits a weak, imbecile old man, with a paper cap upon his head, receiving the adoration of a superstitious and ignorant people. I could look upon the pomp and aristocracy of the English nobility with some pleasure, for there seems a stately elegance in it; I could gaze upon the gay and voluptuous pleasures of Paris with some allowance, for nature has her will in Paris, and, like a goddess, sweeps along, receiving the homage of a blinded multitude; but with the hollow rites and foolish mockery of Rome my soul could have no fellowship It was neither natural,

grand, dignified, manly, or pleasing. The pomp of Rome is an insult to God and a disgrace to man, and utterly unworthy of rational beings. The mass of the people are blinded and in ignorance; but the higher ecclesiastics must be aware of the infamous fraud which they are practicing upon the multitude. Their religion is a cheat, and no man in his sober senses can deny it; and the priests must be aware that they are arrant impostors. Joe Smith, with his Book of Mormon, never perpetrated a greater deception than this same religion of Rome shows itself to be; and one feels relieved to be away from the dominion of the pope, out of sight of the cardinal's red hat, the chapeau of the lazy priests, and the dirty rig of the shaven-headed friars.

From Rome to Civita Vecchia by diligence, from thence to Leghorn by steamer, and from thence to Florence by railway, we hurried, arriving at the latter place on the 25th of June. Florence, or *Firenze*, as the Italians call it, is a city of about one hundred thousand inhabitants, lying on both sides of the "smiling Arno," and is one of the most gay and delightful places in Italy. It is the capital of Tuscany; and though, with the decline of Italy, it has lost much of its former glory, is yet full of life and gladness. Almost every day some frolick is carried on, or some saint celebrated, to the great amusement of strangers. We arrived on what we were told was San Victoria's day, and the whole people seemed to be out in masses. The day was observed with many civil and religious demonstrations, and ended in a horse race. Three horses were painted and lettered, and let loose in the public streets. The people crowded the sides of the thoroughfares and windows all along the race course by thousands, military men were parading up and down, and for some two hours we gazed from

the window of the hotel upon an array of beauty, fashion, pride, pomp, and vanity, such as I had never seen before. The houses all along were waving with drapery, which was suspended from the windows, and every thing gave evidence that some gay event was about to transpire. Well, when we had waited, stretched our necks, wondered at the pomp of the grand duke, and been amused at the hundred little pleasantries, a cry announced the approach of the horses, and soon they came leaping by, the little creatures all spotted with paint, like the cheeks of some of our fair ladies, and in a moment were out of sight. This was all — the show was over, and the people began to disperse. We could see nothing pretty, funny, or interesting in the race of these three horses, which, from our window, looked very much like large wharf rats leaping by, and sending their heels into the faces of the crowds of people who lined the streets on both sides. The whole show reminded us of the exhibition of "three blind mice."

This race is the result of the folly of a man who died, leaving a sum of money, the income of which would be about three hundred dollars annually, which was to be appropriated to this purpose. Thus the people have a show day, the horses are run to death, several persons are kicked down and injured, to carry out the last will and testament of the Florentine Dives.

Florence, according to its name, is a city of flowers, and the flower girls meet you in every street; especially on the morning of the Sabbath are they out by hundreds, with their white arms and necks shaded by the wide hat, which gives a grace and beauty to the person which cannot be derived from the little, awkward, uncomely bonnet, resting so far back on the head that a paper of pins seems almost necessary to keep it on.

These flower girls are modest and pretty. They do not often try to sell you flowers, but force them into your hand, and turn away as if they were indifferent about the pay. Frequently they dart away before you can draw out your purse, and in a half hour will meet you again, and thrust another bouquet into your hand, or twine a sweet rose or blushing pink in the button-hole of your coat, and are off before you can say, "Thank you." As you ride along, shower after shower of roses will fall into your carriage, thrown by a graceful hand, with a most interesting smile.

The objects of interest in Florence are the cathedral, the baptistry, similar to that of Pisa, and the bell tower; the Pitti Palace, with its museums and galleries of art; the Boboli Gardens, with their rich foliage and shady walks; the convents and churches, rich with works of art; and a large number of public and private edifices, which wealth has adorned and beautified. The cathedral is an odd-looking structure, with a fine dome, from which Michael Angelo modeled that of St. Peter's, in Rome. The dome was the work of Brunelleschi, and is a wonder, which will make his name noted as long as it continues to stand. It is built in alternate layers of black and white stone, and presents a unique appearance.

The palace of the grand duke is a very fine structure. It was built by Luca Pitti, who, by a series of misfortunes, became involved in ruin and disgrace. The galleries are filled with the finest paintings, in which are treasured up the works of the old masters. Miles on miles of paintings, and seas on seas of fine carving and chisel work, are to be found. Here are the evidences of the genius of Titian, Raphael, Rubens, Bartolommeo, Michael Angelo, and a host of the old masters who have now fallen asleep.

Nothing interested me more, while in this delightful city, than the visits which I made to the studios of several of the prominent artists of the place; among others, that of Pampaloni, the author of the Kneeling Samuel, copies of which in plaster are so common. The elder Pampaloni is dead; but his son, inheriting his genius, still continues to give life to dead marble, changing deformity to order and beauty. Several exquisite statues on which the artist was engaged were shown us. One of great excellence as a work of art, to which the finishing stroke was just being given, was Magdalene in the Wilderness; but who knows what that means? A woman reclining on her side, her arm upon a mossy stone, a rude cross beside her, and her hand resting on a skull. The lifelike countenance, the exquisite finish of the limbs, and the gentle look of piety depicted on the features, render the work one of great interest.

Leaving Pampaloni's, we repaired to the studio of our countryman, Hiram Powers, who stands in the front rank in his profession. Here, in this little room, were the Greek Slave, and Eve, modeled and finished. The American feels at home on entering; for besides the frank, open, cordial salutation which he receives from the artist, he sees the busts of various distinguished men whose names are indissolubly associated with the history of our own country. Mr. Powers is now engaged upon a work which he designs shall represent the Genius of America. It is a female figure, with a loose, flowing sash thrown about her person, a serene and placid countenance, one hand lifted, and the fingers pointing to heaven, as if appealing to the Most High, as our great sovereign and helper, the other hand placed upon a bundle of rods, representing the states of our confederacy, and the feet standing on the broken

emblems of tyranny and oppression. The upper part of the figure was completed, and we asked Powers where the emblems of oppression were, that he was to have beneath the feet of the Genius. "O," said he, "we never represent Liberty treading on Tyranny until the statue is ready to leave Florence, lest Tyranny should attempt to forestall the matter and tread on Liberty." Mr. Powers has a family of young Italians growing up around him, but he assured us that he could not forget his native land. One son he has recently sent to West Point, to receive a military education.

From Powers's we went to see Greenough, who was absent from the city at the time. He also is an American, and stands high in Florence as an artist. He is now engaged on a great work for some of the public buildings at Washington. The group consists of an Indian, a hunter, a woman with a child in her arms, and a dog. The Indian, naked and fiendlike, has his rough hand in the long, flowing hair of the woman, drawing back her head, with tomahawk upraised, ready to strike the fatal blow. The wretch has one knee upon the ground; the woman has her babe in her arms, and her whole countenance is wild and despairing. When the blow is ready to fall, the hunter, the husband of the woman, the father of the child, arrives, and seizes the upraised hand of the savage. The gun of the hunter is on the ground; his dog, fierce and bristling, stands barking by. The nude figure of the Indian, the rude yet neat dress of the backwoodsman, the shrinking woman expecting death, yet striving to cover her child, form a striking group, well worthy the fame of our countryman, and a befitting monument for the halls of the nation. One of the workmen told us the group was

for "the *palace* of the President of America." Well, that is near enough!

All the churches of Florence are interesting, and are distinguished for something peculiar and unique; but only one or two of them deserve our notice at this time. The Church of Santa Croce, erected six hundred years ago, is to Florence what Westminster Abbey is to London — the charnel of its illustrious dead. The first and most conspicuous monuments which the stranger sees on entering this edifice, is the grand sarcophagus of Michael Angelo, the world's great artist. The sister arts, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, are weeping over the tomb, while surmounting them is a statue of the great man himself. The spot where he sleeps was selected, and the manner of his burial was described, by the artist himself, who wished his resting-place to be within sight of the cathedral, on whose spacious dome he loved to gaze in life. Michael Angelo was a remarkable man, and evidences of his skill are seen all over Florence — in one place his paintings, in another his statues, and in another the work on which he was engaged at the time of his death. He was a man of rare abilities and remarkable genius. He was manly, bold, and independent. He stood before popes and kings without fear, and his name has descended to our times as one of the few men whom wealth, fame, and honor could not corrupt, and whom bribery and policy could not seduce. There is told of him an amusing and striking incident, which will illustrate his character. It is known that he frescoed the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which to this day is a wonder. The circumstances under which it was done are thus related: —

"The surpassing superiority of Michael Angelo, while it secured the patronage of princes and popes, awakened

the envy and hatred of artists. Pope Julius II. determined to monopolize his labors. His enemies suggested to the pope that he was as excellent a painter as a sculptor. This stroke of policy told.

"After having walked for some time, Julius led the artist into the Sistine Chapel, and raising his hand towards the vault, said, 'Since my uncle's death, this beautiful building has remained unfinished. I wish it to be said, Julius II. has completed what Sixtus IV. began. Behold your appointed work; you shall be at once the architect, the painter, and the decorator. Fill this immense vault with frescoes and innumerable figures. I will that the world shall know that Michael Angelo is inimitable, not only as a sculptor, but as a painter.'

"For a moment the artist stood silent with amazement; then he said, —

"'Your holiness mocks your servant.'

"'What mean you, Master Buonarotti?'

"'My business is to wield the chisel and the mallet. I know little of painting, and nothing of the mechanical part of fresco work. How, then, can I suddenly, at my age, change my career? But your holiness cannot be in earnest.'

"'I have said I will it; it is thine to obey.'

"'And I tell your holiness that this idea never came from yourself. It is an infamous snare laid for me by my enemies. If I accept, I shall certainly fail. Well, I prefer enduring the anger of your holiness to incurring certain shame. I shall instantly return to Florence.'

"'We'll take good care!' cried Julius; and he retired abruptly, leaving the artist a prey to his mute despair. The thoughts that passed through the sculptor's mind, during that long, lonely night, have remained unspoken. But let us imagine him whose mind was teeming with

vast projects, who needed but to strike the rock, and glorious creations would start forth, turned suddenly back in his career, commanded to forget his people of stone, and to evoke in their place a nation of colored shadows; to pass from the summit of one art to the base of another; and this to be accomplished in an hour. Truly, it was a fierce struggle, and a strange triumph wrought by the indomitable human will.

"On the morrow, Julius found Michael Angelo on the spot where he had left him; his arms were folded on his breast, his head bent in profound meditation; his cheeks were pale, and his eyes bloodshot, but the fire of genius beamed on his brow.

"'Well?' said the pope.

"'I submit to your wishes.'

"'I am sure of it. Believe me, your enemies, in seeking to injure you, have prepared for you a new triumph.'

"'Let Bramante come immediately to construct the scaffolding.'

"This man had been foremost in the attack; and now, caught in his own snare, the envious architect thought at least to procure a share of the work for his nephew, Raphael. But Julius was inexorable, and dryly ordered Bramante to prepare the necessary planks and cordage.

"Meantime, Michael Angelo went to the Sistine, and, for the first time addressing himself to Bramante, said, in the presence of the pope, and in a tone of insulting irony, 'In what manner do you propose, Master Architect, to raise this scaffold?'

"'In the usual manner,' replied Bramante, scornfully.

"'That is to say——'

"'That is to say, master, since you seem ignorant of the first principles of the art you profess, that I will make holes in the vault; that from these openings capstans will descend, and sustain the marble platform on which you will work.'

"'Very clear, indeed, Master Bramante. But permit me to ask you one question: When my paintings shall be finished, how will you stop these holes?'

"'O, time enough to think of that.'

"Michael Angelo shrugged his shoulders, and having called the head carpenter, said to him in a loud voice, 'Take all this trumpery away; sell it, and keep the proceeds for your own use.' He then explained to the astonished pope the method which he meant to employ, and which has been ever since adopted under similar circumstances.

"The next day he sent to Florence for several painters accustomed to fresco work. He caused them to ascend the scaffold, gave each a portion of the wall to paint, and watched their proceedings closely. A few hours sufficed to make him acquainted with the mechanical portion of the art. He paid them liberally, and dismissed them; then he effaced all that they had done, and shut himself up alone.

"Without any assistance he tempered the lime, mixed the plaster, and ground his colors. Often a few drops more or less than the right quantity of water, a coat laid on too thinly or too thickly, in fact, the smallest oversight, used to cause his nearly-finished frescoes to fall off in patches. But genius mocks at difficulties, both great and small. After a time, colors and plaster obeyed their ruler, as marble and bronze had done before. The mechanical obstacles removed, it only remained for him to execute his sublime conceptions.

"It was the spirit of Dante incarnate under another form, and breathed forth in painting instead of in song. Both have embraced in their compositions the whole range of creation, the order and events of time, from the fall of the angels to the last judgment. It would be as impossible to convey an idea of the glories of the Sistine vault to those who have not seen them, as to describe those of Dante's wondrous epic to such as have not felt them. It would be speaking of music to the deaf, and of colors to the blind. Michael Angelo employed but twenty months in his stupendous work. On the day when he finally came down from the scaffolding, his eyes had been so accustomed to looking upward, that he could no longer without pain turn them towards the earth — a touching symbol of genius obliged to look downward and walk with men, after having soared amid the regions of the sky."

Next we come to the monument of Dante, author of *Divina Commedia*, the greatest poem of the age; a man who died of a broken heart, unappreciated by his contemporaries. Beyond is that of Alfieri, the greatest tragic poet in Italy, a man of wonderful genius; passionate, haughty, imperious, but great. The names of great men are read on every side, and the enduring marble tells where sleeps their dust. The monument of Galileo, with the statues of Astronomy and Geometry, and the statue of the great man himself, form a group which leads you to wonder that human wisdom and skill should die so soon.

Leaving Santa Croce, we may wander about among other churches, finding in the corner of one a wax figure of Christ in a glass case. The figure was spotted with blood, crowned with thorns, and well calculated to awaken disgust. This figure was covered all over with

votive offerings, in the shape of watches, rings, and other jewelry. I counted seven watches of considerable value hanging up there. The priests are careful not to let these things become too burdensome to the figure.

In another church[1] is a Madonna, said to have been painted by St. Luke, who, according to these folks, must have been a wonderful artist. In another[2] you will find paintings of a great variety of persons and scenes, some painted by one apostle and some by another, some by one saint and some by another, until you feel disgusted with the conversion of the house of God into a gallery of paintings and curiosities. One Sabbath day we went into one of these churches,[3] which was filled with an aristocratic audience. A whole regiment of priests were at work at the altar, bowing and bending, rising and falling, to the edification of the people, who gazed on with a sort of stupid wonder. Seeing others walking about, we did the same, and at length found our way to the altar, and behind it, where about sixty men were making most delightful music. Instruments of various kinds and fine voices blended together in one delightful strain of harmony. I have seldom heard such delicious music. There was in it something grand and awful, as the holy anthems, sung by such a host of professional singers, echoed amid the pillars and arches of the old church. The choir in Italian churches is generally concealed, and so constructed are the churches that the stranger can hardly tell from whence the strains proceed. The effect of the singing is thus hightened, and rendered more mysterious and enchanting. We know but little about good singing in the churches of America. The soft, warbling, melting

[1] Santissima Annunziato. [2] Santo Spirito. [3] Santa Maria Novella

Italian voice produces strains such as never roll from the lips of the Anglo-Saxon.

The devout appearance of the people in church is contradicted by the eagerness with which they rush to the scenes of amusement with which the sacred day closes. On the Sabbath before I left Florence, the afternoon was given to as gay and brilliant parade as I ever saw on festive days in our own country. Splendid companies of military men marched up and down the streets; banners floated from the windows; civic processions moved through the streets; and over the people, who, in the morning, were bending before the altar, came swelling the intoxicating melody of pleas ure and sin.

The Catholic church here appears as odious as in Rome. The Grand Duke of Tuscany hates the Bible as much as does his master, the pope, who has made the bringing of one into Rome penal crime, for which four years of galley labor are necessary as an expiation. At the present time, arrests are being made almost every day in Florence, and no Italian is free to believe or to worship according to his own conscience. Information is generally received through the agency of the confessional, that perverted agent of a corrupt church. The wife reveals the fact that her husband has a Bible, or the mother states that her son has a prohibited book, or the daughter confesses that her father is a heretic, and soon the offender is secured, and, often without proof, hurried into banishment, or to a vile and loathsome dungeon. There is no crime in Italy greater than heresy; murder has less of guilt than Bible reading; and one had better become a beggar or a bandit than a Protestant. I see that the pope has expressed his desire to send a stone from the Temple of Peace, with an

inscription, "Rome to America," to be placed in the Washington Monument. Such an insult to the memory of the great man could hardly be offered as the reception of such a stone. The pope will not allow the countrymen of Washington to meet for worship in Rome; he will not allow them to build a chapel ten feet square in his city; he will not allow them to bring an Italian Bible into the place; and his only aim now is to subvert and destroy the light which emanates from the American republic. Would a stone from Benedict Arnold, were he now living, be received, or would it be sent back, with an indignant reply? The greatest foe to human freedom in the world is the Pope of Rome; he is the sworn enemy of all the dearest rights of man; an American citizen is yet lingering in his dungeon, and yet he sends a stone to adorn the monument of patriotism.

But to return to Florence. The city is now swarming with Austrian soldiers, sent here by Prince Metternich, to sustain the grand duke in opposition to the wishes of his own people. The masses hate the soldiers, and gnash upon them with their teeth. They feel indignant that the duke should allow himself to be sustained by these hirelings of a foreign government. One day, while leaving the grand duke's palace, we found a regiment of these Austrian soldiers marching by. We asked of our guide, a well-informed, sensible man, "What are all these soldiers doing in Florence?" He replied, "I do not know; I wish the devil would take them away, for he sent them here." This expression, reported at the palace, might have cost the fellow his head; yet, knowing well his company, he went on with a low, deep, bitter strain of denunciation against the oppressive enactments of the government. But the

soldiers are as much to be pitied as the people. They are quartered in convents and private residences, and are cursed by the whole population. They live in the midst of maledictions, and die with none to mourn. I saw one fall in the street, one day; he was borne into the hotel apparently lifeless, while his companions seemed to care little about him. One day, while sitting at our windows, in the midst of a terrific thunder storm, we saw a military funeral passing by. The heavens were in commotion. The angry clouds seemed in valiant conflict with each other. Thunder rolled over our heads with startling effect. The sharp lightnings flashed with forked and serpentine motions through the regions of space. Every human being fled for shelter to some kindly refuge. In the midst of this storm, a low and solemn wail fell on the ear, and then a louder blast of trumpet, bugle, and the more discordant drum. On looking out, we saw advancing a funeral procession. First came a soldier bearing a white cross, which was tastefully trimmed with black crape; next, a detachment of soldiers, with arms reversed, marching in sad and solemn order; next, a fine band, which ever and anon sent the strains of the melancholy death dirge along the deserted streets, making sad yet exquisite harmony; next, a priest in white robes, trimmed with gold; then the corpse, borne upon the shoulders of four men, covered with crape, on which were laid the military cap, plume, and sword of the departed, and a wreath of fresh roses; on each side were the pall bearers with lighted candles, while behind followed a detachment of soldiers. Poor fellow! Far from the land of his birth — for he was a Swiss — he was buried; far from that good mother; far from the kind father who loved him in childhood; far

from the wife to whom he gave his early affections; far from the child who has often wept for him in vain. Poor fellow! Why did he not remain at home, cultivating the field, and not come here to die?

But we will leave Florence, however much we might wish to dwell upon its beauties and pleasures. We leave the city of Dante and Petrarch, the smiling Arno, the region of Italian poetry, the studios of the artists, and gay, delightful Florence itself, the city of flowers, as its name signifies, and pursue our way north, leaving behind us the gay scenes, in the midst of which we have spent a few delightful days. As we proceed, we go still farther from monkery and priestcraft, in proportion as we leave the Eternal City. We get some little out of the region of relics and rites; away from monks who will work any miracle for a franc, or for two scudi show you a bit of the true cross, the seamless coat, or, what is more ethereal, —

> "A ray, imprimis, of the star that shone
> To the wise men; a phial full of sounds,
> The musical chimes of the great bell that hung
> In Solomon's Temple; and though last, not least,
> A feather from the angel Gabriel's wing,
> Dropped in the Virgin's chamber."

O, when will man look up to God, and appeal away from the miserable falsehood of a corrupt hierarchy, to the Truth and the Life, and cast down, in derision and holy zeal, the altars of this sanctified paganism, which has set up its empire in the very shadow of God's throne?

XXXIII.

BOLOGNA AND FERRARA.

We left Florence, in the diligence, one evening about dusk. As this vehicle was a fair specimen of the whole diligence tribe, I will describe it. We had four horses, as lean and lank as Pharaoh's lean kine, and as hungry, too. The harness was partly of leather, but mostly of rope, rotten as twine, and as clumsy as a bed cord. The diligence itself is a long, cumbersome vehicle, like an omnibus, and would not be tolerated in Yankeeland a half hour. It is divided into different compartments. The cabriolet is an open sort of a chaise on top; the coupe is the forward apartment, will hold four or five persons, and is considered as the best place for observation and ease; the interno, or interior, is an apartment with two seats opposite, like those in a coach, and is in the middle; while below is the rotunda, with two seats opposite, on the sides, like those of an omnibus. These seats will hold two, three, or four persons, according to the size of the vehicle. The baggage is put upon the top of the crazy carriage, and is liable every moment to fall through on to your head. The horses are changed every eight or ten miles, and the postilions leave with the horses. When they leave, they come to the windows of the carriage and demand something for drink, and if you refuse, will curse and swear prodigiously. It generally takes three men, sometimes only two, to get the diligence

along. One is the postilion, one a sort of a driver, and the third a conductor. The whole arrangement is cumbrous and awkward, and traveling by it is slow and tedious.

In such a contrivance we rode out of Florence, on St. Peter's day, when the boys were playing with powder, and the men were illuminating their houses, in honor of the great apostle. We rode all night, getting what sleep we could, and arrived at Bologna, the city of sausages, the next afternoon. On our way we were subjected to many inconveniences. If we borrowed an old iron pan to drink from, we were expected to pay for it, and we neither ate or drank without a fee, and were haunted by beggars without number. This is, beyond all account, the greatest country in the world to dupe travelers. Two thirds of the people seem to live on others, and the other third get a living I know not how. I was agreeably disappointed in Bologna, it being a much finer city than I supposed. It numbers about seventy thousand inhabitants, and is the second city in the dominions of the pope. Having washed off the dust of travel, secured a good dinner, and beginning to look a little more like human beings, we went out to see the objects of interest. We found our way to the Academy of Fine Arts, where we saw paintings of much merit — so artists say; the Martyrdom of St. Agnes, by Domenichino; the Massacre of the Innocents, by Guido; the Santa Cicilia, by Raphael; and many others. The cathedral at Bologna is a vast unfinished pile, the original plan of which would have made it one hundred feet longer than St. Peter's at Rome. Here, in the Church of San Dominicho, is the tomb of St. Dominic, the founder of the base and bloody Inquisition, for which

the world curses his memory; also the tomb of the great painter Guido, and several others of much eminence. Here also are two famous leaning towers. They are rude square columns; the highest rises three hundred and sixteen feet, and inclines several feet. This inclination was caused by the settling of the ground in time of an earthquake. The two towers together present a quaint appearance, and what on earth they were erected for none can tell.

The cemetery of Bologna is a singular arrangement. It is a vast pile of buildings, and the bodies are buried in niches. Connected with the buildings are inclosed gardens where graves are made. We spent an hour here musing on the brevity and vanity of human life, and then, having wandered over the city, and rode out to the hights of St. Michael, we retired to rest, to dream of home.

The next morning we started for Ferrara, at which place we arrived in the afternoon of the same day. As was our custom, we proceeded, without loss of time, to see the town. It was once a fine city, but now is almost deserted, and the grass is growing in the streets. It has some galleries of paintings of merit, through which we ran, without stopping long enough to see any thing to advantage.

Every stranger in Ferrara will visit the prison of Tasso, a little cell twenty feet long, and ten feet wide, where he was imprisoned by the duke for aspiring to the hand of his sister, the beautiful Eleanora. The history of Tasso was a sad one. All through life he seemed to be afflicted more than other men. In early life he was separated from his mother by a sad calamity, which he bewailed in his own affecting verse.

"Me from my mother's breast, a child,
Did cruel fortune tear;
The tears she shed, the kisses wild,
She pressed, in her despair,
On my pale cheek; and O, the zeal
Of her most passionate appeal
To Heaven for me in air
Alone recorded — with regret,
I yet remember — weep for yet!

Never, ah! never more was I
To meet her face to face,
And feel my full heart beat more high
In her beloved embrace!
I left her — O the pang severe!
Like young Camilla, or, more drear,
Ascanius-like, to trace
O'er hill and dale, through bush and brier,
The footsteps of my wandering sire."

But his genius drew friends to his aid, and he became the companion of the nobles, and basked a while in their sunlight, and, at length, for the crime already specified, was thrown into prison by Alphonso. From this prison, where I do not see how any person could have lived long, and where on the walls Byron has scribbled his name, and which he has immortalized by his verse, came forth some of Tasso's choicest poems. One which he wrote to his friend, Scipio Gonzaga, is full of wild, enthusiastic eloquence.

"Sure, pity, Scipio, on earth has fled
From royal breasts to seek abode in heaven;
For if she were not banished, scorned, or dead,
Would not some ear to my complaints be given?
Is noble faith at pleasure to be riven,
Though freely pledged that I had nought to dread,
And I, by endless outrage to be driven
To worse than death — the deathlike life I've led?
For this is of the quick a grave; and here

Am I, a living, breathing corpse, interred,
To go not forth till prisoned in my bier.
O earth! O heaven! if love and truth are heard,
Or honor, fame, and virtue worth a tear,
Let not my prayer be fruitless or deferred."

The poet was at length liberated, and removing to Naples, died of a broken heart in the monastery of St. Onofrio, to which my readers have already been taken.

The house of Ariosto is here, and his room is just as he left it. The chair on which he sat, the table at which he wrote, and the very inkstand which he used remain. His tomb is in the Church of the Benedictines, and over it yet stands the lightning-riven bust, and is visited by many who have read and admired his writings.

Just at night we left Ferrara, and soon crossing the River Po, entered the Austrian dominions. There we were subjected to an examination. Our baggage was overhauled without much ceremony. There was nothing suspicious in my bag but a *sermon* which I had nicely folded up in the very bottom of my budget. The official, a good-natured man, drew it forth, and turned over its pages, which I could hardly read myself, much less he, and seemed in considerable trouble about the harmless thing. He turned it over, handed it to his assistant, and mumbled in a strange tongue. Now and then, a glance at me would be given, as if he was endeavoring to read in my countenance whether I was a red republican, socialist, or rebel. But my countenance was as blank as the sermon, which he finally threw into my bag with as much violence as if it had burnt his fingers. But this was not all. We were to be examined by our passports to see if they were right. Dr. M. went first, and passed very well. His well-brushed coat

and white hat, and dignified demeanor, answered very well to the description of the document which declared him to be "an ecclesiastic." Next, Rev. Mr. ———'s turn came. His papers declared him to be an ecclesiastic, but his personal appearance seemed to belie the statement His sack coat, hanging loosely upon his thin form, his cap turned half round, and his lips fixed for a discussion with porter or priest, rendered it somewhat difficult for the officials to believe the statement made over the name of our honorable secretary of state, and indorsed by a legion of consuls, ministers, tide-waiters, and cheats. But at length he was permitted to pass. My turn came next, and my plight was more sad than either of my companions. To a coat of a peculiar cut I had added a little blue velvet Turkish cap, with a huge red tassel, and in my hand I carried a straw hat, which I used for fan, umbrella, and house roof. My companions looked bad enough, but I was in a more pitiable condition than either. So, when my passport was opened and read, the officer looked up with a most provoking smile, and exclaimed, "What! you an ecclesiastic too!" then, setting up a loud laugh, in which some dozen persons present joined, handed me back my papers, as if he imagined I was playing a clever trick, and palming myself off for what I was not.

Having escaped, we pursued our way along in the dark, half asleep and half awake, until an extraordinary stir outside convinced us that we had arrived at Padua, where we were to take the cars for Venice. The sun was not yet up, and we repaired to Hotel Royal, where we arranged our toilet and prepared for a new start. All I remember of Padua is empty streets, rude buildings, a poor breakfast, an exorbitant price, a wrangle with the porter, a quarrel in the street with a man who wished

to carry my carpet bag to the depot, a race to reach the cars, a dull stop of an hour waiting for them to start, and a comfortable sleep of half an hour after leaving the station. I did not stop long enough in what appeared to me to be a very mean Italian town to see St. Antony's or St. Justina's, to visit the Comaro or the Pisani, but hurried away to the watery empire of the "Mistress of the Hundred Isles," the gay, proud "Queen of the Adriatic."

XXXIV.

VENICE — VERONA — MILAN.

THERE are few cities so dreamlike and enchanting as Venice. We arrived one morning in the summer, when all nature seemed alive with beauty and redolent with praise. We entered in the cars, riding over a long bridge of stone, and landed at the railway station. This bridge connects Venice with the main land, and chains this daughter of Italia to her ambitious parent. We found at the railway, instead of cabs and carriages, such as we see in France and England, a long line of neat gondolas, each manned, and ready to put off into the city.

Venice was built long ago by refugees from the main land, who fled to the reeds and marshes of the Rialto, and amid the little islands built their houses and prepared their homes. From the bosom of the wave rose up the great city, with its palaces, churches, and towers. For a long time, the city was governed by a doge, assisted by the tribunes. The city continued to increase; the glory of Venetian arms was sounded from Constantinople to Jerusalem; and the richness of her commerce was the wonder of the Archipelago. From a little city of huts and rushes arose a great and magnificent republic, and in the sea appeared fine edifices, which outbeautified those upon the solid land. Unlike any other city on earth, the seat of vast wealth, filled with a joyous and pleasure-loving people, it became, and continued for a while, the most gay and delightful city in the world,

mocking even the splendors of Rome, Florence, and Ferrara. Artists and poets here gathered to kindle the sacred flame of art; and men of commerce here convened to amass princely fortunes. The lovers of the beautiful and the sublime, the priests of religion, the slaves of sensualism, all found in Venice congenial pursuits and associates; while on the bosom of the deep, the "Queen of the Adriatic" herself reposed, a sparkling gem in nature's ephod.

"Underneath day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies —
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo, the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
On the level, quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing, with inconstant motion,
From the altar of dark ocean,
To the sapphire-tinted skies,
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old."

On leaving the depot, we entered a boat, and sailed by palaces, churches, halls, and gardens, to a hotel situated near the centre of the city. The gondolas, which are used instead of cabs, are long, black, narrow boats, with a black awning to protect the traveler from the rays of the sun. The boats are all of one

color, a law being in force to this effect, to prevent any extravagance on the part of the boatmen. They are not so pretty as those on the waters of the Mediterranean, in the harbor of Marseilles and Genoa. They are propelled by one or two men, who, as they pull along, warble some soft Venetian lay, which, echoing over the waters, steals gently to the senses with the most pleasing sadness.

As we rowed on, other gondolas passed us and hurried by, some filled with gay, laughing girls, on some pleasing errand; others crowded with men; and others, still, loaded with baggage. The fares, the number of passengers, and the amount of baggage to be carried, are all regulated by government, and each gondolier carries his tariff of fares in his pocket, or in the saloon of his little vessel. We went about two miles, and drew up to the door of a hotel, the steps of which were washed by the blue waves. While my companions were negotiating for apartments, I amused myself in catching a large shell fish on the steps of the house, and pulling the bunches of moss and seaweed from the front of the building. Having made arrangements for a day's stop, we went out to see the city, and enjoy a sail up and down the streets, whose pavements are liquid waves, and whose carriages are black and sombre gondolas.

Venice is built upon seventy-two islands, and is connected by three hundred and six bridges, scarcely any of which can be crossed by a carriage. We went to several academies of art, to the churches, in one of which is the tomb of Titian and the monument of Canova; to the Cathedral of San Marco, up into the high tower, from which a view of the city is obtained; through St. Mark's Square, up and down, down and

up; by the doge's palace and giant's stairs; now gazing on the arch of the Rialto, and then upon the Bridge of Sighs, over which no prisoner passed but once. All the time I was in Venice, I seemed to be in a dream; and to this day I cannot make that fairy city appear to me as a reality. At night, as I sat down at my window in the hotel, below me, in the long canal, was heard the splash of the oars, and the earnest conversation of the boatmen, as their gondolas glided along. The first object I saw in the morning, as I gazed out, was a load of vegetables and flowers bound for the market of the city, rowed by a woman, who cheerily sang as she dipped her oar in the yielding wave.

The government of Venice has always been notoriously cruel. The halls of justice and the dungeons of torture have ever been near each other, and an accusation has always been equivalent to conviction. The priest and the tyrant have ruled the "Queen of the Sea;" and deeds of night have been perpetrated here, such as would make humanity shudder. The instruments of torture yet remain to tell the story of deep and horrid cruelty, and all the waters of the Adriatic are not sufficient to wash out the stains. An instance of the intolerance of the irresponsible government has been made, by Byron, the theme of one of his most beautiful works, the particulars of which are given by a recent traveler.[1]

"Wearied with the cares of state, and foreseeing troubles ahead, the old doge had once and again asked permission to retire from his office; but so far from granting his request, the council exacted of him an oath to retain it for life. Three of his four sons were

[1] Rev. Robert Turnbull.

already dead, "hunted down" by the fell adversaries of his house. Giacomo, young, beautiful, and brave, was his only pride and hope. He had formed a splendid alliance with the noble family of the Contarini, and was one of the greatest favorites among the Venetians. But four years from his marriage he was accused of having received presents from foreign potentates — a high crime in Venice; and in the presence of his own father, he was subjected to the rack, and when a confession was extorted from him in his agony, that father was compelled to pronounce his sentence of banishment for life.

"Some years after, an assassination occurred in the streets of Venice. The chief of the Ten, Donato, was murdered on his return from a sitting of the council, at his own door, by unknown hands. A victim was demanded for this monstrous offence; and the coadjutors of the slain magistrate eagerly caught at the slightest clew which might lead to the detection of the offender. A servant of Giacomo Foscari had been seen in Venice on the evening of the murder; and it was said that, on being met by the chief of the Ten in a boat off Mestre, the next morning, he had, in answer to the question, 'What news?' reported the assassination some hours before it was generally known. The servant was arrested, examined, and barbarously tortured; but even the eightieth application of the strappado failed to elicit a word which might justify their suspicion. And yet the young Foscari was recalled, placed on the rack vacated by his servant, tortured in his father's presence, and condemned, although he persisted to the last in asserting his innocence. On this he was banished to a more distant and painful exile. In the mean while, Niccolo Erizzo, a noble infamous

for his crimes, confessed on his death bed that it was under his dagger that the murdered councillor had fallen. And yet Giacomo Foscari suffered no remission of his punishment!

"But the love of home was strong upon the exile. Day and night he dreamed of his wife and children, until his brain reeled, and he resolved that he would procure his recall at any risk. So, writing to the Prince of Milan, imploring his good offices with the senate, he left the letter where it would easily be found by the spies, who watched him even in his exile. The result was a hasty summons to Venice, to answer for the heavy crime of soliciting foreign intercession with his native government.

"For a third time Francesco Foscari listened to the accusation of his son, who calmly avowed his offence, but stated that he had committed it for the sole purpose of being recalled. But there was 'no flesh' in the obdurate hearts of his judges. Thirty times was he raised on 'the accursed cord,' and yet no false confession came from the quivering lips of the sufferer. Torn, bleeding, and senseless, he was carried to the apartments of the doge, firm in his original purpose. But the judges were equally firm in theirs, and again renewed his sentence of exile, with the addition that its first year should be spent in prison. Before his departure, one interview was permitted with his family. The doge, his father, was now old and decrepit; and when he came, supported by his crutch, into the chamber, he spoke with great firmness, so that it might appear as if he was addressing another than his son — his only son! 'Go, Giacomo,' was his reply, when entreated for the last time to solicit mercy, 'submit to the will of your country, and seek nothing further.'

It was too much for the old man; when he retired, he swooned in the arms of his attendants. His son again departed into exile, and was soon afterwards relieved by death."

But we leave Venice, where floods are dashing against the door steps of the finest palaces, and men are fishing from their windows. The city is fast losing its glory and vitality. The palaces are being deserted, and one can be rented at a small cost. The buildings, though noble, now seem falling into decay, and the once proud "Mistress of the Hundred Isles" is becoming a slave to the house of Hapsburg.

A ride of four hours brought us to Verona, a rather mean city between Venice and Milan. During the time which expired before we could "go ahead," we went to the Amphitheater, which is in a tolerable state of preservation, and gives a fine idea of such ancient structures. The seats remain, and only a part of the wall is broken down. In the arena is a small wooden building for circus purposes — a striking illustration of the degeneracy and decay of the city. The little rude building in the arena, and the noble Amphitheater itself, form a striking emblem of the Verona of the present, and the Verona of the past.

We had read Shakspeare, and wished to see the tomb of Juliet, which is here. Our romantic ideas had a fall; and what a fall! We entered a narrow passage, in which a man was washing the dirty wheels of a carriage, and where were several horses, which nearly trampled us as we passed on, and knocked at a rude door, which was opened by a woman with a child in her arms. She was an Italian woman, with dark skin, coal black eyes, piercing and glistening, and a form as graceful as a sibyl. Giving her babe to another, she

conducted us through a stable into a garden. We passed along under a heavy overhanging grape vine, well hung with unripe fruit, to a little chapel, once used for devotional purposes, and in which a tolerable fresco of the crucifixion still remains. Here, in this chapel, which is now used for dovecot and hencoop, a stone tub was pointed out to us as the veritable coffin of Juliet. The hole left as a breathing-place was pointed out. Visitors have broken off pieces of the marble, and carried it away. We wished to do the same, but our pretty gypsy guide would allow of no such thing. Dr. M. was bent on success, but the woman was immovable. He offered her money, but she indignantly replied, —

"No possible — no possible!"

He then tried to coax her a little, and with fair compliments secure a piece of the marble; but though her reply to his persuasions was less indignant than before, it was no less firmly given: —

"No possible — no possible!"

We wandered about Verona a few hours, into stores, offices, churches, graveyards, and wherever else we imagined we could see something, hear something, or find something to buy or beg, to forward our plans, or perfect our knowledge of the city and its inhabitants.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, we took the diligence, and jolted on until eleven, when we stopped an hour to take supper in a town with an outlandish name, which I have forgotten. Supper being swallowed, we pressed on by diligence and railway to Milan, where we arrived on the morning of the 4th of July. Here, to celebrate the day, I went to bed sick, having overtaxed myself for the few days previous by overeating, overriding, and overworking. At night, I went out to see the

Milan Cathedral, one of the finest specimens of the pointed Gothic architecture in the world. It struck me more impressively than St. Peter's at Rome. Any description would fail to do justice to the noble design and the exquisite finish. One involuntarily uncovers his head, and feels a profound awe creeping over him, as he walks up the magnificent nave. In one of the chapels, a funeral service was being performed by several priests. The coffin and the mourners were present. As I stood looking on, I felt my handkerchief sliding out of my pocket, and on turning round abruptly, saw a great awkward fellow with it in his hands. I laid one hand upon his shoulder, and seized the handkerchief with the other. For a moment, the thief showed fight; he jabbering in Italian, while I scolded in English. The priests turned round, the people appeared horror-struck, but I still held on to the article. The fellow, seeing that he should get into trouble, gave up, and devoutly crossing himself, moved away, an admirable specimen of Italian Christians. Had he stolen the handkerchief there in the cathedral before the altar, one of those very priests would have absolved him from all sin for a single franc, and satisfied his conscience by an act of priestly forgiveness. I blame the religion, and not the man. The Catholic church is admirably calculated to produce all kinds of crime, and she is responsible for the present state of morals in continental Europe.

At Milan, in an old convent, now used for a stable and for barracks, is the original painting of Leonardo da Vinci. It has been retouched until its former beauty is gone, and yet, as the original of the multitude of imitations, it is an object of great interest.

Milan is a fine city, but I did not see much of it. It has about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

The Austrians have possession of it, and contrary to my expectations, I found them civil and obliging. Both here and at Venice, we were treated with more genuine good manners by the officers than down in the dirty dominions of the pope; and were I to-day in trouble in Europe, I should expect more justice in Vienna than at Rome.

We are now prepared to leave Italy, the land of flowers and fruits, poets and painters. The finest of all lands, it lives under a bitter curse. The hand of God is on it, withering its flowers and threatening wo to the people. Priestcraft and kingcraft are doing what foreign armies and invading forces never could do. The pope's foot is on the track of progress, and his iron hand is raised against the spread of truth. An Italian patriot,[1] weeping for his country, thus exclaims: —

"O thou devoted land, that canst not rear
In peace thine offspring! thou the lost and won,
The fair and fatal soil, that dost appear
Too narrow still for each contending son!
Receive the stranger in his fierce career,
Parting the spoils! thy chastening has begun!
And wresting from thy kings the guardian sword,
Foes whom thou ne'er hadst wronged sit proudly at thy board."

As the traveler pursues his way from the palaces of Naples up to the foot of the Alps, he forgets, in the present degradation of the people, that this is the land of Dante, Michael Angelo, Petrarch, and Manzoni "Genius is dead," he will declare, as he sees a race of beggars thronging the Capitol, and whining at the door of the Vatican. "This is not Italy," he will affirm, as he inquires in vain for Cæsar's glory and Nero's pride.

[1] Alessandro Manzoni.

"Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
O God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood and drink the tears of thy distress." [1]

But how vain are all the sad songs which are sung, and all the wails of sorrows which are uttered, over the fallen, disgraced land of the emperors and the popes! Italy has chosen her own lot, and followed her own destiny. Her degradation is self-imposed, and her sufferings are of her own making. She has voluntarily relinquished her claim to the improvements of science, and the benefits of the word of God, and stands out an example of mistaken zeal, blinded enthusiasm, and unmitigated cruelty.

[1] Byron.

XXXV.

THE ALPS — PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

It was a beautiful day when we jolted out of Milan. The sun was just gilding the turrets and pinnacles of the magnificent cathedral as we turned our backs upon fair Italia. Soon all the beautiful buildings and the works of human art were left behind, and an unabridged edition of nature was before us. The lower Alps were soon reached, and in the hazy atmosphere presented an ever-varying appearance, now rough and rugged, and then the smoothly-rounded cone; now bare and desolate, and anon crowned with verdure and covered with foliage. And soon the higher Alps were gained, all misty and dim, and having on the everlasting nightcap of snow and ice. We crossed the Toccia on a swing boat ferry, and rode along the shores of Lake Maggiore, within sight of the picturesque Island of Isola Bella, which rises from the bosom of the dark wave like a star shining through a night cloud. The road all along was delightful and pleasant. Formed for the march of armies, it was broad, smooth, level, and destitute of ruts and gullies. It winds around the base of the mountains, whose sides are covered with vines and foliage of various kinds, from out of which peep now and then the cottage of the peasant, the church tower, and the humble unostentatious village, and whose summits are concealed by the ever-shifting clouds.

A whole day was passed in the diligence, during which

we amused ourselves as best we could, discussing questions of politics, morals, and religion; gazing with admiration upon the magnificent scenery through which we rode; and often wandering back to the less poetic clime from which we had journeyed, but which had a greener and fresher place in our remembrance than any land we had seen, or any city whose hospitality we had shared. We arrived at the foot of the Simplon, and entered the grand pass, just at nightfall, and, until nine the next morning, continued to ascend over the splendid road which the genius of Napoleon built amid those frowning hights, and over which his armies passed in midwinter, now overwhelmed by the avalanche, and anon emerging from the danger, to pour themselves upon the smiling fields below. The scenery was wild and awful. On one side of us towered the high peaks, from which swept down the cold, icy wind; on the other side were deep ravines and terrible precipices, which yawned as if eager to devour an army. Now we passed the refuge houses; the convent, at the gate of which stood a large St.-Bernard dog ready for duty; beautiful cascades leaping down from cliff to cliff; piles of snow in midsummer; and many a huge rock projecting overhead, and ready to fall upon the head of the traveler. Yet higher up we go, until the cross, which marks the turning-point, standing in its loneliness, is seen, a truthful emblem, suggesting holy thoughts to the traveler in his dreary march.

The most terrible moment spent in crossing the Simplon is that which is required to penetrate the gorge of Gondo, a magnificent gallery, cut five hundred and ninety-six feet through the hard rock, down over which the water tumbles with ceaseless roar. The first thought which rushes through the mind, while in this splendid

passage, is of the greatness of God. The Christian hears his voice in the roar of the waterfall, and sees his form in the silent grandeur of the hights above and the caverns below. The next thought will pay a voluntary tribute to the mighty genius of the conquering hero, at whose command this road was built. An ordinary man never would have made the attempt; the stupendous idea of cutting out, not a little footpath, but a broad road, over which regiments of artillery might march, Napoleon alone could originate. Whatever we may think of his moral character, and however much we may denounce his unconquerable ambition, we can but admire his lofty genius and determined energy. His mind was fitted for conquests; and his soul rose above the difficulties which nature placed in his way. In those broad roads across the Simplon, the Splugen, and St. Bernard, and in the improvements which he made at Rome, Naples, and in Spain, we have an idea of the sublime plan — sublime, though murderous — on which he acted. Though accustomed to the confusion of battle and the din of war, his taste for the true and beautiful may be gathered from projected improvements, which were abandoned in consequence of his fall, in Italy, Germany, and also in his own beloved France. The beauties of Wilhelmshohe, and the adornment of many a fancy spot, may be traced to the designs of the conqueror.

All that night we continued to climb, the impressions of awe becoming deeper every moment. There is every thing in that wild scene to make one forget the narrow occupations of earth, and lift up his soul to God. The stupendous hights; the yawning caverns; the everlastling roar of the descending torrents; the dark night and the dawning morning; the hospice

of the monks; the exposure to the descending avalanche; the galleries hewn out of solid rock, dripping with water and hung with icicles; the wet, misty clouds which now sweep down upon us, and anon roll back, and leave us in moonlight and starlight,—all increase the interest and awfulness of the ascent. The cold was intense, though not greater than we expected. The snow was lying in drifts on the sides of the mountains; and above us, in the gorges, shone the glaciers. In one single night, we had passed from the summer of Italy to the cold, ceaseless winter scenes of the hoary Alps. The green, vine-clad fields were exchanged for long, deep drifts of snow which never melt, and glaciers which never cease to shine.

It was the morning of the holy Sabbath when we reached the cross which tells where the ascent ends and the descent begins, and denotes the altitude of the pass. It was good thus to be in the midst of nature's works on such a day. There were no regiments of soldiers, no chanting choirs, no robed priests, but God was there in that awful solitude; and as I paused at that cross, the sacred emblem of the believer's faith, the sublime words of Bowring ran though my mind and trembled on my lips:—

> "In the cross of Christ I glory,
> Towering e'er the works of time;
> All the light of sacred story
> Gathers round its head sublime."

Down we rolled, rattling along, now holding on to the side of the rickety diligence, anon bursting forth with exclamations of surprise at the grand and awful scenes around us. The passage of the Alps is not attended, in summer, with any particular danger; but

in winter the traveler encounters fearful perils. He is liable, while passing through the gorges, to be overwhelmed by the avalanche which sweeps down with such terrible fury and such overpowering might. The French armies crossed the Alps in midwinter, and, led by Napoleon and his valorous marshals, in spite of all the difficulties, threw themselves upon the cities of Italy, ere men had ceased to wonder at such boldness.

On our way down, we came to Brieg, a little, miserable town, on the Swiss side; and here we dined. It was Sabbath on the Alps, but in this little Catholic village it was training day. Some kind of a religious celebration was in progress. A procession passed through the streets to the village church, which was decorated with evergreen and filled with people. This procession was a most singular one, and consisted of a strangely mixed company. First came a band of music, as uncouth and discordant as one could imagine, such as we might suppose would be made by a company of boys with tin horns and pans, who were endeavoring to drown the whistle of the locomotive; then followed several young men, grotesquely dressed, one as an old feudal lord, one as a gay knight in full armor, one as a Highlander, and so through a great variety of fantastic costumes; then followed five or six well-fed, portly Jesuits, in long black robes and three-cornered hats, who walked as demurely as if they were doing a very religious thing; behind followed a crowd of people of all ages and conditions. The procession moved on to the church, where some service was held; but we did not care to follow. That this had any thing to do with religion, we could hardly imagine; and we can scarcely conceive of any greater abomination than such irreverence offered to the God of grace.

I was pleased with a hat which the ladies in the street wore on this Sabbath day. It was of straw or silk, formed like a gentleman's beaver, with a low crown and wide rim. Around the hat was a band of crape or ribin, while the whole was tastefully adorned and trimmed with purple, pink, or gilt. This is the only town in which we saw these headdresses to any extent. Those that were made well were very becoming, and were well adapted to show a pretty face to advantage. One of our company caught one of the young women as she passed, and persuaded her to take off her hat and allow him to examine it; and when he returned it, she seemed quite gratified at the compliment. The day seemed very unlike the Sabbath; and I could but contrast its observance in this Catholic village with the quietness and order of an English or an American Sabbath. Here all was mirth, confusion, beating of drums, shouting of the mob, festivity, and sin; in the Protestant town, order, quiet, and a heavenly calm reigns.

XXXVI.

SWITZERLAND — LAUSANNE AND GENEVA.

We left Brieg in the afternoon, and after a hard, fatiguing ride, arrived early the next morning at Lausanne, where we tarried a while. The contrast between this place and the cities on the other side of the Alps was very favorable to the former. We could see that we had passed from a region of filth and indolence to a quiet, industrious, well-ordered country; and Protestant Switzerland, though denied the natural advantages of Papal Italy, seemed to us a paradise compared with the lazy monks and dirty streets of the cities of the pope. Near the hotel at which we took breakfast is the old house of Edward Gibbon, and the garden of our hotel was once the arbor in which he wrote the last page of his work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." We wandered over the town, saw whatever was to be seen, and again entering the diligence, started for Geneva. The road winds along the shores of Lake Leman, and at every turn brings some new scene of beauty to the view. The lake itself, as one says, "lies in the shape of a half moon, with the horns curved towards the south, and is the largest lake in Switzerland, being fifty-five miles long." The waters are clear, and reflect, as in a polished mirror, the sky, the birds which hover over or fly across it, and the tiny ships which float upon its surface. The banks rise gradually, covered with objects of beauty, from the

water side to the towering mountain, and the eye rests upon a scene of delightful magnificence, wander which way it may, from the lone rock in the sparkling deep, on which stands the Castle of Chillon, the prison of Bonnivrad, up to the old snow-crowned summit of Mont Blanc.

Nothing could be more delightful than the appearance of Geneva, as we entered it one afternoon, weary and hungry. The people were in the midst of a great national festival. Arches spanned the streets; flags of various colors were suspended from the windows; mottoes, wreaths, and evergreens adorned the public and private buildings, and music was sounding in every street. The inhabitants, dressed in gala day attire, filled the streets; cannon sounded from the neighboring hights; bells sent out a merry peal from every tower; and all the various signs of some great *fête* met us at every step we took. The occasion of all this, we were told, was the occurrence of the annual shooting match, which calls together multitudes from all parts of Switzerland. This festival is conducted somewhat on the following plan: The people of the various cantons come together, and spend a whole week in target shooting. Prizes of from five francs to five thousand francs are awarded; and on this occasion it was estimated that forty thousand persons from abroad were in the city. The shooting ground was laid out in an open square, inclosed on all sides by temporary buildings, erected for the purpose. On the front side was a stupendous wooden arch, under which the masses enter the grounds. This arch was gayly decorated with flowers and festoons, giving it quite a fairy-like appearance. On the right, as we entered, was a long pile of buildings for the sale of fancy articles, such as visitors would wish to carry

away with them to their distant homes. On the left was a monstrous eating-house, rough, but neat and comfortable, and which, some one said to us, would seat five thousand persons at once. In the background, opposite the entrance, were the buildings for the shooters. This was divided into different compartments, each having a clerk, who kept an account of the shots fired. The targets were in the rear, at a distance, as I was told, of four hundred and fifty feet. The Swiss carabine was employed by the marksmen, and they used it with wonderful accuracy. In the center of the open square was a small circular oratory, or glass house, a sort of crystal palace, in which were the prizes. The building being of glass, the prizes, which were hung up, could be seen. Here were purses, through which the shining gold could be seen, silver and gold plate, splendid watches, musical instruments, and such like. The number of competitors was very large. A hundred guns were cracking at once, and this was kept up for days together. Some fire many times during the week, thus increasing the chance of obtaining a prize. As far as I could see, the whole affair was an honest sort of competition, and much more reasonable than the *fête* days of Italian saints.

The difference between a Protestant and a Catholic country was more apparent here than at Lausanne, and the more we saw, the more fully were we convinced of the value of the religion of the Bible. Our stay in Geneva lasted but a few days, and these were spent delightfully. One of the first objects of interest was the house in which Calvin lived, situated in an obscure street. We entered the dark and dismal gateway, and knocked at the door of the room which was once the study of the reformer. Up these very stairs, and into

this cheerless study, the men who were associated with Calvin went, and held communion. Kindred spirits they were, engaged in a kindred cause. Here those volumes were written which have left such an indelible impress upon the world — indelible because they only echo the teachings of God. Here the prayers were offered which went up to God, and moved his gracious will, and drew upon the supplicant such a measure of the Holy Ghost. Here were arranged those mighty schemes to disinthrall the human mind, the influence of which we have not yet, and never shall cease to feel. The house is now occupied by those who scarcely know the name of Calvin, and who look upon those who come with reverence to survey the premises very much as the barbarians of Italy look upon the artists who cross sea and land to study the works of the great masters, or as the infidels of Jerusalem look upon those who come on pilgrim feet to bow in sad Gethsemane, or weep in sadness over the sepulcher of Jesus.

From the house of Calvin we go to the old Church of St. Peter, where he used to preach. It was refreshing to see a church without candles, crosses, ornaments, and statues. The edifice is a fine specimen of the plain Gothic, having its vane, aisles, and pulpit, the canopy of which once hung down over the head of Calvin. There is a richness and freshness in the church, so different from the cathedrals of Catholic countries, that one breathes freely, and feels that he is in the temple of God, and not in a playhouse, where the actors are monks, and the play a burlesque on the religion of Christ. But alas! the pure and life-giving doctrines once taught here by the reformer are taught here no longer. The rank weeds of error have grown up, and are checking the growth of the pure faith of the Bible.

The multitudes who tread the marble pavements are taught to deny the most precious truths which Calvin uttered, and are led backward towards the corrupt church of Rome.

From the house and church of Calvin it is natural that we should go to his grave, which is in a field of tombs just without the city. The grave of the great and good man is here all unhonored. A simple square stone is over it, rising about a foot from the ground, on which are the simple letters, "J. C.," put there in accordance with his own dying injunction, in which he strictly forbade the erection of a costly monument. Calvin is *the* great man in the history of Geneva, and has given to it a fame and glory which no other name has ever conferred, and we should think the people would rise above even his dying instructions, and erect some enduring tribute to his fame. And yet what is a stone pillar, or a marble sarcophagus, for *such* a man as Calvin? Are not his life and labors a monument higher and nobler than any lifeless shaft which man could raise above his grave?

In this same graveyard with Calvin sleeps Sir Humphry Davy, under a simple stone, with a modest epitaph. Well, he could afford to do without a eulogy or a long inscription. Point out the grave, and though no stone marks it, and no flower blooms over it, men will stop long beside it.

The library of Geneva is valuable as a collection of ancient manuscripts, and several antique pictures and portraits of great value. The number of books is not large, but choice, and a half day is spent very profitably here in looking over copies of works which have stirred the world in their times, and which have long since been laid aside, and their places taken by others, better

adapted in style and thought to the improved state of society and manners.

Here at Geneva lives J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, one of the greatest men of his times. We were not fortunate enough to see him, having overrun, in some other excursion, the time set by him for us to call. His name is honored at Geneva, and all classes regard him as a giant in mind, and a saint in piety. His influence is very great, and all wielded for God and his sacred cause. We went into the little chapel where he and his associates declare the word of life to the Genevans. It is a poor affair, not half as comfortable as the lecture-room of our own church. We thought how fortunate the people must be who can sit beneath the ministrations of such a man, and how grateful must they — should they be!

All my remembrances of Switzerland are pleasant. The rocky land of Tell, though mountainous and icy, has fields as green and hearts as warm as any other country on the globe, and at Lausanne and Geneva were spent by our little party some most pleasant hours.

"Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
Where early love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallowed it with loveliness; 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne.

"Lausanne and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;
Mortals who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame;

They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
Of Heaven, again assailed, if Heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign do more than smile."

At Geneva I parted with my traveling companions, with whom I sailed from America, and whose society I had enjoyed thus far. They were previously bent on seeing something more of the Alps, and were determined to have a slide in the Vale of Chamouni, while I was as eager to see more of England, the dear old fatherland, and become acquainted with the men of that noble country.

"What are mountains to a man?"

So I bade adieu to "Alps on Alps," to the cold, shining glacier, to old Mont Blanc, which reared itself within sight of my hotel window, and all their majestic scenes. I said "farewell" to the land of Calvin; to his unhonored grave. I turned one look on the placid waters of Lake Leman, and murmured "adieu."

"Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
With the wild world I dwelt in is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring:
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from destruction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

"It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capped hights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near

There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good night carol more.

. . . .

"At intervals some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still;
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away."

I engaged my passage in the diligence for Dijon, which started at midnight. I arrived at the office a few minutes before the time for leaving, and found two men asleep in the apartment which I was to occupy during a ride of some fifteen or twenty hours. As I clambered in, I could see nothing but two enormous beards, which appeared ferociously black, as the light of the conductor's lantern shone upon them; I could hear nothing but the wild snort of the sleepers, who doubtless were afflicted with nightmare; I could smell nothing but tobacco, as if they had smoked themselves to sleep, and were dozing on quantities of the smuggled weed; I could feel nothing but four legs, which seemed to be so arranged as to fill the whole space, forming a St. Andrew's cross. An expressive grunt answered my courteous inquiry for a seat, and a low, deep curse, in English, informed me that I had trodden upon the toe of one of my cosy companions. However, I was used to this mode of living, and so prepared myself to contend for my rights, which were soon yielded to me. Across bridges, through gateways, along streets, over pavements, up hill, down hill, jolting, rumbling, turning round, going ahead, we went out of Geneva, over the Jura Mountains, through a country grandly beautiful and infinitely diversified.

XXXVII.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

All night, all day we rode, until some time the next afternoon, I think it was, we found ourselves driven into the yard of a French custom-house. The discovery of a lot of Swiss jewelry on the person of one of our fellow-travelers led the officers to be exceedingly rigid in their examinations. One of us they had discovered to be a rogue, and as several of us were of one language, they concluded we all belonged to one company. So, with many a suspicious look, and many a dark frown, they overhauled our dirty and ragged clothing, expecting at every turn to make some wonderful discovery. I had started from Geneva sooner than had been arranged, and was obliged to take some of my clothing out of the wash tub, undried and unsmoothed. Packing in a bag several articles with the water well drained out, I threw them on the diligence, and they jolted to the French frontier. The official came suddenly upon this bag of wet clothes, and at once was in "the suds" indeed. What to make of such a bundle he did not know, but concluded that something must be wrong about it, as in all his history as a revenue collector he had never known a traveler to journey with his clothing in such a plight. But after the most careful examination, he could find no bottles of cologne, no nicely-packed cigars, no rich silks, no Genevan watches, not even a child's toy, or a music box. But what could be the

object of this curious bag of clothes. A custom-house officer in Maine would at once have seized the whole as some mysterious device to smuggle liquors into the state; but the liquor law not being in force in France, this idea did not suggest itself to the poor, bewildered fellow, who still held up one article after another, from a nice linen handkerchief to a stocking with more holes in it than were necessary to get the feet in and out. He talked to me in French, and I talked to him n English; he pointed to the bag of suspicious articles, and I pointed to the diligence ready to start; he shook his finger, and I stamped my foot. The postilion mounted the horse and cracked his whip; a dozen heads were thrust out of the windows and doors of the carriage; and a dozen voices, in nearly as many different languages, vociferated with all their might. For a while, the chance of remaining over night at this horrible place, where I did not see room enough to put a bed, was very fair; but I concluded to try an experiment which I had tried once before with success. With an air of offended dignity, I took the bag from the hand of the officer, put my wet clothes into it, shouldered the bundle, marched with it into the diligence, and closed the door behind me with the air of a man who had been most egregiously abused. The officer opened his eyes wide; the postilion cracked his whip; the passengers shouted, "Bravo!" and the rest of the way I had the best seat in the diligence, and the most attention from my fellow-travelers. The last I saw of the officer, he was standing in the road, with his hand raised; and for aught I know, he stands there still.

At dusk we arrived at Dijon, a tolerable town in France; and I repaired at once to a second-rate hotel,

near the center of the place, took supper, and then wandered out to spend an hour, before the starting of the cars. In the street I saw an Englishman, of huge proportions, with a heavy carpet bag, trying to inquire of a French woman the way to the railway station. The poor fellow was trembling lest he should be left behind, and the woman was endeavoring to comprehend his lingo, but in vain. I very uncivilly stopped, looked, and laughed. With a no very complimentary expression of contempt for the ignorance of the woman, who knew as much of English as he did of French, he turned to me, and screwing up his lips into all sorts of shapes, tried to put enough French together to ask me how he should get to the cars. When, with a prodigious effort, he had got his sentence out, I said, "What?" At that one word the man's face brightened, and we went on together to the station. On entering the cars, he persisted in paying my fare; and all night long we rode together towards Paris, at which place we arrived at four o'clock the next morning. I there parted from my new acquaintance, who was a merchant of Birmingham, and who almost extorted from me a promise that I would spend a day with him before leaving the country. One who has never gone beyond the reach of his own language can hardly estimate the difficulties of a man who is in a strange country, where he can hardly ask for a dish of soup without having set before him a tray of onions; and where, if he asks the way to the station-house, he is pointed to the penitentiary. One letter writer[1] gives a description of a dilemma in which he was placed on Sunday, when he went from Leyden to Haarlem to attend

[1] Rev. Henry Colman.

church and hear the great organ. He was to go back that night to Leyden, where he had left some friends. In traveling about, he lost the way, and did not know how to get to the cars. He tried English, but in vain. He used French with no more success. He attempted German and Italian, of which he knew a little, but all to no purpose. The men laughed, the women pitied him, and the children thought they had found a crazy man. Some thought he was begging cold victuals, and some took him for a madman. At length, he recollected seeing over the railway station the word *Spoorweg*, which, he thought, might be the Dutch for *railroad station;* so he began to shout, "Spoorweg! Spoorweg!" and, to his delight, found that, by crying it all along, he was enabled to arrive in season to take the cars for Leyden; and he declared, that he should bless the word "Spoorweg" all his life.

You have heard the case mentioned by some other traveler — I do not remember who — of the Frenchman, who, on arriving in England, was seized with sudden sickness. He knew that a certain part of his system was called the *chest*, and his dictionary told him that chest was a box to keep clothes in — a portmanteau. So, confounding the two, he called upon a medical man, who asked him where the pain seemed to be located. "O," said the poor man, "the pain is in my portmanteau. O, how my portmanteau aches!" he cried, laying his hand upon his chest. Another we are told of, who was endeavoring to address the Evangelical clergymen in Scotland. He had discovered that *bare* and *barren*, in some cases, meant the same thing; that a *bare* country was a *barren* one. So when he arose to speak, he, in his desire to compliment the aged, venerable, bald ecclesiastics before him, said he felt "much diffidence in

being called upon to address so many *barren* heads.' And you have also heard of the man in France, who, when one day almost exhausted, took some of the light wine of the country; and, in accordance with the suggestions of a friend, who knew as little of the language as he did, called *sacre*, instead of *sucre*, when he wished something to make the sour and simple beverage palatable.

I did not stay in Paris but a few hours, and took the train after breakfast for London. The narrow, uncomfortable car which I entered contained one man, who, as soon as the train started, drew from his pocket a little book, and began to read, stopping now and then, and uttering an exclamation of delight. I soon found he was reading a Testament, and judged from the fact that he was a religious man. On entering into conversation, I found that he was a colporter of the Baptist persuasion, and a man of considerable information and much apparent sincerity. He opened to my mind the condition of the Protestant religion in France, and gave me many facts illustrative of the zeal and devotion of the few and persecuted Christians of that misnamed republic. I asked his opinion of Louis Napoleon, but he seemed inclined to avoid a reply; but at length, with an expressive sigh, he answered, in indifferent English, "The president got no God." What single sentence could more fully describe the perjured wretch who is now at the head of the French government? His oath of office was one of the most solemn ever taken, but he violated it. The constitution of his country was a noble document, but he trampled it beneath his feet. Liberty had commenced her reign in France, but he struck down her angel wings. He is, indeed, without a God.

I arrived in Calais at night, and at once took the steamer for Dover. We started in a terrific thunder storm, which raged up and down that narrow channel with uncontrollable fury. We were three hours in crossing; and three such hours I never passed in my life before. There were about forty of us in the cabin, a little, square room, not large enough to accommodate ten comfortably. The waves dashed over the decks and we were shut down, without the least ventilation The steamer was small, and, under the violence of the waves, seemed to be knocked about like a chip in a tempest. Most of the passengers were French, who were going over to the great exhibition, and many of them were very much alarmed. And, indeed, it did seem as if we should go to the bottom. Our little boat seemed to be standing now on one end, and then on the other; now poised on a watery pinnacle, and anon buried deep in the trough of the sea, while far above us the angry waves were heard roaring in their terrible might. Of the forty persons shut up in the cabin, I believe I was the only one who was not sea-sick; and I was saved from it only by the sport which the ludicrous scenes furnished. Here were men and women vomiting, some in bowls, some on the floor, and some in the hats and bonnets of friends; young ladies lying down on the floor, drabbling fine silk dresses in the filth, in the wildest consternation; the French chattering most outrageously, and uttering the most hideous outcries; the steward running from one to another with the consoling exclamations, "No danger!" "Don't be skeered!" "Get there soon!" with which he endeavored to comfort the wretched creatures, who imagined they were about to perish. In the midst of all this, the stove fell down, bringing with it our only

lamp, leaving us in total darkness. Then was such an outcry as I never heard, which, until another light was brought and order restored, was truly terrible. The horrors of a whole voyage across the Atlantic did not equal the scenes of that one evening, into three hours of which were crowded all the awfulness of the sea storm and all the danger of shipwreck.

On arriving at Dover, we repaired to the custom-house, where our baggage was examined. I had in my bag a little reprint of an English work which I had purchased in Venice, and the margin of every page of which I had crowded with notes, which were of no small value to me. The rude, burly fellow who examined my little stock of goods perceived this book, and before I could remonstrate, coolly tore it to pieces, and threw the fragments upon the floor.

That night I remained in Dover, and in the morning started in an early train for London, and arrived in time to breakfast with some of my friends, who were just sitting down to their morning meal. Two or three weeks I remained in London, visiting the Crystal Palace, attending the sittings of the Peace Congress, wandering about among the stores, churches, and houses, making valuable acquaintances, and receiving much desirable information. Some of the things which I saw, and some of the places which I visited, I have described in a former chapter; and the rest I will not weary you to detail. Of all the countries in Europe, England is the greatest and the best; of all sovereigns, Victoria is the most worthy of affection; and though there are stains upon her administration, and though there are wrongs and abuses beneath the shadow of her throne, yet no one who has looked upon her sweet countenance, and beheld the greatness of her empire,

can withhold the expression, "God save the queen." We may not respond to every sentiment of her own poet laureate,[1] contained in the ode with which he has dedicated to her majesty one of his latest works; and yet, in the present state of Europe, we know not how to utter any other wish.

"Revered Victoria, you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,—

"I thank you that your royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel, greener from the brows
Of him that uttereth nothing base;

"And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme,
If aught of ancient worth be there,—

"Take, madam, this poor book of song;
For though the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your sweetness. May you rule as long,—

"And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
'She wrought her people lasting good;—

"'Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife, and queen.

[1] Alfred Tennyson.

" ' She brought a vast design to pass,
When Europe and the scattered ends
Of our fierce world were mixed as friends
And brethren in her halls of glass; —

" ' And statesmen at her council met,
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom broader yet, —

" ' By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by th' inviolate sea.' "

XXXVIII.

THE VOYAGE—HOME AGAIN.

From London to Liverpool, where I tarried a few days, visiting Chester, Birkenhead, and other places of interest in the vicinity, I went, and secured my place in the steamer which was to bear me to my own dear native land. I embarked on board the Europa, July 29, and passing out of the North Channel by the Isle of Man, the coasts of merry England and green Ireland faded from our view. Farewell, Liverpool, Birkenhead, the Mersey, and the rough, boisterous channel. Welcome, wide, deep, billowy ocean, for ye bear me to kindred and clime, to the loved scenes of youth, and the dear delights of home.

Sunday came — a dull, irksome day. We had no religious service on board, and the passengers went moping about, half sea-sick, sad and lonesome. A week rolled away — a stupid week. There were no storms, no vessels in sight, not even a sea serpent to furnish us amusement. Another Sunday came, and we assembled in the cabin to hear the English church service read by the captain, and a sermon appended to it by Rev. Alexander J. Sessions, of Salem. The discourse was from these words — "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord."[1] The preacher attempted to show that the religion of

[1] Rev. xi. 15.

Christ would ultimately prevail in this sin-ruined world. He argued, 1. That our hearts prophesy this better day; 2. The events of history teach it; 3. The Scriptures predict it. The style of Mr. Sessions is very peculiar, adapting him rather to a learned and select audience than a promiscuous one. He has been absent from home nearly two years, traveling in the East.

One evening, just as the sun was setting, we had a fine view of an iceberg. It was supposed to be five or six miles distant; and those whose practiced vision was accustomed to measure objects at sea said it was about four hundred and fifty feet high. It presented a very beautiful appearance, as the motions of our vessel brought it between us and the sinking sun, whose last beams, falling upon it, adorned it with all the colors of the rainbow.

The only striking incident which occurred on our way home took place on the night of the second Sabbath we were out. I had retired to rest about midnight, and soon after was started from a disturbed sleep by a slight shock, which was followed by confusion on deck, and a backing of the wheels of the steamer. That monstrous iceberg which we had seen the evening before rushed into the mind, and the idea that we had struck a mass of floating ice was not at all comfortable. I hastened on deck, and in a moment learnt that we had struck a vessel instead of an iceberg, and the steamer was running back to see what damage had been done. Sad were our feelings as we gathered on deck, straining our eager eyeballs to gather the first signs of the wreck. In a few minutes, we saw the vessel, and the boats were at once put off to the rescue, and soon fourteen men were brought on board. The vessel proved to be the fishing schooner

Florence, of Wellfleet, Lot Higgins, master, a craft of eighteen tons, manned by fifteen hands, and having on board two hundred and fifty barrels of mackerel. Her only boat was smashed at the onset, and when the boats of the steamer reached her, one of the men had disappeared. Had the night been dark, or stormy, or had the steamer been five minutes longer in returning, all on board the wreck would have perished. The men were brought on board, destitute of clothing, having barely escaped with their lives. The cause of this sad disaster I do not pretend to know. The night was light, the vessel could be seen at nearly a quarter of a mile distant, her light was up, and as she saw the steamer coming, a gun was fired.

And it is a wonder that no more disasters of this kind occur. The night after leaving Halifax was a terrible one. A dense fog enveloped us all night, and a vessel could not be seen one hundred feet ahead. The fog bell could be heard only a short distance, and the steamer was ploughing through the waves at the rate of thirteen miles an hour. When the morning dawned, and the fog cleared away, we found ourselves in the midst of a fleet of fishing vessels; and it seemed a miracle that they all escaped. The Europa was the steamer which ran down an emigrant ship a few years since, by which about one hundred lives were lost.

We put into Halifax, and stopped about three hours. This is a dirty town, full of pigs and dogs, and has a dead, decaying look. We went up into the place to see what we could, and found a few soldiers; a great many negroes, most of them refugees from oppression in this boasted and boasting land of freedom; one or two good-looking edifices, and a large number of unpainted, dilapidated wooden houses, which seem about ready to

tumble down upon the heads of the occupants. Three hours are enough for a stranger to see the whole town, and to make up his mind that he never wants to see it again. On hights back of the place is a fine fortification, and one or two Highland regiments are quartered here. What use these are put to, no one knows; and they must be a set of lazy fellows to *endure* such a life. I can see how a soldier can love the excitement of battle, and the din of war, but how an enterprising regiment can exist in Halifax I do not see.

We arrived in Boston after a short passage of ten days and ten hours, and once more gazed upon the welcome and familiar sights in Boston harbor. The rest you know; the kindly greeting, the pleasant words, and all the dear delights of home. I saw abroad many a fair land, but none so dear as my own country. I saw many churches, with spacious aisles and dim arches, but none like the more homely and less ostentatious one in which ordaining hands were laid upon my head, and in which I have preached so many happy years. I saw many kind friends and pleasant faces abroad, but none so pleasant and so kind as those to whom I returned after a short wandering.

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> 'This is my own, my native land'?"

In looking back over the countries of Europe, we cannot fail to perceive that great events are soon to transpire, which will agitate the world. The position assumed by Louis Napoleon in France cannot be long sustained, and doubtless thousands in that fickle and irresponsible nation would glory in the idea of his assassination, which, sooner or later, is likely to take place. He may,

however, live long enough to convulse the continent, and drench with blood every tottering throne. That he aims at imperial honors and kingly prerogatives none can doubt. His administration is a reign; his government is a usurpation; and his constitution is the edict of an unprincipled despot. A Protestant missionary,[1] who has been obliged to flee from his own country to Brussels, writes of the usurper as follows: "They accept the peace he gives without loving himself. The good effected by him is received with pleasure, in view of its results, but without enthusiasm for himself. He is loved as one loves the *gendarme*, who puts a robber in prison; he is esteemed as one esteems a commissary of the police, who maintains order in a town. His *fêtes* are brilliant, but without soul — without heart; the gas burns brilliantly; the lips cry, *Vive Napoleon;* but it is felt to be a matter of course there, and a heartless cry elsewhere; and if a crowd presses around the president, it is not to defend his person, but to ask for places. It must be conceded, that this state of things proves as much against the nation as against Louis Napoleon. If nations were moral, immoral governments would not be of long continuance.

"The Romish clergy continue to be the very humble servants of Louis Napoleon. His name has been introduced into their prayers, in the place formerly occupied by the king or the republic. The pope's words are cited in entire approval of the *coup d'état.* On the other hand, the miracles, temporarily suspended, begin to revive. The president compliments the bishops, the bishops praise the president; and while the speech of the Romish clergy at the reception on the 1st of

[1] Rev. Mr. Roussel.

January is fully reported, not a word is said of the address from the Protestant consistory. The success of Napoleon encourages the German government. The Emperor of Austria has taken away the constitution, and the government vexes the Lutherans.

"On the other hand, read what the Romish clergy are permitted to publish. I give you a faithful abridgment from a Catholic journal. 'Our missionaries have found an admirable method of converting pagans by thousands. They have established in China a pharmacy, where they give medical advice and remedies gratuitously to children. Then, as the converted Chinese employed in this dispensary are very skilful in determining, by inspection of the thumb, whether the malady is mortal, we have an admirable method of baptizing these little creatures at the point of death. The Catholic physician, in administering the remedy, takes a sponge saturated with water, and squeezes it, in the guise of a medicine, on the head of the infant, and the dying child is saved.'"

Perhaps the state of France has never been more deplorable than at the present time. Vice abounds, and poverty has taken the place of prosperity and industry.[1] The people have lost confidence in the government and in each other, and the army rules from the Tuileries to the Boulevards. The prospect of a great European war

[1] The Westminster Review classifies the people of France in the following manner, and if this classification be correct, we have a view of the social condition of that unfortunate nation, in which one out of every nine persons is a pauper, and where one half of the people are barely fed and clothed: —

Millionaires,	50,000
Rich men,	200,000
In easy circumstances,	550,000
In moderate circumstances,	4,200,000
Gaining a decent but uncertain living,	6,000,000
Gaining a scanty and uncertain living,	16,000,000
Living in extreme indigence,	5,000,000
Paupers, thieves, and others,	4,000,000
	36,000,000

increases every day, and the prediction of Napoleon, that Europe will soon become republican or Cossack, seems like to be verified in this our age. England, free and glorious in her might, seems to be almost the only obstacle to the usurpations of the ambitious tyrants of Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. She is strengthening her fortifications, increasing her navy, disciplining her army, and preparing for whatever may occur in the future. In the emergency she will look across the ocean for help; she will appeal away from tyrants to her giant "daughter of the west," and with firm faith in the God of the free, will battle for human rights. A late London journal[1] foresees the time, and utters its voice in the most stirring strains.

"Gigantic daughter of the west,
We drink to thee across the flood:
We know thee most, we love thee best;
For art thou not of British blood?
Should War's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsman of the west, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

"Arise, our great Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs!
O, speak to Europe through your guns—
They CAN be understood by kings!
You must not mix our queen with those
That wish to keep the people fools;
Our freedom's foemen are her foes—
She comprehends the race she rules.

[1] London Examiner.

Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our dear kinsman of the west, my friends,
And the great cause of freedom, round and round."

The prayer of every Christian should go up to God that he would avert any such calamity as is threatening in the signs which have brought out these forcible verses.

Nor can we foretell what will be the result of the movement which is now going on in the Romish church. The Catholic masses in Europe are in an agitated and troubled state, and a rupture between the pope and the people is liable to come at any moment. In the mean while, the most strenuous efforts are being made all through Europe to keep the Bible away from the common people. The living and the dying are denied its hallowed light, and deprived of its holy efficacy. Letters from Europe are filled with accounts of Popish efforts to quench the fires of truth. One traveler,[1] writing from Italy, says, "At Nice, a highly-educated gentleman, a graduate of Paris, gave instructions in my family. The unhappy man attempted suicide, but he was saved and taken to a hospital. I visited him there, [this was in 1842,] and read the Scriptures to him, to which he listened with great pleasure. Remember this was a gentleman, and not a poor person, who might be thought liable to be easily misled. The Bishop of Nice applied to the governor of the city, Monsieur de Maistre, to prevent my visits, whom I knew intimately, who had dined in my house, and who had declared to me that it 'was a calumny to say that Roman Catholics are prevented from reading

[1] Sir Culling Eardly.

the Scriptures.' My friend, Monsieur de Maistre, at the bishop's request, ordered that I should not be admitted to visit the (supposed) dying man. I remonstrated with him, in his own palace, by the hour together, several times. At last he offered to go to the hospital with me. I assented, if I might, in his presence, read the Bible to the dying man. That he refused, and I never saw the poor gentleman again."

In Hungary, the cause of evangelical truth is opposed at every step, and the enemies of the Bible are doing all they can to rid the country of its influence. A missionary,[1] writing from Pesth, says, "A terrible blow has been struck at the mission, and yet the Lord may bring good out of the seeming evil. Two imperial orders from Vienna compel us all instantly to quit the Austrian territory. Every effort with our embassy and the government has failed even to ameliorate the severity of the edict. If we are not on the way to-morrow, we shall be expelled by military force. My youngest child is two months old; my second youngest sixteen months. Mr. Smith's little daughter is in very delicate health; and both of us handed in medical certificates, that a journey in the very severest winter season endangered Mrs. Wingate's and several other members of the families' lives — all in vain. In six short days, all our arrangements have had to be completed. The school, as yet, is untouched. In these circumstances, we have no resource but to set out. The Lord will undertake for us. Here is nothing but weeping and wailing. We trust soon to render an account of our transactions, and of the persecutions and cruelties which have been perpetrated. Brother Edwards is in a still

[1] Mr. Wingate.

more dreadful position. It is supposed here that we are on the point of war with Great Britain. Fear not for the mission to the Jews. We doubt not the ship will safely pass through this storm."

In Sweden, the enslaved people are groaning beneath the wrongs and curses of the establishment; and a writer from Copenhagen gives the following doleful description, in a long and interesting letter to an English journal:[1] "The bloody and bigoted intolerance of the Swedish church laws, by which Swedish Lutheranism is pinned to the earth a helpless slave in the hands of the civil power, while the laity sink into the serfs of the police church, has, during the last ten years, caused the emigration of thousands of the 'Pietist' peasantry of the northern provinces — a severe loss to a country like Sweden. We now learn that this movement is extending to the south of Sweden, and that a large emigration to America will commence next summer from Skane. A writer in a Swedish paper says, 'We have become so persuaded that no good object, least of all religious liberty, can be gained in our country, except at a snail's pace, that we prefer to leave it altogether. Spectators of the way in which the population of Ireland has sunk from nine millions to six ought to reflect before they abandon themselves, body and soul, to a system of reaction.' King Oscar has hitherto taken no step towards freedom of conscience in Sweden. If he finds that the present system will materially diminish the number of his tax payers, he may be induced to alter his policy. That the Swedes themselves do not boldly take the matter in hand, as a question of common civil right, is most amazing."

[1] London Morning Chronicle.

The German papers state that the cause of truth is suppressed there; and in one account we have the following precious item: "One of the most respectable citizens of Schweinfurt, and member of a religious communion dissolved by the government, declined to have his children confirmed according to the rites of the state church, and was informed that if he persisted in keeping them away, he would be arrested."

In Austria, the flame of persecution burns with great fury; and a beloved man,[1] whose name is dear to all lovers of religion and liberty, writes as follows: "On the 20th April, eleven of our brethren, and five other persons assembled with them at Vienna, were suddenly arrested and cast into prison; but they have since been liberated, owing to the intercessions of a person of high influence. Another case of persecution has occurred in the grand duchy of Mecklenburg, and we have every reason to fear that the evangelical clergy in the Lutheran church have been its chief instigators. Brother Bues, our missionary at Wismar, was in the first instance banished from the country for preaching and seducing the people from the state church. Some time later, another brother was banished from Ludwigslust, the summer residence of the grand duke, for having instructed a few of the children of our members from the Bible, on the Lord's day; and, finally, the resident members have been heavily fined for continuing to hold religious assemblies. The government has made known its determination to suppress, and, if possible, entirely put an end to, our sectarian movements. It might be well if our British brethren were once more to exert their influ-

[1] Rev. J. G. Oncken.

ence, on behalf of our persecuted brethren, by sending an earnest remonstrance to the grand duke, and by giving publicity to these barbarous facts."

To show how much liberty men have in the classic land, we have only to refer to the fact which was brought to us but a few days ago in the following words, which show that even a man's official connection with our distinguished government will not save him from persecution, if he makes, sells, or gives away a book which does not indorse the divine nature of the Virgin Mary: "Dr. King, the eminent American missionary, and the United States' consul at Athens, in Greece, has been sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment, and to expulsion from the country, for having published a book to prove that divine honors should not be paid to the Virgin Mary. His conviction is said to have been procured by foreign influence, to be against the law and the evidence, and contrary to the Greek constitution, which guaranties religious toleration."

These facts and figures show us, to some extent, the general hostility of Europe to the Bible, which only can make good government and sound national prosperity. The pope has condemned it, and in his encyclical letter banished it from his vast dominion; and kings and emperors are doing his will. The ordinances of religion are suppressed, and the law of God is despised. The records of missions assure us, that "at Eimbeck, in Hanover, the assembly of the church has been twice dispersed by the police, and their pastor is threatened with a prosecution in case he ventures to hold another religious service. In Baden, though the Jesuits have the largest liberty, our brethren are forbidden to hold a meeting for worship. Another

brother has been expelled from Mecklenburg, and Mr. Niemitz, the pastor at Memel, in Prussia, has been forbidden to carry on a Sabbath school. Three complaints have been made against him for administering the Lord's supper. But they are undismayed, confident that as persecution in time past has not crushed the truth, it cannot now crush it.

"A late communication from Dr. Devan shows that the French authorities are more than ever openly hostile to evangelical effort. A colporter has been arrested and lodged in prison. Two pious soldiers have been put under arrest for reading the Scriptures and observing social worship, which had been the instrument of the conversion of two of their comrades. These desired baptism, which it was not thought prudent to administer immediately under the circumstances. One of the native assistants of the mission has been threatened with prosecution for itinerancy. These may be but the beginning of sorrows. But 'the wind bloweth where it listeth — so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' For those who are truly the Lord's chosen, we have sympathy, but no fear; they are safe. France claims our pity, for there is no safety to nations that war against the kingdom of Christ."

In England and Scotland, Romanists are making the most strenuous efforts to root out the old Covenanter faith, and break down the old Covenanter's spirit. Convents and churches to Antichrist are rising on all sides; and the war has been carried into Parliament, and has raged up and down the land among the people.

What the consequences of all this will be, no human vision can foresee. All we have to do is to wait the result. While the enemy is at work, the Lord is lifting up a banner and setting a defence against him.

Truth is girding herself for the contest, and the Bible is shedding its light in spite of prisons and flames. And on the truth which that Bible teaches we must rely. It is our only hope of freedom for the world; and if its light is extinguished, the whole system of civil society is in dense darkness. It makes our country what it is, and gives to America its noblest endowments. We can but say with another,[1] "Tell me where the Bible is, and where it is not, and I will write a moral geography of the world. I will show what, in all particulars, is the physical condition of that people. One glance of your eye will inform you where the Bible is, and where it is not. Go to Italy: decay, degradation, suffering meet you on every side. Commerce droops, agriculture sickens, the useful arts languish. There is a heaviness in the air; you feel cramped by some invisible power; the people dare not speak aloud; they walk slowly; an armed soldiery is around their dwellings; the armed police take from the stranger his Bible before he enters the territory. Ask for the Bible in the bookstores; it is not there, or in a form so large and expensive as to be beyond the reach of the common people. The preacher takes no text from the Bible. Enter the Vatican and inquire for a Bible, and you will be pointed to some case where it reposes among prohibited books, side by side with the works of Diderot, Rousseau, and Voltaire. But pass over the Alps into Switzerland, and down the Rhine into Holland, and over the channel to England and Scotland, and what an amazing contrast meets the eye! Men look with an air of independence; there are industry, neatness, instruction for children. Why

[1] Dr. William Adams.

this difference? There is no brighter sky; there are no fairer scenes of nature; but they have the Bible; and happy are the people who are in such a case, for it is righteousness that exalteth a nation."

If we have any thing to fear in this free, happy land, it is the influence of Romanism upon our liberal institutions. Already sentiments have been advanced, which, if carried out, will transform our government into as gross a despotism as ever was seen beneath the sun. If the Papist has a right to break faith with heretics; if the Pope of Rome, a temporal sovereign, has a right to absolve any American citizen from his oath of allegiance to this nation and government; if a sect is rising in our midst who glory in the burning of Bibles, and who consider it the highest honor to break down the religion of Jesus, — why, we may tremble lest our boasted land become another Erin, in which famine stalks abroad, and poverty reigns without mitigation. Listen to the sentiments which have come thundering out from an American press, the hideous sentiments of the mind of a man[1] who claims America as his home; sentiments which contain a poison, which, if it could sink down into the hearts of freemen, — which, thank God, is impossible, — would send the virus of death through all the veins and arteries of the whole social and political system under which we live.

"Protestantism is, no doubt, a heresy; but all heresy is at best only inchoate heathenism, and needs only time and freedom to become fully developed heathenism; for it is the assertion of the natural against the supernatural, the secular against the spiritual, the human against the divine. Protestantism is heathenism

[1] O. A. Brownson.

in its natural form, since the church, as ancient Assyrian, Chaldean, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Gentilism, was the natural form of civilized heathenism before her. It is only the church that introduces into the world another than a heathen element; remove her, and nothing but heathenism does or can remain. The essence of all heathenism, whether before or since the Christian church, is in the emancipation of the flesh of the secular order, and the subjection of the spiritual. Protestantism, whatever its pretensions, is therefore really heathenism, and nothing else; or if it please its friends better, since it professes to believe in the Messiah, we will consent to call it carnal Judaism, which holds the Messiah to be a temporal instead of a spiritual prince, the founder of an earthly instead of a heavenly kingdom, places the secular above the spiritual, and puts the creature in place of the Creator — the essential principle of all heathenism and of all idolatry. It bears the same relation to Christianity that carnal Judaism bore to spiritual Judaism.

"We wish our readers to bear in mind that it is not religious bigotry, that it is not zeal for religion, that chiefly lights the fires of Protestant persecution, but zeal for the world, and determination to subordinate religion always and every where to the secular power. And, therefore, we lose all the breath we expend in declaiming against bigotry and intolerance, and in favor of religious liberty, or the right of every man to be of any religion or of no religion, as best pleases him, which some two or three of our journalists would fain persuade the world is Catholic doctrine. Such declamations only tend to render Catholics indifferent to their faith, or to inoculate them with a false and fatal liberalism, as experience every day proves.

They produce no effect on Protestants, save so far as they may be regarded as indications of a tendency among us to abandon our religion, and turn Protestant or infidel. It is always folly to talk or reason of Protestants, taken as a body; as if they had religion, or cared a pin's head for religion of any sort. Set them down always as modern heathens, and go and preach to them as the fathers did to the Gentiles, or you will never touch them. They will persecute you if they have the power, and regard you as of sufficient importance to be persecuted, until you succeed in convincing them that heathenism is false and Catholicity is true, and that they are to live for heaven and not for earth. The great error into which we fall is that of considering Protestantism as a form of religion, and adhered to from religious motives. If such was ever the case, it is not now. With here and there an individual exception, Protestants constitute not a religious, but a political and social party; and what they say in reference to religion, is said only in furtherance of their secular movements or desires, whether they themselves are distinctly conscious that it is so or not.

"Our first work should be to unprotestantize ourselves — a thing we shall not very readily do, if our popular writers take care to deny or suppress Catholic truth, as applicable to the secular order. Atheistical politics are well nigh universal, and, till we abandon them ourselves, we shall make poor headway against Protestantism, when we ourselves are afraid to assert the supremacy of the spiritual order. As that unity and Catholicity are effected and secured by the papacy, the real object of attack is the pope, and his spiritual authority, under God, over the whole secular order. The whole question is here. Give up or deny that

authority, and you give up or deny all that Protestantism really opposes, and embrace practically all that is living in it, and are Protestants in the only sense in which Protestants are worth counting. We must, therefore, if we mean to be Catholics, be truly — we like the word — Papists, and fearlessly assert the Papal supremacy."

Sentiments like these show that even in our land the great battle between freedom and tyranny is again to be fought, and the question of individual opinion, freedom of conscience, and the right of self-government, which our fathers supposed was settled long ago, is to be again contested on the very soil where they poured out their blood. What its result will be, no one who has faith in man, and in the progress of society, and in the strong arm of God, can doubt, —

> "For freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

No intelligent person can travel through Europe, we think, without being forced to the conclusion, that Romanism is destructive to the best interests of every community. He cannot fail to see evidences of its degrading, enslaving spirit, and he will trace the woes of many an unfortunate people to that great organization which ought to stretch out its hands and drop blessings upon the millions who fly to it for protection. His heart will be heavy, and his spirit will be sad, as he finds the professed church of God placing the iron fetters upon the limbs of the disciples, and crushing the energies of the people of God. As he approaches the Eternal City, he will behold new causes of grief, as he finds the glory of Rome gone, and all its shame and guilt yet remaining. He will leave the old man of the Vatican, who wears a

paper cap, and is surrounded with a guard of foreigners with striped breeches; who rides on the shoulders of men, and requires the people to kiss his toe; who stands there amid the dead mummies from Egypt, and the dumb idols from Nimrod, and casts his bulls across the mountains and the seas, — he will leave this old man, and go out to the ruins of the past, and sit down alone, to wonder why Rome should exchange paganism for popery, the emperor for the pope.

The part which is to be taken by our great confederacy of states none can misunderstand. It is the example of our own nation which has inspired the downtrodden people of continental Europe with the holy desire to be free; and in the light which emanates from our institutions are they to march forward, until the last chain is broken, and the last tyrant has been disenthroned. We are not called to descend from the high position we occupy to contest a few feet of land, or battle for an empty name. Our flag need never float in the breezes of Italy, or be torn upon the plains of Germany, or flap in the wild and fitful blasts of an Alpine storm. The oppressed masses of the old world need our Bible more than money; our missionaries will conquer faster than our soldiers; the glad notes of salvation will be more effectual than the thunder of cannon. The greatest foe to human freedom is the church of Rome. It is her heel which is now on the prostrate form of liberty, and vain is every hope until her power is broken. The only weapon which can be used against her is the Bible. That she fears; that she hates. She trembles more when a few colporters find their way into her territories, than when a hostile army is thundering at the gates of the Vatican. Our mission is to set the nations of Europe an example, and send them light.

The conquests we are to make are bloodless; our victories are moral and mighty. No fire, no sword, no blast of war, but a calm, steady light, shining upon the blackness of the world's long night, and a holy stream of information and truth, continually flowing forth to the world's drear and desolate abodes.

I bid adieu to my kind reader, with many thanks for his patience in following me through so many scenes of joy and sorrow; and if I have related any thing to instruct or please, I shall be repaid for having transferred from the pages of my journal to the printed volume these hasty observations, which, I trust, may not be found to any considerable extent incorrect.